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THE LOVE OF WEALTH AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE

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WHEN Nassau Senior, perhaps the most scholarly and wide-minded economist of the British school, enumerated the postulates of political economy, he contented himself with mentioning a single trait in human nature. He set forth such fundamental things as the law of diminishing returns, the tendency of population to increase, and so on; and then went on to state in the simplest terms the one motive from whose working he conceived that useful conclusions could be drawn: "that every man desires to obtain additional wealth with as little sacrifice as possible." This was among the postulates of the science: something so self-evident, or so completely established by other sciences, that the economist might accept it once for all as a basis for further reasoning.

No doubt the ready acceptance of this proposition as simple and self-supporting was due to the general intellectual trend of the time. The drift was in all directions towards simplicity and unity, towards the analysis of complex phenomena into a few elements. In psychology, the doctrine of association of ideas was dominant; all human impulses were resolved into processes of association with simple elements. In ethics, utilitarianism held the field; the sense of right and wrong, so far from being thought innate, was regarded as a simple precipitate of mankind's experience of gain or loss from different modes of conduct. In economics the Ricardian theorems lent themselves to a brief and consistent statement of a few ruling principles, leading easily to a compact system

of clear-cut conclusions. All this made natural a rapid analysis of the motives that influence men in their economic doings: plain striving for wealth, such as was seen in operation on all sides.

Since those days the course of thought has much changed. Psychology has doubled on its tracks, as it were; association of ideas does not tell the whole story; human nature, we find, works with no single motive force, but with a curious assortment of inconsistent impulses. Utilitarianism throws a flood of light on the directions which our moral judgments take; but it remains a question whether there be not an instinct of right conduct, very variable in range and degree, but no less deep-rooted than other instincts of the race. In economics, much as the science has gained by the Ricardian method of analyzing the bare working of fundamental forces, we feel the imperative need of bearing in mind the complexities of real life, the interaction of opposing or converging causes. And so we are not content with the acceptance of a simple desire for additional wealth as the one human motive that deserves the attention of the economist. Why always additional wealth? and why additional wealth only? and is it not possible that further examination of the apparently simple desire for wealth may open new inquiries and point the way to new conclusions?

In considering these questions I shall have in mind primarily the kind of person described in our books as the "captain of industry,"—the manager of large affairs, the successful man. The qualities

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which this sort of person must possess, and the nature of the operations he conducts, have been abundantly discussed in recent economic literature. But more has been said of the things that he does than of the motives that lead him to do them. The desire for wealth which actuates him is, as Cliffe Leslie long ago remarked, not a simple motive, but a very complex one, made up of all sorts of differing passions and instincts. In trying to analyze him I confess to have something of the feeling which the naturalist must have when called on to examine and classify an ichthyosaurus or a megatherium, — a huge and elaborate monster, doubtless very terrible in the real world, and not to be dissected even in the scholar's laboratory without fear and trembling. Yet deliberate examination may be expected to show that, however strange on first inspection, and however striking as a species by himself, this remarkable sort of person partakes of the general characteristics of the genus homo, and that his ways can be analyzed and laid bare like those of the ordinary man.

The several aspects or constituent elements of the complex desire for wealth may be analyzed under four heads: first, love of ease and comfort; second, desire for distinction; third, the impulse to activity; fourth, the passion for power and mastery.

Of the first of these, the love of ease and comfort, little need be said, both because the motive itself is simple and obvious, and because it seems to play no great part in our problem. We all wish abundant and varied food, ample clothing, sufficient house room, opportunity for recreation, and other resources of prosperous living. The wide diffusion of such physical comfort, and the extent to which the arts must advance before a satisfactory average can be secured, constitute the problem of production for society as a whole. But for the limited section of society which we now have in

mind, this factor can play no great part. An income very modest in the eyes of modern fortune-seeking suffices for all essentials. Much more than this is sought by the would-be captain of industry; and to understand the springs of his doings we must consider chiefly the other motives.

Far more effective is the desire for distinction, a motive so all-pervading that, like the pressure of the air, it acts on us without our being conscious of its power. Much that we might be disposed to ascribe to the love of material ease is but a manifestation of the desire for distinction: as in our clothing, our houses, even our food. It belongs among the primary human impulses; it shows itself in the earliest stages of tribal life, and seems to gather strength as society advances to more complex stages. It persists in defiance of all the principles and traditions of democracy. So wide-reaching and ineradicable is it that the social reformer must perforce reckon with it. We cannot hope to root it out, even should we desire to do so. All that can be expected is to modify its growth, and cause it to develop in ways helpful for the common welfare.

Doubtless the form of the love of distinction which is most widely felt is the desire for social superiority, — using the word social in its narrow conventional sense. Each layer in society deems itself better than that below, and wishes to be as well thought of as that above. Each set decks itself with those outward symbols, from starched linen to stately mansions, which proclaim to the onlooker what stage of worldly advancement has been attained. The snobbery of the race, however flouted by the satirist, persists in undiminished strength. And this is a factor of the first importance in the economic world. It is a prime motive for the accumulation of wealth, and so for the increase of the community's capital.

The recognition of wealth as sufficient in itself to accredit the owner in the social scale came first in Great Britain. Admission to the shining ranks of the upper

class has been the dream of every Briton; wealth, if piled high enough, has been, next to martial renown, the surest means of securing entrance. This materialization of the British aristocracy has unquestionably had a powerful effect on the activities of the business class. It has served to promote enterprise, invention, and the accumulation of capital, and has been no small factor in bringing about that industrial leadership which Great Britain retained through the nineteenth century. The same influences have shown themselves in other countries, tardily at first, but with gathering strength during the last generation or two. In the United States, in the absence of hereditary dignities and titles, wealth became naturally the main avenue to social distinction. Here, as in Great Britain, it has sometimes taken a generation or two before the desired goal was attained; but admission to the set which deems itself exclusive has been attained by the millionaire's children, or at all events by his later descendants.

It is not easy to say just in what way and to what degree the love of distinction in this form affects the captain of industry. Are the ceremonies and extravagances of conventional society *per se* sources of pleasure to the successful man of affairs? Or are they valued as symbols of place and power, external evidences of the attainment of a distinguished station? These are questions which the self-made rich man would himself often find it difficult to answer. Like all of us, he follows the paths of emulation and imitation marked out for him by the rest of the world. Perhaps it is not this form of distinction, but merely distinction in some form, that spurs him; a doubt which we could solve only if we could try the experiment of removing all the silly ostentation, and leaving only a ribbon, a laurel-wreath, for the man who had guided with success the wealth-making forces of society. We may infer, indeed, from some things in everyday observation, that it is the wives and children and children's children of

the self-made man who care chiefly for the frippery of wealth. Often he is said to be, for himself, indifferent to these baubles, even averse to them. In the infinite shades of variety in human nature, many no doubt get a real zest of enjoyment from the paraphernalia of riches, while as many more go through the motions with weary impatience. But it is probable that in all cases there is some admixture of other motives; and in many cases doubtless there is a preponderance of other motives.

Among these other motives, we may next consider the impulse for activity, the inevitable wish of the active and healthy man to be up and doing. Sports and recreation pall, when pursued not to vary the work of the world, but as occupations in themselves. A fortunate few only can find a resource in creative intellectual work. Your business man, however successful in business, has commonly no marked aptitudes in other directions, and has no other resource than to go on with business. He continues to scheme and work largely from the need of giving vent to his energies. No other occupation is so interesting and absorbing as money-making; at all events no other is so easily entered. Hence many a man who has accumulated what he once thought quite enough, continues to accumulate more, and piles riches on riches, from the mere negative motive that he must do this or nothing. And doubtless, where such is the case, the conventional extravagances of the very rich give some added flavor, from the gratification of the love of distinction in its snobbish form; even though this gratification would have been quite inadequate of itself to induce the exertion.

We must reckon as part of the same impulse, or as one closely allied, the satisfaction which comes from achievement. We need not go into psychological refinements, — there may or may not be, as has been suggested by some thinkers, an ancient and deep-rooted instinct for workmanship. Certain it is that many men,

and probably most men of the type we are now chiefly considering, take pleasure in rounded achievement. To one who has the capacity for management, there is a strong satisfaction in so administering a complex enterprise that every part of the mechanism does its work properly, or in carrying a long-continued chain of operations successfully to the end. The pleasure is like that of the mechanic in a neat job, of the scholar in a conclusive investigation. It adds zest to the impulse for activity, and may maintain activity long after the motives by which labor was first impelled have ceased to operate.

Last among the motives to which I shall advert is the love of power. No doubt this passion, like the others which we have been considering, is not to be regarded as standing by itself. Only in extreme cases can it be observed as separately in action. Desire to command the services of others is obviously one of its sources, and the love of ease and the aversion to labor contribute to it. The love of distinction is commonly associated with it. But here again the question arises why the love of distinction should take this particular direction; which it can do only if mankind commonly admire and emulate the successful exercise of the power of subjugation.

In its brutal forms, the passion for domination is observable, alas, through almost the entire sweep of history. We may speculate that it is an outgrowth, a result by natural selection, of that warfare between contending races which Malthus illustrated so plentifully in the later and less familiar chapters of the *Essay on Population*. We can hardly doubt that the brute instinct for slaughter and destruction, which crops out so easily even in our society of peaceful industry, is an inheritance from the primal days of the race, when man shared with the rest of organic life the relentless struggle for existence. Similarly we may guess the passion for mastery to be the outcome of the same sort of struggle between the over-peopling groups and races of men.

Whatever its origin, there can be no question as to its strength and persistence, or the response which it has met from kindred feelings in the hearts of men from time immemorial. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and the whole host of lesser heroes, have aroused the admiration which all the world feels for the subjugator. Most of what we know of history is one long, sad tale of sanguinary aggression, of unceasing struggle by each prince and princeling for more territory and more vassals, and, running through it all, the glorification of adventure, power, and conquest.

Something of the satisfaction which the captain of armies has felt is felt also by the modern captain of industry. His is a figure as familiar to the modern world as that of the martial leader has always been, and it is hardly less admired. He, too, lords it over thousands and tens of thousands, and finds gratification for the passion of mastery as well as for the love of distinction. What part these two motives, so closely associated, play in the doings of the fortune-builder, he is himself hardly conscious. He strives for that which is striven for by his associates. Among these — in the hierarchy, sacred to our plutocracy, of the "big men" in the business world — we can see often no explanation of the incessant striving and scheming which does not take into account the passion for domination. The great captain of industry, with millions of money at his command, has under his sway a vast complex of men, of interwoven enterprises and industries, of towns, cities, even of states. To a degree of which we are hardly aware, but which he himself appreciates but too well, he is the power behind the throne in the political life of our boasted democracy. In the business sphere he is the acknowledged leader, before whom men bow and cringe, and of whom they speak with bated breath.

The worship of wealth and of the rich man has often been the object of satire and of blame; and similarly the motives

which we have just considered — the love of distinction in its snobbish forms and the passion for industrial mastery — have been roundly condemned. Yet it deserves to be noted that the direction which these impulses take in modern times has led to great gains for the community. The industrial ideal has supplanted the military, or if it has not supplanted it, has at least risen to equal prominence and attractiveness. The satirist and the lover of the simple life may be amazed that the sort of distinction given by the mere possession of wealth should be so highly prized; but the substitution of this avenue to distinction for the feudal one of birth and valor has meant an immense stimulus to material progress and peaceful accumulation. Similarly, the vent which the passion for mastery has found in industrial conquest has meant an enormous gain for peace, industry, mutual service. Your feudal baron or mediæval statesman was essentially of the robber type. At best, he was a sort of watch dog, whose business it was to prevent others from plundering his charges. Our modern fortune-builder is often portrayed as the counter-type of the feudal baron; nor can it be denied that, in the ramifications of modern industry, there are great possibilities for mere rapacity. But such, after all, is not the main effect, certainly not the sole effect, of the money-making activities. Enterprise, invention, the development of the fruitful division of labor, the organization of new schemes, the opening of new lands, and the utilization of new resources, — these have been the main conditions and accompaniments of great fortunes. We can no longer hold the semi-theological view reflected in Adam Smith's oft-quoted phrase, that the individual is "led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention;" but we may at least be thankful that the impulses which move the strong and ambitious are so often turned to the achievements of peace and industry.

But if the community has thus gained

from the turning of the love of distinction to the worship of wealth, and of the masterful passion to industrial conquest, it does not follow that this common gain may not be secured in still greater degree. Is it conceivable that he who directs an industrial enterprise with success, and thereby gains a fortune, may be induced to labor with equal zeal and efficiency in public business? Can the love of distinction and the passion for domination not be satisfied in ways other than those we are now familiar with? Can the great capacities of the captain of industry be turned directly and unquestionably to the general good, without the bribe of a fortune, and of power thinly veiled and lightly trammelled?

Clear it is that the modern community needs the services of strong industrial leaders. We cannot foresee how great will be the extension of the functions of government in the next two or three generations; but that they will extend measurably, perhaps largely, there can be no doubt. Public works even in their accepted routine, — schools, streets, sewers, water supply, lighting, the post, — become more complicated and call for a higher order of management. I have little faith in the theorem that the sphere of the state must of necessity broaden, and I should hesitate long before venturing on a prediction as to the extent to which its operations will be enlarged in this century. But enlargement in some degree, great or small, is certain. Most certain of all it is that some at least of the great industries of modern times would be carried on to greater advantage for the community if conducted as public enterprises under able management. Here is the essence of the problem: can able management be secured? In the past, there has been found no spur to industrial efficiency equal to that from the magic of property, with all the freedom, elasticity, power, which flow from unfettered ownership. Can we find in the future, under public ownership, any stimulus comparable to this?

Reverting now to our analysis of the motives for money-making, I fear we must face the fact that the most widespread and perhaps most powerful of these motives cannot be easily turned to the aid of public management. I refer to the love of distinction in its most familiar form, — the snobbish form, if you please to call it so: the desire to rise in the social scale. No doubt, a monarchical or semi-monarchical state can use a system of orders, titles, decorations, as in some degree a substitute for salaries and wealth. But the substitute is not comparable in efficacy to the desire for wealth as a means of securing social station, and in any case it is available in only very limited range under a democracy. Hence it is probable that, as long as human nature remains such as we know it, private ownership and management of capital will conduce most to the efficient and progressive conduct of production, and that the sphere of public management, while large absolutely, will be limited in range and extent as compared with the accepted and dominant régime of private property.

Nevertheless, there is obvious play for the love of distinction in public affairs; and this not only in political affairs as commonly thought of, but in those industrial problems which are coming to be more and more interwoven with political affairs. After all, public station is a lodestone of wonderful power. Not all men of administrative capacity are open to its attractions, and not all have the aptitudes necessary for participation in public affairs. But in the class of business men who form, so to speak, the officers of the industrial army, and from whom the generals are recruited, there is a good proportion of ambitious men for whom public service has a strong attraction. They are drawn not only by the distinction and possible fame of a public career; they are drawn also by something better and higher. In enumerating and classifying economic motives, we must not forget the altruistic impulse. Whether or no it be innate, and whatever its origin, its existence

and influence are patent. Like the other motives which we have considered, it is dominant only in extreme cases. As some individuals are possessed by a love of display, and others by a passion for domination, so a few are consumed by devotion to the rest of mankind. But most men have mixed motives: they feel the itch of social ambition, they love power and control; they respond also to the call for public spirit. There is enough of public spirit and of genuine altruism to contribute effectively to the solution of our social and economic problems. When we add the gratification from public fame and a place in history, we may feel reasonably sure that, for a considerable proportion of those who have the gifts of leadership, the attractions of public service are powerful enough. Given opportunity for the exercise of these gifts of leadership, and leaders of the right stamp will not be lacking.

Given opportunity, I say; for here seems to be the greatest difficulty of the case. The love of distinction can be gratified, and the sense of duty will strengthen devotion to the general good. But the case is much less hopeful as to the other motives which affect the industrial captain. The desire for continuous activity and rounded achievement, still more the passion for domination, are not easily satisfied under the conditions of public service in a democracy. Here are some aspects of our problem which deserve attentive consideration.

Let us look first at some of the peculiarities of the political machinery of our own country. Its familiar characteristic is the system of checks and balances. The fear of usurpation by the executive was the natural fruit of the experience of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; hence the hedging of his power, and the strict line of demarcation between the functions of the executive, the legislature, and the judiciary. This principle, suggested by the example of England and the experience of the colonies, has its most conspicuous application in the Constitu-

tion of the United States, and prevails no less in the governments of the several states and of the cities. Throughout we find the same interwoven authority, the same divided responsibility, the same checks to any steady sweep of power. The executive is sharply separated from the legislature. Statutes are framed by those who have no responsibility for their working. The authority of the executive is commonly restricted by the confirmation of appointments at the hands of the legislature, or some branch of it. It is further restricted by the popular election, in most states and cities, of a great number of subordinate officials.

The consequences are obvious and too familiar. The position of chief executive officer in city or state does not tempt the able man of affairs. The clearest illustration is to be found in our municipal troubles. In every one of our misgoverned cities there is no lack of capable and public-spirited men, able and willing to give themselves to the vigorous administration of public business. Managing ability, such as the posts demand, can be found in plenty. But the conditions of the service do not call it forth. Setting aside the difficulties of electing a man of the right type if he were willing to serve, — a matter to which I shall presently turn, — the prospect of service after election is unattractive precisely to such a man. What he sees before him is usually a complex and unwieldy political mechanism; a body of subordinate officers imposed by popular vote; a right of check and confirmation by a municipal legislature, commonly with two cumbrous branches; an uncertainty as to the statutory authority which will be conferred on him by this legislature; and, not least, a brief term of office. From all this there follows the necessity of caution and compromise, of conciliating divergent and more or less selfish interests, persuading suspicious and unintelligent persons, entrusting the execution of well-laid plans to untried and possibly insubordinate officials. Another election must be faced within a year or

two, and puts a damper on the inception of far-reaching plans. Can we wonder that the impulses for achievement and for mastery find nothing attractive in the administration of public affairs? In this matter, as in all human arrangements, preferences and choices settle themselves into grooves of habit. The established tradition in our American life is that the captain of industry has no ambition and finds no opportunity in public life. If he wishes permanent power, lasting distinction, continuous achievement, he turns to fortune-building in private industry.

The conditions of the case have indeed evolved a peculiar sort of one-man-power in public affairs, and have drawn into political life a familiar type of the masterful man. Such is the party boss, who enjoys power, and a certain measure of distinction. The mechanism of government is so unwieldy that those who are within cannot control it; hence there has developed the boss, who manages the apparatus from without. This cannot be done without skill, shrewdness, enterprise, and other such qualities needed for any career of leadership. But it calls also for methods distasteful to straightforward and high-minded men. Your boss is indeed not always so black as he is painted; there are political machinists entitled to our respect. But the rôle is after all an underhand one, a circumventing of the avowed plan and intent of the general will. It attracts the unscrupulous, and even the well-intentioned man who essays it finds himself almost inevitably impelled to fight the devil with fire. Not infrequently a man who has achieved success as a leader of industry turns to political activity. He then usually becomes the manipulator and master of the party machine, following almost of necessity the familiar methods of intrigue, bargain, office-mongering, bribery. The able man of the higher type is not drawn to such doings, while on the other hand the competition in the unsavory work has a demoralizing effect on those who strive for political power.

The system of checks and balances is thus a strong factor in preventing the most needed abilities from being exercised in the public service. But it is not the only factor, possibly not the most important one. The elemental instincts of democracy are themselves obstacles to the best working of democracy.

The jealousy of the executive is something more than a survival from the outlived exigencies of earlier centuries. It has its roots deep in the everyday prepossessions of the average man. Those who have read the voluminous history of trade-unionism in England which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have put together with such splendid industry will have been struck with the lesson which those authors draw as to the working of pure democracy. The trade union is loth to put authority into the hands of its leaders. It clings to town-meeting government. The necessities of the case have indeed compelled a gradual stiffening of the organization. More and more power has been delegated to the executive committees and general secretaries, and perpetual referendum has been given up. The imperative need of efficiency in a fighting organization has caused a departure from the pure simplicity of democratic principle, and an acceptance of something like single-handed leadership; yet even here, under the pressure of vital interest and the most obvious need, slowly, grudgingly, incompletely. The working of the same impulse is familiar to every one who watches our American democracy. There is always an uneasy fear of "getting away from the people." Hence the predominance of elected officials, the confusing multiplicity of elections, the helplessness of the voter in face of an endless list of unknown candidates for office, — and so the necessity of party organization to give a clue and meaning to the whole, and the natural evolution of the boss. In times of stress and peril, democracy turns instinctively to a dictator. But in the humdrum days of peace, it clings no less instinctively to its own possession of power.

This state of mind, like all our impulses and opinions, rests largely on tradition. The habitual glorification of democracy has strengthened it, and it has been further strengthened by the worship of the Constitution. Checks and balances are part of the wonted political machinery. A permanent executive with a free hand is repugnant alike to the individual's instinct for control over his representative, and to his prepossessions as to the proper system of government. The two causes interact, and reinforce each other; and both tend to keep out of the public service the type of man whom the public most needs.

Contrast for a moment the ultra-democratic situation, inhibiting as it does continuous leadership and achievement, with its most extreme opposite. There are no more interesting episodes in history, and in some respects none more encouraging, than the careers of the British colonial administrators. The peculiar conditions have bred a peculiar set of men. Here are power, responsibility, prolonged tenure, difficult problems; on the other hand, plastic subject races, habituated for ages to autocratic government. The work of such men as Lord Lawrence, in the Punjab, or in our day Lord Cromer in Egypt, deservedly wins our admiration. Here the impulse for mastery has had full scope, and has been directed to beneficent channels. The ambition of every active-spirited civil servant is fired by the possibilities of great achievement, when once he shall have reached the post of leadership. Even in the lower stages he is from the outset habituated to a position of command. The admirable traditions which have been fostered during the past century by the curiously mixed government of Great Britain, — half a democracy, half an oligarchy of gentlemen, — served to turn this autocratic power to the achievements of peace. Hence the unique interest of the careers of the great colonial administrators. Their dictatorship gives them the dramatic position of world-conquerors, yet their labors are directed to

the single-minded promotion of the happiness and prosperity of the subject millions.

Instructive in a somewhat similar way is the experience of Germany, and especially of Prussia. Notwithstanding a framework of democratic apparatus, the government of Prussia has remained essentially bureaucratic. The official class is beset by no doubt as to its power or tenure, no serious checks in its pursuance of a settled policy. The aristocratic associations of the service, the traditions of vigorous activity maintained by the Hohenzollerns, the free gratification of the love of distinction by titles and decorations, have drawn into its ranks a large measure of the best ability of the country. Your German bureaucrat is not always an agreeable person. But he is usually hardworking and assiduous; his advancement depends on his efficiency, and his work gives an opening to the man of power and resource. Hence the governmental machine in Germany shows results comparable to those obtained by the great leaders of private industry in English-speaking countries.

To take a striking example, what more remarkable achievement has there been in modern times than the German system of workmen's insurance? No doubt we may make reservations even in admitting its success. Some of the most cherished objects — the placation of social unrest and the checkmating of the socialists — have failed of attainment. It is a question still what gains have been secured in the fundamental task of uplifting the character of the people; whether the whole system is not after all but a magnified poor-law, with the inevitable limitations of every such mechanical scheme. Nevertheless it stands as a wonderful administrative achievement. The systematic organization and control of numberless groups of insuring and insured; the interweaving of central control with local administration; the regulation of complex financial problems and the accumulation and investment of millions of

capital funds; the development of a whole new department of legal practice and adjudication; the extension of the principle to new fields, and its amendments and improvement in the light of actual experience; not least, the combination of a strong spirit of charity for the poor, with an equally strong spirit of holding them strictly to account, — all this, I believe, no other government in the world could have accomplished. The new and untried operations have given scope for the best ambition of trained and capable leaders, and such leaders have been supplied by the bureaucracy, with its traditions of permanent tenure, continuous policy, honorable distinction.

Something of the same sort may be said of the state railway system of Prussia. I do not propose to discuss the difficult pros and cons as to that great case of public management. It suffices to say that the management of finances and of traffic has been conducted with a single eye to what was believed to be the public interest, — no doubt with some mistakes, but none the less with high ability. The railway net has been systematically and steadily enlarged; speculative building and plundering have ceased, and all favors to individual shippers, all semi-corrupt machinations, have been abolished; not least, the discipline of the enormous staff of workmen has been strict, yet not unkindly. Even though there may not have been that degree of efficiency in traffic operation which has been attained by the ablest American railway managers, there remain achievements which compel admiration. Certainly we in the United States must envy the system of officialdom which has succeeded in attaining results such as now seem hopelessly beyond the reach of our political machinery.

I do not mention these cases of success in administration in order to hold them up for imitation in our own country. Even in a survey of other than our current American problems, their lessons are to be read with caution. Democratic conditions are those that primarily

concern us; and not only us, but the civilized world at large. For democracy will prevail more and more in the future of all advanced countries. Such a career as that of the British colonial administrator is unthinkable in a self-governing community; and for this reason, I may remark in passing, the hopes of those who look to a healthy reaction on our own problems from our experiments in colonial government are likely to be disappointed. Nor is the lesson of German officialdom in every respect convincing. It shows what can be done, not by educating a democracy, but by disregarding it. In Germany itself, it rests on conditions that we may expect to see readjusted in course of time. The steady growth of the social democracy bears impressive testimony that the tide of democratic sentiment which shows itself in all the civilized countries is rising in Germany also. Will not that country also be confronted, sooner or later, with the special problems which popular rule has universally brought? It would be idle to speculate at what distant time and by what processes this transformation may come, or what results it will bring. It suffices for our present purpose to bear in mind that the peculiar historical basis of the German bureaucratic system can never be reproduced in other countries, least of all in a democracy like our own. Lessons may be learned from it, but the thing itself cannot be copied.

Let us turn, then, in conclusion, to the special problems of democracy. These are twofold: problems of intelligence, and problems of character.

First, as to the problems of intelligence. I have already indicated the point on which I believe them chiefly to converge. The best hope for improving the machinery of government lies in lengthening the terms of service for the administrative officers; in reducing the number of elected officials, and enlarging the appointing power; in simplifying the machinery of municipal and state government, perhaps of the national government as well. All this involves an abrogation of power by

the voter. He must consent to keep hands off, — if not forever, at least for long periods at a time. Only by some such change will it be possible to enlist and hold in public service men of the needed capacity.

There is abundant evidence that our political system is improving in this direction. We are busily reshaping our methods of municipal government. A succession of new charters for our cities bears witness to the consciousness of existing defects. The trend in all these experiments is the same. The chief administrators, and especially the mayors, have longer terms, and greater power and responsibility. More officers are appointed by them, fewer are elected by popular vote. The municipal legislature is restricted to the business of legislation, and the administration of affairs is taken away from its cumbrous, irresponsible committees. Even where the general system is not modified, or is modified only half way, parts of the machinery are adjusted on the same principle. When a particular thing is to be done, — the building of a rapid-transit roadbed or tunnel, the development of a park-system, the construction of water-works, — the task is often put into the hands of a commission, with a long term and unhampered powers. It is familiar experience that men of administrative capacity can be more easily secured for such commissions than for the routine posts in state or municipal service. The explanation is clear: there is opportunity for uninterrupted activity and successful achievement. The more of such opportunities we have in political life, the more readily shall we attract men of power to public service.

It need hardly be said that it is neither possible nor desirable to secure in public service so complete a concentration of power and responsibility as is common in our large industrial enterprises. I have pointed out defects in the system of checks and balances, but I would not be supposed to advocate an unending suc-

cession of dictatorships. We have had too much of dictatorship in corporate enterprises, and not enough of checks and balances. Certainly in public affairs it is a question not of whether or no, but of more or less. Some limitation of the powers of the executive we must have, if democracy is to be more than a form. Hence, the instinct for mastery can never find satisfaction so fully in a democracy as it can — to refer to examples already given — in bureaucratic or colonial administration. Powers of persuasion must be exercised, as well as powers of leadership, and compromise must be a frequent outcome of differing opinions. We must face the fact that private industry (so long as it continues to be conducted as private industry on a great scale) will offer some temptations to the captain of industry which public service can never equal. On the other hand, public service satisfies the love of distinction in a manner and to a degree that can be equaled by no ostentation of wealth and no sense of secret power. This lodestone will always attract men to political life; and, given some reasonable chance of prolonged tenure and substantial power, it will attract men of the needed stamp.

The change which we may hope for in the future of American government must come in the state of mind of the people as well as in constitutional and statutory enactment. Something may be done without legislation of any sort. Capable officers may be reelected, even though the statutes provide that elections shall occur annually or biennially. Reasonably free sway may be allowed them in administration, even though aldermen or councils have the power to restrict or veto. But, as I have already had occasion to say, legislation and tradition react on each other. A change of legislation in the right direction fosters habits in the right direction. The activity which we see now in improving the framework of municipal government is itself a sign that traditions are mending. As the remodeled charters come into effect, they will in turn still

further react on the voter's state of mind. Whether both combined will eventually bring about conditions under which men of the needed quality will find a congenial field in the management of public affairs is, to repeat, a question of popular intelligence.

But — and here we reach the second part of our problem — it is also in large part a question of character. Are we sure that corruption and favoritism will be rejected when they are known? Do the voters wish for honest public service, efficient management, the use of the machinery of government not for the gain of one class or section, but for the single-minded advancement of common benefits? Will easy employment and favored treatment enlist them as the supporters of political leaders notoriously unfit? These are indeed in no small degree questions of intelligence, — whether corruption will be recognized as such, and gains for a particular class be seen to conflict with the general welfare. Mainly, however, they are questions of character. Their right disposal depends on the diffusion of the fundamental virtues. Uprightness, steadfastness in work, good faith in the affairs of everyday life, respect for law, — these are even more essential for the successful working of democracy than intelligence in devising political machinery, and in choosing the right men for working the machinery.

This, after all, is the *crux* of our political and social problems. Unless the stuff of the people be sound, our scheming and teaching will be vain. All the study of political science and constitutional law and comparative administration, of economics and finance and industrial organization, avails nothing unless there be a community fit to profit by it. All the elaboration of more effective governmental apparatus is useless unless the public really wishes better government. And not only must we face this fundamental problem, but we must face the peculiar difficulty of dealing with it. Intelligence can be taught, or at least greatly

improved. But character grows by slow steps, and under influences which it is almost impossible to reshape. It is affected, no doubt, by teaching and exhortation, but it rests in the main on inherited qualities and on the example and training which go from parent to child. How large a part is played by inheritance, how large by training and environment, we are much in the dark; but we must resign ourselves to the certainty that external influences, whether of preachers or schoolmasters or learned scholars, do not suffice for shaping human character.

The American people has undergone great changes in the last fifty years. No one can undertake to say what will be the outcome, after another fifty years, of the revolution in industry through which we are passing, and of our extraordinary mingling of nationalities. Yet I believe that the heart of the people is sound, and that democracy will emerge successfully from the difficulties of adjustment to the new conditions. Not without effort, not

without trials, not without disappointments; least of all, by any rapid or revolutionary changes; yet in the end with success. Our political machinery is improving, and is likely still further to improve. The worship of wealth is diminishing, and the respect for public service is increasing. Men of character and capacity will win in the long run the suffrage of the people, and corruption and jobbery will be rebuked. The fundamental virtues are not lacking, and we may base upon them our devices for enlisting high-minded ability, for raising general intelligence, for bettering the working details of government. We may expect that the sphere of public enterprises will be enlarged, as the lessons necessary for the successful conduct of such enterprises are learned. We may hope for greater repression of the selfish motives and the sordid activities, for freer play to noble ambition and public-spirited effort, and not only for a stronger government, but for a better and purer democracy.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BY A. MAURICE LOW

ALL his life William II, King of Prussia and German Emperor, has lain under the shadow of his own greatness. His manysidedness, his vivid temperament, his faceted intellect, his sweeping ambition, have made him one of the least understood of men. For the world is mostly commonplace, and can see only mental malady in genius, and has neither the comprehension nor the desire to perceive that the inconsistency of genius is proof of greatness. Popular prejudice sees what it pleases and not what is plain. The versatility of the Kaiser is so bewildering, the activities of his alert mind are so varied, that they have at times obscured a fixed idea, — one might almost say an

ideal, — to accomplish which he has fused all his powers and coördinated all the elements of his personality, — that idea the greatness of Germany. To make Germany respected and feared, a voice that shall compel obedience and whose frown no nation shall wittingly provoke, and to do this through the force of diplomacy and not the force of arms, — this is the purpose to which the third German Emperor has consecrated himself. He believes in his divine mission; that he is king by the grace of God. This is not an anachronism; it is not one of those poses in which he is supposed to delight. It is innate belief rather than acquired persuasion. God has called him to do

his work, and he walks in the way of the Lord.

The heritage coming to him from his grandfather, Bismarck's creation in Moltke's alembic, has been to him a sacred heritage, and he has guarded it with all the fervor of the acolyte to whom the hallowed flame is the light everlasting. This Emperor is a serious man, a man fully impressed with the responsibilities of kingly station, to whom the crown is more than a symbol and the sceptre less the sign of power than the vow of duty. This almost fanatical recognition of the duty he owes to himself, to his ancestors, to his posterity; the duty no less he owes to his people (and it is no figure of speech when in kingly fashion he talks of *meine Leute*, because literally the sorrows and joys and aspirations of the German people are his own), this makes his life what it is, — a life so full, so rounded, so often brought in contact with lives of others, that it is dazzling to the beholder.

It is the penalty genius pays to mediocrity to be misunderstood. William has paid in full his debt. In the long line of great historical characters there is not one whose motives have been more cruelly misinterpreted, whose actions have been so misconstrued, whose purpose has been so ridiculed. The strong man, the man of force and resolute character, the man who knows his own strength, invites the stigma "iconoclast," and seldom fails to excite envy and hatred and distrust. This was the beginning of the world-wide cabal that with malignant ingenuity attempted — and not without success — to picture the ruling Hohenzollern as a vainglorious, impetuous, undisciplined youth; unfilial, selfish, passionate; puffed up with his own conceit, brooking no opposition, willing to sacrifice everything for the moment's pleasure of gratified vanity.

But glance at the forces confronting William II, as the heir presumptive, and let what the man has done tell what he is. As his grandfather, William I, approached his end, and his father Frederick, "Unser Fritz," — a stricken, albeit

a knightly and adored figure to the German people, — seemed more likely to be crowned by death than man, a cloud of intrigue and deceit gathered over the throne of the newly welded German Empire. And in the dim shadow there lurked, half hidden, the form of the greatest, and withal the most unprincipled, statesman of modern Europe. To Bismarck nations were simply the pieces to play the game, and men the pawns to be sacrificed when they stood in the way of a great move. In Frederick's virtues Bismarck could see only evidence of weakness and a menace to the infant empire that needed, to the mind of the man of iron, force instead of gentleness or even honesty for its successful rearing.

The genius of Bismarck was not great enough to understand the complex German character nor to appreciate that the German, like the Englishman, is born with a love for liberal constitutional government and the largest measure of freedom consistent with law. By temperament and training Bismarck was a military autocrat, who neither comprehended the spirit of democracy nor sympathized with it. He was a feudalist, a paternalist, who would, had the power been given him, have regulated not only the affairs of the state but the thoughts and actions of its people. To him truth was one of those theoretic virtues that too often collide with the more serious things of life, and he was never enmeshed by "a foolish consistency, the hobgoblin of little minds."

Such were the conditions and the adversary that faced William II as he approached the throne; and a study of the young prince, hardening his moral thews and sinews in that struggle for a crown over the weakened body of his well beloved father, opposing his strength single-handed against the Iron Chancellor's might, and standing like a lion whelp at bay between the hunter and his prostrate victim, discloses no unfilial youth or weakling. But no saint this, no man of profound humility abasing himself for his sins and imploring forgiveness. On

the contrary, a very human man, a man of many faults, chief of which are ambition and jealousy, and envy of the might and power and universal domination of England. He looked across the narrow stretch of blue water separating his throne from that of his aged grandmother; he saw the cross of St. George dotting the seven seas, and not a pawn moved on the chessboard of international politics without England's consent, and he determined to make Germany equally as important; to carry the double eagle of Germany wherever ships sailed or territory was to be developed.

In Europe Germany had nothing to fear. France lay prostrate, spent and bleeding from the fierce onslaught of the armies that the genius of Moltke had called into being. Bismarck had early inculcated in the minds of the statesmen of Germany and Russia that between them there should exist a complete understanding, and that it was to their interest to pursue a policy of common rather than antagonistic purposes. Bismarck, however, always believed in the policy of reinsurance. The triple alliance, which owed its inspiration not to Bismarck but to Crispi, who feared that France in revenge for her crushing defeat would seek to rehabilitate herself by making war on Italy, was the policy of insurance taken out by Germany to protect herself against France; and then to prove his loyalty to his allies, especially to Austria, Bismarck entered into a secret alliance with Russia.

Knowing that England would engage in no aggressive policy unless driven to it by the wanton act of Germany, the time seemed peculiarly propitious for the same commercial development of Germany that had made England what she was and so excited the envy of the Emperor. His accession to the throne filled the world with fear. Remembering the world's judgment of this young king; knowing that in his veins ran the blood of the great Frederick; that he had been brought up under the eye of his grandfather, who was a soldier and not a statesman; that

to William II the army of Germany was everything,—invincible, magnificent, the very perfection of military science,—it was not unreasonable for the world to believe that this monarch would want to make Germany rank still higher by another series of astounding victories.

Men said that before long Saxon and Prussian and Bavarian would again march shoulder to shoulder, carrying anew the triumphant banner of the Fatherland. The position of Germany at that time was peculiar. As an empire she had no traditions. Overcoming their intense jealousy of the Kingdom of Prussia, Bismarck had transmuted a score of petty principalities and miniature grand duchies into an empire, and made of the German people a nation. But as an empire Germany had no past, and its fame lay in the future. The war with France had infused into these separate states a national spirit. How long, Europe asked, would the spirit of nationality last? When the great domestic problems, inseparable from the confederation but held in abeyance by the war, pressed for settlement, would not the old jealousies reassert themselves, and either dissolve the union in blood, or cement it in blood so strong that a union it would remain, forever and indissoluble? Many an anxious moment Europe knew, waiting for the first signs of revolution or the massing of troops to engage in foreign war, which was to save the empire from falling to pieces. That was a quarter of a century ago. In that time there has seldom been a year that a war with Germany has not been predicted with all the positiveness that is one of the privileges of prophecy; and while Great Britain and the United States have drawn the sword, and the most epoch-making war the world has known has been fought on the plains of Manchuria, in Germany the temple of Janus has remained shut and the beacon fires on the Rhine signal no marching hosts.

Waiting with foreboding for the expected, with all eyes turned on Berlin for the first sign of the torch to flame into life and

spread ruin and desolation, suddenly the flame burst forth, and Europe saw in it the confirmation of its judgment. The Emperor dismissed Bismarck. It was an act of such unparalleled audacity, or such crass folly, or such heartless brutality; it was so wanton, so absolutely without reason, as the world viewed it, this turning adrift the creative force of the German Empire, that from all over the world arose a chorus of hostile criticism. It was evident that Bismarck, the wise, the prudent, the peaceloving (that was before Bismarck's candid friends disclosed the real nature of the man), had been dismissed because he stood in the way of the Emperor's ambitious schemes and pleaded for peace while the Emperor urged war.

That historical event is now sufficiently remote to admit of its true perspective. Bismarck was dismissed for not one, but many reasons. Both men were too much alike, too positive, too pugnacious, too determined, too convinced of their own inerrancy, for the relation of master and servant long to endure. Bismarck had never been forgiven for the way he intrigued over the dying Frederick, and the Emperor was sagacious enough to know that if Bismarck remained in power he would again so manipulate affairs as to force Germany into war, precisely as he had made the first William take the field against France. The Emperor, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, is essentially a man of peace, and while he is not afraid to fight, he knows the cost of war, and that the nation victorious pays a price almost as heavy as the nation defeated. And there was still another reason to move the Emperor. He was determined to be his own master in the eyes of the world. To take the full responsibility for all his actions, and not to shield himself behind any man, was evidence of strength and courage. From that day the policy of Germany has been the policy of the Emperor. The voice may be the chancellor's, but it is William, *imperator et rex*, who speaks. He it

is who really writes the despatches; to him the chancellor must come before he can set in train the machinery that may involve not only Germany, but the world.

The Emperor inherits the dominant mental characteristics of his grandmother, which made her one of the great figures of history. These salient traits are a tremendous grasp and intense love of detail, and a capacity to get at the bottom of every subject. Queen Victoria would never consent perfunctorily to sign a paper that her ministers might lay before her, but insisted upon knowing its full significance. She had a passion for hearing about things and great events at first hand. Ambassadors, soldiers, men of science,—in a word all men of action or thought, no matter in what direction their activities extended,—must be brought to her and tell exactly what they had done. The queen was the first English sovereign who required the leader of the House of Commons to make her a daily report of its proceedings. This was perhaps extraconstitutional; it was almost an infringement of the free and unhampered rights of the ministry; but every day when Parliament was in session the government leader wrote her a *résumé* of the session, with such free and confidential comment as he considered necessary to enable her to keep *au courant* with the work of Parliament.

In much the same way the Emperor has his hand upon the pulse of affairs. I have already said that no important despatch is written without being first submitted to him for approval, and the Emperor "edits" his chancellor's despatches with the freedom of a teacher correcting his pupil's composition. Despatches from the various German ambassadors are annotated by the Emperor, and frequently sent back to the writers so that they may know precisely the Emperor's views in his own words. These comments and criticisms are always sharp, short, and pointed.

The Emperor understands his own people a good deal better than many of them

understand him. The German character is contradictory. There are probably no more practical people, and yet their practicality is tempered and softened by the vein of sentiment that finds its expression in charming *Liebslieder* and dreamy waltzes, and in *gemüthlichkeit*, a word which has no exact English equivalent.

We talk of Germany, and unconsciously we think of the Great Elector and the Great Frederick, as if Germany could show her descent in an unbroken line through the ages. We forget that Germany, as an empire, is the parvenu among nations, that the German Empire is a creation of to-day, and has existed, as an empire, only since the war with France, a matter of thirty-five years. Bear this fact in mind. It explains much of the emperor's policy that has seemed to be erratic, undisciplined, irresponsible almost; it is the reason why the Emperor has done many things at which the world has laughed, because to laugh is always the refuge of the foolish.

If Germany was to become the great and powerful and prosperous nation, the dream of the Emperor's ambition, — and he is a dreamer of dreams whose dreams take form, — a national spirit must be infused into her people, to drive out local jealousies by the deeper feeling of nationality. This point must be reiterated even at the risk of being wearisome, because, unless the American reader fully understands the conditions that existed when the Emperor came to the throne, he cannot have a true understanding of the emperor's character; he cannot comprehend the problems confronting the Emperor, and the opposition he mastered. Imagine the United States united for defense and certain other national purposes, with each state practically independent, the smaller jealous of the larger. This was much the position of Germany. The world talks of the United States as a young country; young she is, but as a nation she is venerable compared with Germany. Here many of the great constitutional questions have been settled; in Germany, so

new is the empire, they are as yet unsettled.

For years the world has read with derision and sarcastic comment the Emperor's speeches, and has always found in them proof of his undisciplined mind and his vaingloriousness; but it is the misfortune of the world to be superficial rather than analytical, and it fails to understand that the Emperor, like every great orator, adapts himself to his immediate audience. Every one recalls the celebrated "mailed fist" speech that the Emperor made to his brother, Prince Henry, before he sailed to place Kiaochau under the German flag. To the casual reader the speech was bombastic and without restraint; it sounded more like the effusion of a comic opera monarch than the benediction of a practical ruler of a practical people. It was jeered at by the press; it was accepted by the opposition at home and abroad as another proof of the Emperor's irresponsibility and unfitness; it was further evidence that he was a firebrand, always imperilling the peace of the world. But the Emperor had a distinct object in view. For the first time since Germany had become an empire the German navy was about to be sent across the sea to establish an outpost of empire. To inspire his sailors and soldiers with enthusiasm, to appeal to their love of fatherland and the sentiment for the flag, was the purpose of the Emperor. He knew that he was addressing uneducated men and that it was necessary to stir their emotions. He knew that they would not read his speech, but that his ringing words would be remembered and repeated in the forecabin, and talked over during the long watches of the night, and would make an ineffaceable impression. His audience would not split hairs, or calmly analyze his sentences or consider the ethical questions involved. He fired them with his own ardor. The men went forth without any regrets at leaving home, longing for an opportunity to show that they were worthy of their war lord's confidence. The thrilling words of the Kaiser were

the only stimulus they needed to make the campaign in the East a memory as glorious to the fatherland as the campaign of 1870, which focused the attention of the world on the yet to be born German Empire. It was the supreme power of oratory.

The Emperor is an extemporaneous speaker. It is only on rare occasions that he prepares a speech. His quickness of thought and his ability to put into language the ideas lying dormant in his brain, needing only the spark of opportunity to fire them with life, while a gift to be envied, has frequently caused him to say more than he intended and more than was wise. Like all extemporaneous speakers, and especially men of his temperament, he is carried away by his own enthusiasm; for the moment at least he believes everything he says, and is his own most zealous convert, which perhaps explains more than anything else why he sways his audience. His adaptability is remarkable; instinctively he knows what note to strike. Any one who reads carefully the Emperor's speeches will not fail to notice that the Kaiser bidding Godspeed to his sailors and the commander-in-chief of the army addressing a group of educated noblemen are different men. In each case he has so accurately gauged the comprehension of his listeners, and varied accordingly his language and the very process of thought, that the two speeches give the impression of a dual personality in their author. His speeches are a revelation of the Emperor's complete sympathy with all classes of his people and constitute a strong element in his popularity. Another secret of his hold over men is a peculiar quality of mind,—the power of instinctive judgment and knowledge. For William II combines with the logical and strong masculine mind the distinguishing feminine characteristics of reaching without conscious reasoning quick decisions which are often superior to a man's most careful deductions.

A constitutional monarch, who observes the restrictions of the constitution, VOL. 97—NO. 3

and yet would shape Parliament to his own ends, must display much wisdom and much tact if his people are not to rise up some fine night and tip over the royal apple-cart. William keeps within the limitations of the constitution and still exercises over Parliament a tremendous influence, which is not easy, because the Reichstag is jealous of its prerogatives and suspicious of royal interference. During the winter, when the Reichstag is in session, the Emperor regularly attends the receptions given by the ministers of the crown to which the members of the Reichstag are invited. Meeting there men who may not be so friendly to his policy as he would like to have them, he attempts to convert them by argument, by appeal, by the subtlest of all flattery, asking them with most engaging frankness to show him the fallacy or weakness of his policy. In this way he has won over more than one rebellious member.

In our day no ruler hedged in by the restrictions of a constitution and a free Parliament has met with such resolute opposition as did the Emperor when he determined to make Germany a naval power, nor was opposition ever so adroitly overcome. The Emperor recognized that a powerful military nation must be powerful on sea as well as on land, and that if Germany were to hold her own among the great nations she must have a navy commensurate with those of other nations. But Parliament stormed and protested, and the press fulminated against another heavy burden being laid upon the people. The Emperor had prepared a number of charts and drawings showing the comparative strength of the various navies of the world, the proportion between the navies of the great powers and their mercantile marine, Germany's armed strength on the sea, and what it ought to be to make it relatively equal to the other leading naval powers. Some of these diagrams were roughly sketched by the Emperor himself, others were elaborate drawings, worked to scale according to the ideas he furnished. The

whole thing was very clever and would have commended itself to any magazine editor who was looking for an illustrated article on the navies of the world. The emperor carried on his campaign of education with great perseverance and patience, exhibiting his diagrams at every opportunity, and impressing upon the members of the Reichstag the necessity of Germany taking her place among the other nations, and the importance of her being able to hold her own on the sea. The result was that he won his fight and the bill was passed that began the work of giving Germany a navy which will give her high rank among the sea powers in the next few years.

Again the Emperor had accurately gauged public sentiment. The most popular thing in Germany to-day is the navy, and the popularity of Prince Henry is due to his being the sailor prince. To prove how keen an interest the German takes in his navy it is only necessary to walk up and down the Linden, and watch the people bunched in front of the windows of the offices of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American steamship companies, looking at the models of the magnificent vessels that in the last few years have been turned out of the German shipyards and have vanquished the ships of all other nations; or one has only to stand in front of the Mutoscopes, so plentifully distributed about the Linden and the "Passages" opening from it, and notice that the machines labeled "Unsere Marine" have a group of men, women, and children eagerly waiting to drop their pennies in the slot and look at the pictures of cruisers and torpedo boats, or sailors and marines about to embark for the Far East, or the emperor standing on the quarter deck of the imperial yacht in his favorite attitude of making a speech, or directing the imaginary evolutions of an imaginary squadron. If the popular taste is any indication, the Germans at the present time are much more interested in the pictures of their ships than they are in pictures of their soldiers.

"Weltreich" and "Weltpolitik" are words almost constantly on the lips of the Emperor, and their repetition seldom fails to arouse the ridicule as well as the censure of the Emperor's enemies. It is insinuated that he is a monomaniac on the subject of making Germany the dominant factor in the world's politics. Now the policy of William II, which has been carried out with rare intelligence, does not differ greatly from that of other rulers, nor is its purpose dissimilar. He wants to make Germany not only respected but feared; his empire must be powerful enough to give pause to any nation contemplating an alliance or a combination that might lead to war, until it has been carefully considered on which side of the scale Germany would throw her weight. He has succeeded. Germany, it is true, has to-day more foes than friends in the concert of Europe, but she can afford to ignore her foes so long as they fear to provoke her strength. And the position Germany holds has been won without setting in motion the great army which the Kaiser leads. The Emperor would go to war to-morrow if war were the alternative, but up to the present time he has been able to avoid war because he has been bold, adroit, diplomatic.

Recognizing that Germany, to be powerful, must be politically as well as commercially great, the Emperor since he came to the throne has worked along two lines, seemingly divergent but in fact parallel. Everything possible has been done to foster Germany's commercial resources, and how well he has succeeded the tremendous strides made by German commerce testify. Simultaneously he has made Germany the foremost military power. Always the army has been a club to intimidate weaker neighbors, yet he has never exerted the force which lies under his hand. As an illustration take the Morocco policy, which has caused both England and France to see the spectre of war. To settle long-standing differences England recognized the "predominant rights" of France in Morocco, in return

for France's recognition of the "regularity" of the position of England in Egypt, and other mutual concessions. So far as England and France were alone concerned, it was a most excellent arrangement; it was purely selfish,—"intelligent selfishness," no doubt, but none the less the policy of self-interest. Germany was moved to protest by two considerations. She objects because it does not accord with her dignity to be treated as a negligible quantity in the politics of Europe; and because, if England is to make her profit out of Egypt, and France her profit out of Morocco, Germany also must make her profit somewhere.

The ethics involved are not considered. It is the diplomacy of Germany with which we are now dealing. Germany's policy may be unmoral, but perhaps no more unmoral than that of her rivals. As a practical result of this policy Germany has forced France directly, and England indirectly, to recognize the right of Germany to question an agreement made without her consent. Both powers are compelled to admit this right, but Englishmen find consolation in the "isolation" of Germany. It is only when events are projected on the background of history that they stand out clearly. Wherein does the "isolation" of Germany differ so greatly from the "isolation" of England a few years ago, even at a date so recent as the Boer war, when, like jackals, Germany, France, and Russia watched the lion at bay, longing to attack him yet fearing his mighty paw? Wherein does the policy of Germany differ from that of England when Disraeli dictated to Russia the terms of the Treaty of Berlin? It was England who taught the Kaiser self-confidence, and the Kaiser has proved himself an apt pupil.

Nothing illustrates better the flexibility of the Kaiser's mind than his *volte-face* in his relations with the United States. Only a few years ago, — to be exact, at the time of the Spanish war, — the Kaiser had no love for America, and all his sympathies were with Spain. But when the

United States compelled recognition by defeating a European power, when the United States became an Asiatic power as well as a western, the Kaiser was among the first to appreciate the importance of this new force in *weltpolitik*. With the Kaiser to see was to act quickly. The friendship of the United States was worth having; doubly worth having because the tide of sentiment and material interest was swiftly bearing England and the United States to the same sea. How well the Emperor has effaced the mistakes of the past, how assiduously he has cultivated the friendship of America, all the world has seen in the last few months, when the President thanked the Kaiser for his efforts in behalf of peace. The Emperor may have no higher regard for the United States now than he had seven years ago. The sincerity of his motives need not now be questioned. It is his diplomacy that commands admiration,—that mental capacity that enables him to look backward as well as forward, and to turn a situation to his own advantage and to the discomfiture of his opponents.

The intuitive faculty of grasping the psychological moment, which has so often borne him triumphant over opposition, was never more strikingly shown than when he disarmed a political party with the gift of a toy. To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of his grandfather, William I, he instituted a new order and decorated every man, officers as well as privates, who served in the Franco-Prussian war. Because of the general and somewhat promiscuous distribution of the decoration, the officers held it in light esteem and among themselves satirically termed it the "Order of the Orange," as the large medal was suspended from a broad yellow ribbon. The newspapers gave vent to their ironical comments and regarded the decoration as another of the emperor's childish notions. But the men who marched from the Rhine to Paris do not see anything ridiculous because the emperor has rewarded their valor; on the contrary, they

wear their bronze medals suspended from their yellow ribbons with a feeling of pride, a feeling increased by the knowledge that the Emperor wears the same decoration; or, as one of them put it, "My emperor and I are companions of the same order." By bestowing this medal the Emperor greatly weakened the Social Democratic Party, and it must be admitted that the man who can disarm an active opposition by the bestowal of a pound or two of bronze and a few yards of yellow ribbon is a practical politician of no mean order. It is cheaper at any rate than paying pensions.

This is William II, the man who has been termed badly balanced, vain, impetuous. Badly balanced he is not, because no man not equably poised could have escaped the pitfalls which have surrounded him for the past seventeen years. A vain man is usually a foolish man. The Emperor is not. Impetuous he is, and yet it is vehemence tempered by reason and restraint; he knows when to strike and when to hold himself in leash. This is the man whom the world has regarded as

only half responsible, longing for war; a royal demagogue, a mouther of meaningless phrases; a man with a child's brain and a monarch's power for harm.

The burden of history is always what has been; it is written as a message from the dead, and we do not accept men as great until their lives and acts have been embalmed and treasured up for the judgment of a generation not their own. When the history of this period of the German Empire is written, it may be discovered that William the Second was a man who spoke for the future to hear. Then it may be understood that his influence was for peace and not for war; that he spoke with a purpose; that he heard the voice of humanity; that he was one of the positive forces of his time. The Hohenzollerns have given to history a great elector and a great king, and William the First has been called a great emperor. History may yet find that greater than the greatest of his race is the reigning sovereign; because while the claims of his ancestors are written in war, his title to greatness is the dower of peace.

OLD GOODWIN'S WIFE¹

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

My friends like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; for although I am as peculiar as I ever was, they no longer remonstrate with me as they used to do. Perhaps they think that marriage has cured me of all my queerness — the summer is not yet come, to prove the contrary. And I may be sure that, when it does come, I shall roam the shores, as I ever did, and hunt the elusive clam, as I ever did; and dig, or gaze, as ever; and whether the one or the other, depends upon my fancy at the moment. But if I do as I was wont to do, I shall not roam the shores alone. Eve will roam with me; and there will be two clam hoes in my shed, and two pairs of rubber boots reposing in the closet, — when they are not in use, which is like to be seldom. And the one pair will be large and clumsy, and well stained with much wading through mud, while the other pair will be small and dainty, — yes, even dainty, though they be rubber boots, — and — well — not overmuch stained, though she wade even as I. Rubber boots — for clamming — cannot be kept spotless, nor should they be, if they could. But there will be but the one basket, to serve us both. I may be sure of this, I say; but they think, forsooth, that I will have done with such foolishness — now that I am married. Wherefore, they have given over their remonstrating.

But I note that I am more popular than I was. Some of them are always to be found at my house — not the same ones, but one or mayhap two will come in of an evening and sit before my fire. My fire goes not out, ever, nor does it

roar; but always there are coals in plenty, so that the logs blaze gently and send out heat. I love it so, quiet and peaceful, for it makes my content the greater; a roaring fire makes me uneasy, even though I have confidence in my chimney. And my content would be enough in any case, with a friend sitting on the one side, and my wife sitting on the other; and I — but I sit in the deep shadow, to watch Eve the better. I love to watch her — and I would not be watched; for thus I can think my thoughts — and not be bothered with knowing that I am showing them too plainly in my face. For I have not been married long; not long enough to show my feelings plainly and not to care what people think.

And if I cleave to candles — as a clammer should — what matter? Five of them give a pretty light, and a candle is long enough for an evening, even though it is winter. A short candle is as good as a clock — better, I think — for serving notice when to go. My friends have learned that, too; and when the candles have become no more than stumps, they are wont to jump up hastily, say their good-nights, and be gone. And as I cover the fire to save coals for the morning wherewith to kindle it afresh, I bethink me of my mighty wood-pile out by my shed, — it is mighty even now, and the winter nearly gone, — and I smile to myself, so that I am smiling yet as I rise from my task. Eve, seeing that, smiles too, although she knows not what she is smiling at; but her smile is ever ready — ready and waiting to break forth, like the gentle sunshine — and she holds her hand to me. And I, having taken it, blow out the candles, and we mount the stairs together.

Yes, my friends like me well enough, as

¹ For the characters in this story, see "The Clammer" in the *Atlantic* for August, 1905, and "A Daughter of the Rich" in the December number.

I have some reason to suppose; but my neighbors do not, as I have also some reason to suppose. And, if I have no great love for them, the reason therefor is not far to seek. For they ever have seemed to think me one to be laughed at and made game of, — they knew no better, which I suppose I should have remembered, — well knowing that they might make their petty jests with impunity. And sometimes I have wondered whether it were not better to answer fools according to their folly; but my witticisms they would not comprehend, and I have held back from that, although the provocation was often great enough. For they never let slip an opportunity — and there were a plenty — of letting me hear their loud laughter as I passed them by chance; or even making a jest of me, in my hearing. So that it has come to pass that I despise them; and I have withdrawn my foot from my neighbor's house, now these many years, for weary of him I am already. But now I find these same neighbors are well like to become my visitors, which would plague me mightily. And I marvel at it.

I was thinking upon this matter one evening, sitting by my fire. And, for a wonder, no friend was there, but Eve sat by the fire, too, a book in her hand and her sewing-basket near. For Eve, not having been brought up to sew, — save embroidery, if that be called sewing, — has developed, suddenly, a great desire for it, so that she always has her basket by her. But this evening, whereof I speak, she was not sewing, nor reading, either, though she had a book in her hand; but her hand lay in her lap for the most part, and now and then I caught her glancing at me. And when I did so catch her, she smiled at me. So I smiled, too, and at last I leaned toward her.

"Eve," I said, "why do you smile?"

And, at that, she did but smile the more.

"Why should it be, Adam," she answered, "except that I am happy?"

And she leaned toward me, too, and our heads were very close, and it happened

that the book she had been holding slid from her lap and fell upon the floor; which should have grieved me, for it was one of my favorites and bound in full calf, with hand tooling around the edges. But I scarcely noticed it. I reached forth my hand, and it met hers, which was reaching out for mine; and I looked deep into her eyes — eyes swimming in tenderness — eyes like — No, I will not say it, for it has been said too often — though there is some excuse for the poets. And after some while I spoke.

"I am glad that you are happy," I said; "and I am glad that there is no one here to-night — except only us two."

And Eve said nothing, but I knew that she was glad as well as I.

"There are times," I continued, "when I could wish that my friends were — less my friends. It is pleasant to have them, — I am glad that they like to come, — but they might give us more than one evening a week to spend together."

Again Eve said nothing, but again she smiled; and, smiling, it chanced that her eyes fell upon the book that was lying where it had fallen, face downward, upon the floor.

"Oh, the poor book!" she cried; and stooped to pick it up. And I stooped, too, so that we were near bumping our heads, which somewhat delayed the rescue of the book. And, when it was done, it befell that Eve's hair was a bit ruffled and she had a pretty flush.

"Now, Adam," said she, "you must tell me the matter that bothered you. For I know well enough that it was not your friends."

I looked at her in some amusement. "Why," I answered, "that is true. I marvel that you should have guessed it, although my marveling is not so great as it was, for women have a way of getting at the meat of a matter without being at the trouble of cracking the shell. Oh, I am learning. And whom should I tell if not my wife?"

Eve laughed, a low laugh and sweet. "I am to be the sharer of your sorrows,"

she said, "hereafter. Remember that, Adam. And now out with it."

And I did out with it. "It is my neighbors that bother me," I said. "For I see plainly that they are well like to become my visitors; and they like me not at all, nor ever did. I know no reason why they should have had a change of heart. Certainly, it is none of my doing."

Eve did not answer this directly, but sat looking at me with a queer smile, so that I grew restive under it.

"Adam," she said, "do you believe that Solomon was a wise man?"

"I was brought up in that belief," I observed, "but, notwithstanding, I have my doubts."

"Oh, you have your doubts?" she asked. "And why do you doubt his wisdom?"

"For the best reason in the world," I answered; and I laughed as I spoke. "And I hold that I am wiser than he — as I have said before. For he had seven hundred wives, while I have one — but that one, Eve" —

But Eve had stopped my mouth. "Now, Adam," she said, "I have missed some pretty speech of yours, — and I love your pretty speeches, — but you may make another for me when I am done. For I have a purpose. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I said. "I was sure that you had. You generally have a purpose — which you invariably accomplish. So ask, and I will answer; and if my answers are not what are expected of me, it will be but my misfortune. My intentions are of the best."

And, at that, she laughed. "Well, then," she said, "was not Solomon a wise man?"

"He had that reputation," I replied meekly; "and I believe that he has it still — though it is a marvel to me that a dead man can have anything in this world. Yes, I think there can be no doubt that he was the wisest man in the world."

"That will do — nicely, on the whole," said Eve, having weighed my answer care-

fully, "although it leaves something to be desired. Now, — do you know what Solomon said about despising your neighbors?"

She was looking down, — and trembling at her boldness, I made no doubt, — and so she did not see the look of grieved astonishment that came into my face. I was silent for some while, trying to recall just what Solomon did say about despising one's neighbors. He said such a vast number of things. And, at last, Eve looked up — and I saw that she had not been trembling at her boldness, for she was quite at her ease, and smiling at me.

"Eve," I said, — and I tried to be severe, but failed lamentably, for I smiled, too; and there is some excuse for me, for how could any one, meeting that smile of hers, remember such a purpose? — "Eve," I said, "I did not think it of you, that you would thus put your own husband to shame. For I do remember, and would you imply that I am void of wisdom? I have no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs well enough" —

But Eve interrupted me. "Do you remember," she asked, "the Welsh giant?"

Now what had the Welsh giant to do with it? "I was about to say," I continued, "when you interrupted me, that I had no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs, — quite passable proverbs, — if Solomon had not covered the field completely, some thousands of years ago."

And I looked at Eve — but she was leaning back in her chair, looking at me and smiling still; and she made me no answer. So I resumed.

"Out of my own mouth," I said, "have you convicted me. But there is yet more, Eve. Do you remember what it is?"

And, on a sudden, she had left her chair and was on the arm of mine; and when she had made an end of rumpling my hair she spoke.

"So you think, Adam," she said, "that you have proved yourself a man of understanding? Well, then, perhaps you have. But you may yet have these same neighbors to visit with you, for I find much

good in them. And now," she added, with a blush that well became her, "I must sew."

So again she sat her in her chair and she took her basket from the table; and, with another glance at me, — a glance half shy and wholly sweet, — she drew forth, from some secret place, her sewing. And I sat watching her, a tender smile upon my face — or what passed for that — Eve seemed to like it — and I thought my thoughts. They were pleasant thoughts. And Eve's sewing — it was as she were dressing a doll. As I watched her fingers moving skillfully, but with no haste, I marveled that she sewed so well; and as I watched her face I marveled yet again. For her face was filled with love, — a love that was not for me, — filled with love and a great yearning. And all that love she seemed to sew into the little thing within her hands. But ever she had more, that each stitch was done with it and yet it grew with every stitch she took. And again Eve glanced up at me. I did but smile the more, until I grinned like any Cheshire cat.

"Eve," I said, "how do you know that they will fit," — I considered, and saw nothing else for it, — "how do you know that they will fit it?"

But I was wrong. "*It!*" she cried. "*It!* Adam, I take shame to myself that you would so call your first-born. *Him*, sir. I am sure of it." She put her sewing down, tenderly, and came to me. And her arms were around my neck and her face was hidden on my shoulder. "Adam, Adam," she whispered, "my love for him is become so big, it hurts. How can I bear to wait all the long months until I see him — my son? How can I, Adam?"

And I — what could I do — or say? What but comfort her as best I might? And God knows I had the best will in the world to it, but the fashion of it was poor enough.

"In the fullness of time, Eve," I whispered. "In the fullness of time."

But she seemed to take some comfort from my words — or mayhap the intent.

So she lay as she was, but in some while she went back to her sewing again. She held it up, for me to see; and I could but wonder that any piece of humanity should be such a morsel as to go into that garment. I said as much. But Eve only smiled and fell to sewing — her eyes very bright.

As Eve sewed, I fell to musing on what she had said about my neighbors. For she was right, as she was ever, and I had not seen the good that was in them — I had not been at the pains to see it, though I knew it was there; and I had flattered myself that I had held my peace, and thereby had proved me a man of understanding. And I saw plainly, I might as well have stood upon the corner of the street and cried aloud unto Heaven, giving thanks that I was not as other men, until the bubble of my conceit had been pricked by Eve — and how gently! And presently the candles were burned low, and Eve, glancing at them, put her sewing by, and I knew that the time was come for me to cover the fire.

That done, I took the hand that Eve held out, and I blew out the candles, and I was moved to kiss the hand I held.

"For you have shown me, Eve," I said, "that I have been in the wrong. I will not withhold good from them to whom it is due. And I bless God for my wife."

For I felt very humble. And what answer I got to that I shall not tell; but it satisfied me, and we mounted the stairs together.

I opened my window wide. There was the steady drip of melting snow, and the air held a hint of spring, but the stars were bright. And, gazing at them, I thought upon my son that was to be, — or haply a daughter, it mattered not which, — and I remembered the time when I first knew it. There had been the start of surprise, the impulse at rejoicing — then the dread of it — the fear for Eve. And she had seen them all. She hung upon my neck, weeping with the joy of it.

"Never fear for me, dear," she cried.

"Never fear for me. But rejoice exceedingly."

And so I did. And I gazed at a faint star, — a little one, just showing to the naked eye, — and as I gazed, I thought that I saw the eyes of my son looking at me with an infinite knowledge and compassion — and an infinite love. And as I gazed, behold, the eyes were the eyes of Eve. And if my son shall have the spirit that his mother has, I shall be well content. So thinking, I turned from the window and got me into bed; and having drawn the covers close, I slept.

One may guess that my friends did not desert me, so long as Eve was there; and she was like to be there long. For if it had not been well with Eve, this story had never been written. There is grief enough in the world without my adding to the sum of it — and I doubt much if I should have the heart to write it down. So I kept my friends, and they came as they had been wont and sat them by my fire; but I noted that they sat not still, but they were apt to rise and stroll about the room, and then they sat only to rise again. For the season got on toward spring; and spring ever breeds a restless fire in the bones of man that grows and glows until he can get him out-of-doors again. Then he finds that peace that seemed like to escape him. I doubted if my friends knew what ailed them — even knew that they were restless; but I knew well. And I advised with them, and counseled that they turn their thoughts to gardening — and their restless bodies, too. For a man must needs do his digging for himself. What is a hired gardener but an abomination? Let a man dig, if he would find peace. It has taken refuge in the earth; and he that seeks shall find it.

So I watched the snow melt on my garden and the ground soften; and it was come to the first week in April. But the ground was too wet for working. I tried it, every day, with my hoe, and the earth clung to the hoe; for it was but mud, and the frost went deep. But at last came a

day when the earth clung no longer, but came away and left the hoe clean. And I knew that the spring had come. And, having made the test, I hurried to the house.

"Eve," I shouted, — I must needs shout, with the spring rioting in my veins, — "Eve, the spring is here!"

And Eve laughed, and came out a door at my elbow. "Why do you shout it so, Adam? Have I not known it this last month? For the song sparrows came long since, and the bluebirds, and it is weeks since I saw the first robin. And now the birds are coming fast. Why shout it? As well come in and shout that the sun is shining."

"Truly, that would be well done, too," I answered; "for the sun shines as it has not shone these many months. And a song sparrow does not make a spring, — he comes while it is yet winter, and so do the bluebirds. And I must dig, Eve, or I shall burst." And, with that, I seized her about the waist and whirled her until we both were dizzy; and, with a kiss, I released her, and she leaned against the door, laughing again.

There she leaned until she had got back her breath. "I suppose you will have me to see your digging," she said then, "and there is no help for it." But she smiled as she spoke, so that I knew she was minded to it as well as I. "Well, then, I will get my things on, and come."

So I had what I wanted, and I betook me to my digging. And soon came Eve, in her coat; for she did no digging, and the air held some faint chill, though the sun shone warm. And, with our digging and our planning, we were busy for some while; but at last I straightened up, and there was Judson, leaning upon his fence and watching us.

Now Judson lives next me, on the side where lies my garden, so that he may have a good view of it whenever he will; but never before have I found him watching me. And, although he and I have been next-door neighbors these many years, never have I exchanged a dozen words with him. Not that I had any fault to find

with him — he is an old man now, spending long days in his garden, grubbing the weeds or pottering about — it is a brave weed that will sprout in his garden, but he can always hoe and dig — not that I could find any fault with Judson, but I classed him with those others, with whom I held no communion; and, after all, they too — well, — I doubt if I care to learn their opinion of me. For Judson was born where he lives, — and the others, likewise, for the most part, — while I have held my land a scant ten years; and he has held his peace, though he might well think me but an interloper. He has more wisdom than I, and it grows with his years. And again I was glad of my wife, that she had opened my eyes. And, thinking such thoughts as these, I hailed him standing there.

"Good-morning, Mr. Judson," I called to him. "It is a fine spring morning."

He did but smile and wave his hand for greeting. And I heard Eve's voice beside me. "Adam," she said, and in her voice was wonder at what she had noted, "Mr. Judson is very deaf. Did you not know it?"

I took shame to myself that I did not know it — much shame; for here was I that had been his neighbor so long, and the thing about him that was most obvious I had not observed. I marveled somewhat that Eve should know it.

"Eve," I answered, "I am ashamed. Come, let us talk with him."

"With all my heart," she said; "for he is a good man, Adam, and a wise, and — and" —

I laughed. "And it will do me good," I finished for her. "Why hesitate, Eve? For you are beyond me in wisdom, and so is Judson, I do not doubt. Why hesitate?"

And she, uncertain whether to laugh or not, looked up at me to see. For my conversion was but recent, and I was yet somewhat sore with it. But, having looked at me, she smiled and slipped her hand within my arm — which soothed my ruffled temper to a marvel, and I smiled

down at her. And so we were come to the wall — the fence was a stone fence — where stood Judson, smiling, too.

Once there, we talked long of things appropriate to the season: of what to plant, and when, and peas and beans and what not; and he wondered that I had no rhubarb and no asparagus, — grass, he called it. So I asked him over the wall, — for the first time in ten years, — and he came, most willing; and we wandered about my garden, discussing, and finally we sat us down on a bench, that was before my shed, in the sun. Then Eve, noting the pipe that he held in his worn fingers, bade him fill and light it; which he did, with some apology, but to his great content. And there we sat, basking, until, at last, Judson arose, excusing himself for staying so long. Eve asked him to come again, often.

"And," she said, "I would like it much if I might run in to see Mrs. Judson."

The old man was pleased at that. "So do," he said; "so do. She 'll be glad to see ye."

And we watched his bent figure, crossing the garden; and, having got over the wall again, and on his own side, he paused a moment to wave his hand and to smile at us as we still sat. I felt a glow at my heart that warmed it mightily, even as the sun warmed my body. It was worth while being friends with Judson — and that I might have been ten years ago had I but known. But a fool in his folly —

"Eve," I said, "again I have to thank you. But you should have appeared to me ten years ago. Where were you, Eve?"

"I was but a child, Adam," she replied, "or scarcely more." And as she spoke she smiled at me and sat closer; for she well knew that I was sore hurt in my self-esteem. She well knew, too, how to heal the hurt so that it leave but a scar — for she would not have me forget again.

And presently she drew a letter from the pocket of her coat. "See," she said. "I have a letter from my father. They will come down soon — in two weeks. It is a full month before their time."

I drew the letter forth. It was characteristic of Old Goodwin, — only two lines, in his rapid writing, telling of their coming, and sending love to her and Adam. Eve had had a letter like this one — about as long — twice a month; he had no time for writing more. I had seen them all; and I had noted what was missing — missing from them all.

"No word from your mother, Eve?"

She glanced up at me. "Not yet," she said. "But I have no fear, Adam. She is proud and she is stubborn, — but they come a month early. No, I have no fear."

And I looked out to my pine, where the hole was scooped in the ground and the seat was builded against the tree. The hole was filled full with dried leaves and other rubbish, and the seat needed some repairing.

"It behooves me to see to my oven," I said, "for as it seems to me, we are like to have a clambake soon. And I have a mind to ask Judson — and his wife." Eve beamed at me for that. "And I may have to get some new stones."

Eve slipped her hand within my arm. "Do the stones grow cold, Adam?" she asked softly.

And that made me remember. I stooped and kissed her. "Truly," I answered, "the stones have been passing cold, and now they grow warm again. But it does not matter about the stones, for we have kept the fire warm upon the hearth, — and in our hearts, Eve. And it behooves me to look at my clam beds, too. We may watch the sunset if you will, — watch it from the bank."

She rejoiced at that. "With all my heart, Adam."

So it befell that we wended, that afternoon, over to our clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And, as it chanced, the tide was low and would yet be lower, for it was a spring tide. And we walked hand in hand — there was nobody about — and what if there were? Shall a man not hold his wife's hand, in going along the shore? And shall he not kiss her if he will — and if she will?

Though in such matters we should, no doubt, bow to convention. And, as we went, the Great Painter spread his colors as he was wont to do, and the still waters were covered with all manner of reds and purples. We saw our flats just awash, and now and then there broke upon them a wave that ran across in ripples of color, and left the wet sand shining in a coat of shimmering green. For, though the water was calm, the waves yet broke upon the sands. It was a day of promise now well-nigh come to an end, but yet it held a promise of other days. And such a day maketh the soul of a man to rejoice, — if he be in truth a man, and not a mere beast of burden, — it maketh the soul of him to rejoice within him and his heart to sing; and of such as rejoice not in such a day, there is little hope.

And Eve and I came to the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun — save some few that had been washed out in the storms of winter. Eve cried out at that, and set herself to find others, to make the names whole again. And I looked up at our path, which still showed bravely, with little piles of snow in the deeply shaded spots, the remnants of great drifts — but they were going fast. And the grass showed green on the slope — the tender green of spring. Seeing all this, I sighed and turned me from it to our clam beds.

They were well uncovered by this, and I took my hoe and pottered about and slopped here and there, digging where I would. And now and again I made me straight — for some months past I had not bent my back so steadily — and gazed at the changing colors or at the old sun, which was drawing near to the western hills; then I bent my back again. And the clams that I found I did but restore, with care, to bury themselves once more, — we had no basket, not wanting clams as yet, — and I found many. They seemed good thriving clams, big and lusty, and none the worse for the winter.

At last I was done with my digging, and I straightened up and looked for Eve; and there she was, beyond me, in the

water, with her skirts tucked up, and she was paddling like any schoolgirl. And the sun shone through the wisps of hair, — they straggled, ever, those wisps, and sadly bothered her with their wanderings, — the sun shone through the wandering locks and made an aureole about her head. But now she minded them not. And so I gazed long at her, and I saw the colors that she stirred with her paddling, and I saw her standing in their midst. At last she looked up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "I am having such a beautiful time. Stop your digging and come out here with me, — and paddle. It is great fun. See, I can almost catch that streak of gold. Oh, now it is gone."

"Truly, Eve," I said, "I am amazed at you. But I will come, — and paddle, — although that is what I never thought that I should come to; for I am done with my digging. And soon we must go in, for the sun is almost set. It is not yet summer."

Then Eve laughed, and I went and stood beside her, and we paddled nobly — until I was laughing, too. And the sun set; he had already passed the tree that was like a spire, — I saw it for a moment against his southern edge as he coasted down the slope, — and we bade him good-night together, as we had been wont to do. Eve turned to me.

"I am cold, Adam," she said. "I confess it."

Indeed, that water was passing cold, for there were in it all the melting snows of winter. And so we raced along the shore in our rubber boots, — Eve's are less of a burden than mine, so that I was beaten in the race, — and climbed the steep path; and in the house our fire burned upon the hearth.

As I sat there before the fire, musing upon many things, — with my back feeling tired and comfortable among the cushions, — I heard a robin calling sleepily from my pine. It sent a glow through me. Verily, spring is here.

So the season grew and filled me with

joy. And as evening came, I sat before my fire, but I withdrew somewhat from its heat; and I had no interest in the book that I took up, but I must needs lay it down in my lap. For, first, I found myself reading but words and getting no sense from them, that I knew not whether I had read a passage or not. And I would struggle awake and read a line, or maybe two, and make sense of it; and then I read the same line again, as like as not, and knew not where I was nor what my author would be at. Then I would let the book fall into my lap and care not for my author nor for aught else, and suck at my pipe, — it was as like to be out as burning, — and doze, and dream. And Eve would glance at me and smile and go on with the making of doll's clothes. For I had been out all day in my garden, — with Judson giving me counsel, if I asked it, never, if I did not, — and it was borne in upon me that he that withholdeth advice, if it be unasked, is a wise man, — I had been all day in the garden, hoeing and digging and planting. When Judson did his planting was a mystery — probably about daylight; but he had got in the way of coming over the wall, and I would no sooner be at work than there would appear Judson at the wall, waving his hand in greeting. I think I shall make a gate there if he does not object. It is hard for an old man to climb walls.

And I wondered at the apparent defection of my friends; for they came seldom, so that Eve made some progress with her doll's wardrobe. I wondered, I say, until I reflected upon the advice I had given them, myself. No doubt they were busy as well as I; and if they made gardens they went to bed early.

So it was come to be the first of May, and all my planting was done except my corn. The birds had become noisy, — they sang as though they would split their throats; and, as I planted, I heard the shrill whistle of the meadow larks, — but I could not stop to enjoy it. Only at evening I sat me on my seat under the great pine, with Eve beside me, and drank my

fill of music. And the leaves were coming out upon the trees.

I marveled somewhat that Eve had had no word more from her father; but I must plant my corn. And my first planting of corn was done; and as I straightened up from it, sighing with weariness, I heard a low, chuckling laugh. I turned quickly, and behold, there was Old Goodwin watching me; and beside him, Eve. He was still laughing.

I hurried across my garden, the earth sticking to my boots; and made some apologies for my hands. The hands of a delver in the earth are not fit for contact with the Rich.

But what did Old Goodwin care for that? "It is clean dirt, Adam," said he, "and honest. The hands that I have to take every day, they are — well — it turns me nearly sick at times to take them — though they are white enough, and soft." He looked out over my garden that showed already unbroken rows of green, where the early peas had come through the earth. "So your planting is all done?" he asked. "I am sorry, for I had hoped to have a hand in it."

"And so you may," I answered, "if you will. There are yet some plantings of corn to be put in — but nothing for two weeks." I hesitated, and blundered on. "And Mrs. Goodwin — she is well?"

"Quite well," he said, and smiled as he spoke, and so did Eve. "Yes, she is quite well. She came down, too. You may get a glimpse of her now and then, I think, about the grounds, for she is restless this spring, and out more than she has been used to be. No doubt," he added, "it is the weather."

"No doubt," I said; but I knew not how to take it, and I glanced at Eve to see. "Yes, no doubt it is the weather."

Then I went in, for I would change my boots, and Old Goodwin wandered about my place with Eve beside him. When I came again I found him on the seat under the pine; and he was gazing at the stones, and then off over my clam beds, where the water danced in the sun and the little

waves broke upon the sands. But Eve was not there. I marveled somewhat at it.

"She is gone to see her mother," he said, answering the thought unspoken. "She will be back presently. And how are the clams, Adam?"

I laughed, it was so exactly what I expected of him.

"Pretty well, I thank you," I replied; "or they were, two weeks ago. I have not seen them lately, for I have been busy. You may dig whenever you will. They thrive, I think."

He smiled again — his thanks. "And the stones — you have put some fresh ones in, I see — they are all ready?"

"They are all ready," I answered, "and the weed lies in heaps along the shore. But I find that my appetite for baked clams is not yet ripe" —

But he interrupted. "Ah, Adam," he said, "but you have this with you all the year." He waved his hand about. "That is much to be thankful for. But I — the memory of those baked clams is all that has carried me over many a hard place. For I realize — sometimes — that I am an old man; but when I am here" —

"You are not," I finished for him. "And that is reason enough for staying. You have a roof over your head — such as it is — and a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. No man, however poor, can ask more, — and no man, however rich, can get more. So I foretell" —

Old Goodwin was roaring with laughter. "Yes," he said, as soon as he could speak, "I have a roof over my head — such as it is — and the tiles upon it may last through a winter; and I shall have, no doubt, a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. And so you would have me give up my house in town. Well, well, there is something to be said for it. We shall see. We shall see."

"Your house in town would be but a burden," I said then. "No man can live in two houses — two at once — having but one body. And you might well give

up — it is time to retire, having enough of means. And these fields and this water and the woods are a never-ending delight. You need not fear your nerves. For look at me. Am I nervous? And I have retired — retired these many years — retired before my career was well begun. I find amusement — and I am like to live long. And you should know Judson — you must know him. He has lived long and will yet live some while. He should have been here this morning.”

Old Goodwin looked at me, questioning. “Your neighbor?” he asked. “I should like it much. But I thought you did not care for neighbors, Adam.”

I was ashamed. “I did not,” I answered, “but Eve has shown me — I was wrong.” Old Goodwin smiled at that, his quiet smile of peace. And I went on. “But you” —

“I will consider,” he said; and I remembered me of a time when Eve had said those very words. But she said more. There was “good fisherman,” if I remembered me aright. “I will consider the matter,” said Old Goodwin. “And I must consult” —

“Ah!” I cried. “I had forgot.” And I smiled, more broadly than I meant to; but it mattered not, for Old Goodwin was smiling, too.

“There comes Eve,” he said. And indeed, I knew it well. Was I not looking for her every minute that she was gone from me?

And that evening we sat before my fire, as we were wont to do, Eve and I; but beside us sat Old Goodwin. It occurred to me to think that Mrs. Goodwin was likely to be lonely, if she depended at all upon her husband for company, and if he continued as he had begun. If it were Eve and I, there would be a compromise — or a surrender — in short order. But, I reflected, all married people are not as Eve and I; and we have been married but a few months, — although it will be the same when the months are become years, I do believe. And Eve and her mother are two very different per-

sons. So, as we sat, Eve sewed upon her doll's dresses, unabashed; and Old Goodwin, if he noted it, and saw upon what her fingers were busy, gave no sign of his surprise, — it is not easy to surprise him, — but he seemed to find pleasure in the sight. And, indeed, it was a pleasant sight to see Eve sewing there — pleasant for a prospective father, and for a prospective grandfather it was as pleasant, as I judge. I doubt me much that Mrs. Goodwin sewed, ever, of an evening; or ever had, even when sewing was to be done for Eve's coming. The clothes that she had made for her baby were of the finest and the softest and the richest, no doubt, — but she had them made; and can even the finest and the softest and the richest, made by the hand of another, mean as much as these, with love sewed under every stitch? I do not think so. And the one thing she could not evade if she would; but she had but the one child, and I think that was a sorrow to Old Goodwin. So we sat, and talked little or not at all; and the candles burned low, that they were but stumps. Noting that, Old Goodwin took his leave. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Then followed other days; and, first of all, Old Goodwin must betake him to the digging of clams and I must help him at it. And, having digged many clams, we must needs have a clambake, for I would not destroy good clams to no purpose; but it was a sorry clambake, lacking the corn and the sweet potatoes and the lobster. And, though I sacrificed a chicken to it, the sacrifice went to my heart, for early in May is no time to kill chickens. I asked Judson to our clambake, and, though he came, his appetite for clams was no more ripe than mine. But Judson and Old Goodwin met, and enjoyed the meeting mightily; and sat upon their boxes and talked until I thought they would never have done. So Eve and I left them there, sitting upon their boxes. And presently they rose and wandered over into Judson's place, and I saw Old Goodwin no more that day.

So June was come. It was in June that my appetite for clams was ripe; and we digged in my clam beds more than ever, and put some heart into the digging. It was Old Goodwin and I that did the digging, for the most part, — he loved it, — while Eve sat on the bank and watched us. Sometimes she would dig, but more often she did but watch, cheering us, the while, with observations; and, now and then, I would go and sit beside her and leave Old Goodwin. But he did not mind — did not appear to notice. Every evening, after supper, we came, Eve and I, to the bank. And Old Goodwin joined us there, and we stayed until the sun was set and we had said our good-nights to him. And it befell, on an evening that was thick with fog, — it is apt to be a thick fog toward the last of June; out at sea the fog lies all day, rolling in over the land by the end of the afternoon, — it befell, on this evening, that I had been watching the fog. It sent its skirmishers ahead and covered the shore, only to uncover it; for the skirmisher must move fast, and it is not large, being but a skirmisher. And then would come another and hide another piece of shore — haply my point with the pine upon it; and I could see the top of the pine sticking up out of it, like a sentinel. But always the main body of the fog followed fast after, dark and dim and gray. And as it enveloped us at last, something made me turn about; and there, in the path, up under the trees, stood Eve's mother. No doubt she thought she was safe there and would not be seen. And I saw there, for a moment, a mighty pride that struggled for its life, and grief and longing that were yet mightier. Ghost-like I saw it — but I saw it. Then it, too, was blotted out. I thought that I heard a faint cry in the fog.

And Eve turned toward me, startled. "What was that, Adam?" she asked. "I thought I heard some one cry out."

"In a fog, Eve," I answered, "one hears many strange sounds."

Old Goodwin turned and smiled at me, a smile of comprehension.

So June came to an end, and July was come. And, now and then, I came again upon Mrs. Goodwin at our bank, and twice I found her on the shore near the steep path that led up to my pine. But each time, she swiftly turned and fled so fast that I should have had some trouble in catching her, save in a foot-race. And that, I thought, seemed to lack dignity. Racing along the beach after Mrs. Goodwin, as if she had been some trespasser! I laughed — which was the wrong thing to do. For she but went the faster as she heard my laugh — was well-nigh running. Poor lady! To be laughed at by her son-in-law! But I was not laughing at her. I saw her shoulders shake as she were sobbing, and she put her hands up quickly to her eyes.

The terns were come, long since. And, one morning, I was watching them lazily from my bank. I was alone, that morning, lying stretched out on the sand, my head against the bank; and I saw the terns, in regular procession, flying swiftly down the wind, along the shore, and beating slowly up against it. Now and then a tern would stop, and hover for an instant; then again take up his slow beating, his beak pointing at the water and moving restlessly from side to side. Or, if he dove, it was too far for me to see whether his strike succeeded; for the fish that they catch are very small and hard to see. But over my clam beds — just before me — was a favored spot. Here, each tern hovered for some while, and dove; dove once or twice or thrice, it might be, — until he had succeeded in his fishing, — then began, once more, his beat to windward. For their fishing was successful, here; and, with a rapid flutter of the wings, they gobbled their victims down, whole — and, I suppose, alive. Poor little fish! Alive in a living tomb! And, as I thought these thoughts, I heard a sound behind me, on the bank. I raised my head — and there was Mrs. Goodwin. She was leaning against a tree, — Eve's tree, — and she was gazing at the terns, too, but mournfully. And, with all her gazing, I doubt

whether she saw aught of the sight that was before her eyes.

Slowly I got upon my feet, for I would not startle her. But she was startled none the less. She showed it in her eyes as they met mine:

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said softly, "Mrs. Goodwin" —

What I would have said more I do not know, for she broke in upon my speech.

"You!" she said. "You!" And she said no more, but rose quickly; and gathered her skirts about her and fled up the path and was gone from me.

I hesitated for a moment, gazing after her; then I sat me down again. And I fell to musing, and I watched the terns. They had scattered, with screams of anger, as I rose, but were, by this, once more busied with their fishing. What could I do? I doubted not that I had done the wrong thing, rising up before her; but, it seemed, I had a talent for the wrong thing — else aught that I might do would seem wrong in her eyes. Eve went to see her every day, but I — I sighed and put the matter from me. I had done my best, and would do my best, whatever befell. And I saw the terns, at their fishing, and I bethought me that I was hungry, for it must be dinner time. I glanced up at the sun — I carry no watch — what should a clammer do with a watch? And I saw that he had passed the noon-point a half hour since, and something more. It should be nearly one o'clock. So I took my way homeward, along the shore.

So the summer passed. And we — Old Goodwin and Eve and I, with some one of my friends or of my neighbors, as it chanced — scarce gave the stones time to cool before we had them hot again. I had some fear that my clam beds would give out. Mrs. Goodwin I saw as I had seen her: on the shore or on the bank, but always at a distance — and she fled, ever, at the sight of me. So I took no notice of her; and that seemed to be the wrong thing, too. It did not matter what

I did. And the summer was come to an end, — a happy summer for me, and for Old Goodwin, too, I think, — and I had had my fill of clams. It was October; and in my house was a nurse, white-capped and white-aproned, — it gave me the horrors, making my house seem a hospital, — and she was waiting.

Paternity has its responsibilities, so I am told by all who have the good fortune to be fathers; and from those who have not, I hear no less of it — more, perhaps. But, though I squared my shoulders, the load is light as yet, so that they bear it passing well. For who could feel the load heavy, for a mite that lies by his mother, as yet, and turns to the world but a red and wrinkled face, serious and thoughtful and unsmiling? For he has not yet smiled, and I doubt whether I am right in calling his face thoughtful. He is bent upon two things; and to those two things he directs all his attention, with a concentration that is commendable. And no sooner is his hunger satisfied than he composes him to sleep, graciously permitting Eve to hold his little red fist — if it is quite comfortable for himself. He regards me with a grave contemplation, on occasion, as if I were some unknown animal, — which, of course, I am; no doubt he would look upon a hippopotamus or upon a bear with as little fear and as much affection. — and, on occasion, he gives way to his feelings and laments loudly. Then I disappear, and he stops crying, instantly. And I, — I have not ventured to touch him yet, — I regard him with an awe which grows as I regard him. For here is he — my son — that was not; and within these few days there has been born a new soul. It is the one great mystery, and I marvel; but a mystery I am content to leave it.

I remember well enough, — it is not so long ago that I should forget it, — I remember well that night — I had waited since midnight — and the morning that followed. I could not eat, and I but paced to and fro, still waiting. And at last came

the nurse, smiling, and said that I could soon go in to Eve.

So presently, after some further waiting, I went in. And there lay Eve, very white but very happy; and she smiled to see me come. And, having received my greeting, she turned back the covers and showed me my son. Only for an instant I saw him, then he was covered again. And I was impelled to be respectful. But I must go, for Eve would rest her. Again I kissed her, and again she smiled.

"I am so happy, Adam," she said.

And I went down the stairs, and I nearly forgot my breakfast, in my joy. But, having eaten hastily, I went out, my heart glad within me. I took a turn up and down the yard, and paused under the pine to look along the shore. There was Mrs. Goodwin, and she was almost at the path. I waved my hat to her.

"You have a grandson, Mrs. Goodwin," I called to her, "and Eve is doing well."

I know not what she did then — I did not care what she did; for I was still waving my hat. Soon I should be shouting aloud. That would not do, for Eve; and I hurried out at my gate and almost ran Old Goodwin down.

"You have a grandson," I cried, for the second time; "and Eve is doing well."

And he made no reply, but smiled and smiled; and I shook him by the hand until he made a face and took his hand away and looked at it. And I did but laugh and push by him.

"Go in," I said, "go in. Eve is sleeping, and I — I must walk."

So he went in, and I went on, down the road. At the next corner I met Burdon; and, though I had not spoken to him for years, — I have forgot what was the cause of it, — I rushed up and took him by the hand. He seemed astonished, as well he might.

"Congratulate me," I cried; "for I have a son."

At that, he grinned. "Mother doing well?" he asked. "I am glad — very glad." And he shook my hand with

heartiness. I left him, looking after me, and grinning still.

But I went on, swiftly, until the houses were all behind me, and before me were the woods and the everlasting hills. Yet a little while I waited, — until the woods had shut me in, — then I could wait no longer. I waved my hands and shouted to the echoing woods.

"Why hop ye so," I cried, "ye high hills?" And the hills sent me back my question again. And — well, I am glad that there was no one there to see what I did — they would surely have thought me gone out of my wits. And when I was, in a measure, quieted, I turned me about and went soberly back again; though I was ready enough to laugh if there had been any to laugh with me.

And now my son has grown apace, and no longer shows to the world a red and wrinkled face, but one that is fair, with some pink color in his cheeks, where it should be. And his hair, — he has a quantity of hair, which, as I understand, is not the habit of new-born infants, — his hair is not black, as it was at first, but shows yellow at the ends. Indeed, I marveled somewhat at the blackness of his hair, for my hair is not black, and certainly Eve's is not. But, when I mentioned the matter, the nurse did but smile at my ignorance and say that it would be light enough, in time. And my son has smiled at last — he does little else now, save when he is laughing. And I — I am become his slave, being no longer a strange animal, and when he wills, I bend my head and let him twine his fingers in my hair, and pull. He pulls well, and laughs the while, and crows mightily with the joy of it.

And now, though it is come to the last of November, the fall is kind to us, and Eve walks beside the coach as the nurse wheels it. Where they go when I am not with them I do not know — but I suspect. For Mrs. Goodwin sent, every day, a maid to get the news of Eve. She would not come, herself, though she was near it, twenty times, and had well-nigh set her

foot to the steep path; but, always, her stubborn pride prevented. But Old Goodwin is his grandson's shadow. I shall yet be jealous of him. And so it was come time that we speak of a certain weighty matter.

"Eve," said I, one day, "I suppose that you will have him christened." For whenever we say "him" we mean our son; and no doubt I should have said baptized — I did not know about such things.

And Eve was smiling. "Yes," she answered, "I should like it — and soon, Adam, if we may."

"And what is his name to be?" I asked. "For that is a trifle that must be settled first, I suppose."

"I suppose it must," she said. "And I — what would you name him, Adam?"

"I had thought of giving him your father's name," I answered, "but" — And I stammered and hesitated and grew red. But come it must. "That rich man, Eve" —

She laughed aloud, with joy, I thought; and she seized me about the neck and kissed me. "Oh," she cried, "I *hoped* you would. And I will write to him, for he must be godfather."

And so she did write to him, and he came — laden with peace-offerings. And as I met him at my gate, he took my hand and gripped it.

"Adam," he said — and this time, too, I doubted if he knew what he called me, but I did not care. "Adam, it was good of you to think of me — it was kind." His voice was not steady; but Eve was close behind me, and he must say his greetings to her. So I did not find out whether my voice was any steadier than his.

He spread his gifts before my son; and it befell that my son passed them all by, with no more than a grunt of approval, until he came to the silver cup. It was huge, more like a tankard than a cup, and Eve and I had laughed at it as a gift for a baby; but we let it pass — at least it had no sharp corners. And when my son, in

his inspection, had come to that cup, he gave a crow of delight and grasped it by the two handles, one on either side, and lifted it. I had not thought it possible, for it was heavy; but he had his heart set upon it, and he did it — and I was proud and let my pride show. And he managed to get the cup well-nigh over his face, and roared into it; and the cup roared back at him again. He was astonished — he slipped the cup aside to see how we took it — then, seeing us laugh, he laughed, too, and roared again. Now he lies and plays by the hour with that cup, roaring into it, and making all manner of queer noises, and listens to it. And that rich man sits beside him, and they play together.

Eve had the christening — or baptizing — in our little country church. I had left the whole to her, to manage as she saw fit; and when, in the church, I looked about, and saw those that she had bid to the feast, I was somewhat surprised — until I remembered. There were Old Goodwin and that rich man, of course, and my friends; but there, too, were Judson and Burdon and my other neighbors. And there was Mrs. Goodwin, looking — but I did not look at her, after the first, so I know not how she looked. And when it was all done, I lingered, for a reason of my own, and walked with Judson, and Burdon walked with us. An old man walks but slowly. So it came to pass that we were the last. And, having entered my own house, I found Eve and Old Goodwin and that other rich man sitting in a half circle; and, at the centre of that circle, with my son in her arms, sat Mrs. Goodwin.

I walked up to her quickly. "Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "I rejoice that you are here, — at last."

So speaking, I held out my hand. And she took it, and would have spoken, too, but she could not. She hid her face on the shoulder of him that was but just baptized; and he, thinking, no doubt, that he had had enough of water, for one day, set up a wail. And I turned me about and went forth and left them.

THE RED MAN'S LAST ROLL-CALL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

WHEN, on March 4, 1906, the tribal organization of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles is dissolved, and their members diffused in the mass of the country's citizenship, the final chapter in the Indian's annals as a distinct race will have been written. These are very far from comprising all the red men in the country. They number a little over 86,000, while the total Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 270,000. They do not even include the entire Indian population of their own locality, the Indian Territory. In the territory's northeast corner there are fragments of the Peorias, Shawnees, Quapaws, Wyandottes, Senecas, Modocs, and Ottawas, numbering in all about 1500.

Numerically, however, the Five Civilized Tribes are more important than any other aggregation of red men. They are of immeasurably greater consequence socially than all the rest of the Indians in the United States put together. The middle term of the designation here given to them means just what it says. They are civilized Indians. In each tribe for itself, for two generations, they have been conducting their own affairs in their own way. They have their own legislatures, executives, and courts; also their own churches and school system. Subject to the requirement that they must keep within the limitations of the Constitution of the United States and must recognize the United States government's paramount authority, they have been supreme in their own domain.

This ascendancy ends with the dissolution of the tribal governments on March 4, 1906. United States laws will then be immediately extended over the Indian Territory, the terms Seminole, Cherokee,

Choctaw, and the rest of them will vanish, and their bearers will gain the same privileges and be subject to the same responsibilities as their white neighbors in Oklahoma and the other territories. Very soon after that date they will probably, jointly with Oklahoma, enter on the larger privileges and penalties of statehood.

To most persons east of the Mississippi, and to many of those west of that stream, the names Five Tribes and Indian Territory give wrong impressions. Many of the Indians are such in but a constructive sense. Of the 86,000 who are classed as Indians only 25,000 are full bloods; 41,500 are of various shades of mixture, most of whom would pass anywhere as pure whites; 1500 are whites who have been adopted into the tribes through intermarriage; and 18,000 are of negro or of mixed negro blood, the slaves of the period prior to 1865, and their descendants. Nor are the Indians, actual and constructive, in the majority in the Territory. Its white residents — immigrants from Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Illinois, and the rest of the country — outnumber the Indians, actual and theoretical, of the Indian Territory more than five to one.

The Five Tribes' idyllic seclusion was doomed by the entrance of the railways on their lands. They tried to keep the roads out, but the pressure on the Territory's barriers on all sides was too strong for them, and they were forced to consent to the invasion. The first toot of the whistle of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad's first locomotive, speeding through the Indian Territory in 1875 on its short-cut from the East and the world to Texas and the Southwest, pronounced sentence of death on the red

man's isolation. Like Horace's rustic on the banks of the river in Italy, waiting for the water to roll by, the Indian watched the stream of settlers flowing into Texas and New Mexico, but saw no chance that it would end. And then, wiser than the rustic, who may be waiting yet, for all we know, the Indian bowed to manifest destiny, and agreed to lease some of his lands. It was civilization marching on.

The towns built along that railway and on the roads which afterward entered the territory — the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Chicago and Rock Island, the Oklahoma, Choctaw and Gulf, and the rest of them — compelled the government at Washington to prepare for the new necessities, and constrained the red man to accept the inevitable. By agreements with the Indians, supplemented by acts of Congress, most of the obstructions to land purchases by the whites were removed; Oklahoma in 1889, enlarged by subsequent accretions from the same source, was set off from the Indian Territory's westerly end; allotments of land have been made to the Indians as individuals; the federal authority has been extended over the territory in an elementary way; United States citizenship has been conferred on the members of the Five Tribes; and all the preliminaries leading to the dissolution of the tribal governments on March 4, 1906, have been arranged.

Necessarily the Indians have had a profound influence on the history and the development of the American continent. They were never anything like as numerous as the earlier explorers and chroniclers supposed them to be. Within the territory comprised in the mainland of the present United States they probably did not number more than 600,000 or 800,000 when Columbus landed. But they outnumbered the whites hundreds of times in the generation immediately after the establishment of the Jamestown and Plymouth colonies. Notwithstanding a few sporadic outbreaks, for which the blame often belonged to the whites, the red man with

the giant's strength refused at the outset to use it like a giant.

But he was a far more formidable warrior than any of the other "inferior races" ever encountered by the empire builders of Spain, France, England, Holland, or America. From King Philip the Wampanoag, down to Sitting Bull the Sioux, Chief Joseph the Nez Perce, and Geronimo the Apache, the Indians of the United States have produced a race of warriors unequaled by the aborigines of any other land. The Indian of the United States surpassed all the other members of his race on the American continent in fighting qualities. Neither did the Spaniards in South America, nor the French or the British in Canada, encounter as fierce warriors as were met by these races and by the Americans between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico; as fought the Spaniards in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and as blocked the way of the Americans for many decades on the great plains and the mountains between the Missouri and the Columbia.

The Gentleman of Elvas and other members of the expedition tell us of the adventures of the "Adelantado Hernando De Soto, Governor and Captain General of the Kingdom of Florida," in his attempt to conquer that realm for himself and for Charles V. When De Soto, with his men picked from the best fighting element of Spain and Portugal, landed in what we call Tampa Bay in 1539, he had a far larger and far better equipped army than was with Cortez when he made the conquest of Mexico, and it was also greatly superior in numbers, armament, and enthusiasm to the force under Pizarro and De Soto when they overran Peru. Experience, cupidity, and cash, in ample measure, were on the great conquistadore's side. Nearly everything "out of doors," with all the gold that it held, was offered to him as a lure, for the "kingdom of Florida" of Charles V's patent to De Soto comprised all the territory between the Gulf of Mexico and the North Pole. The advent of the French

and the English in those days was far in the future.

Yet De Soto was harried and baffled from the outset by the ancestors, then residing in the Gulf states, of the Chickasaws, Creeks, and the rest of the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory of to-day. As told in the *Anabasis* of the Gentleman of Elvas, the flight of De Soto's followers in their canoes down the Great River, after the midnight burial of their commander in its waters near the present Memphis, pursued, ambushed, and attacked on all sides all the way by their fierce foes, is as thrilling a tale as the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand through the Persian empire. Many of the elemental passions — greed, cruelty, hatred, revenge — were there. It does not need much historical imagination on the reader's part to tell him that the cry, "The sea! The sea!" of that far-away day, by the crushed remnants of the dead Adelantado's proud army of Spanish and Portuguese hidalgos at the sight of the Gulf of Mexico, must have been as joyful as that uttered by the Greeks nineteen centuries earlier, when they got their first glimpse of the Euxine.

All this would probably have been widely different had De Soto, instead of encountering the warlike Chickasaws, Cherokees, and their neighbors when he made his foray into the Mississippi Valley, met the feeble followers of Montezuma or of the Incas. In that event Charles V might have erected another Mexico between the Gulf and the Great Lakes; Gosnold, Newport, and Captain John Smith would have been shut out when they approached the Chesapeake; and Carver, Bradford, and Miles Standish would very likely have struck a Spanish "No thoroughfare" barring the entrance to the Bay of Cape Cod.

When Champlain, as an ally of the Ottawas and Hurons of Canada, fought the Mohawks at Ticonderoga in 1609, he aroused the wrath of the "Romans of the West," the powerful confederation of the Iroquois, or the Five Nations, as the

British and Americans called them, whose easternmost member was the Mohawk tribe. Champlain's act put the confederation on the side of the successive owners of New York, prevented the French in Canada, with their feudal military system, and their long line of warlike governors, from cutting the scattered and discordant British colonies on the Atlantic coast in two, and saved the United States for the English-speaking peoples.

"By the arm of St. James!" exclaimed Simon of Montfort, proudly, when he beheld Edward and his army, all pupils of his, advancing to crush him at the battle of Evesham, "they are coming in a wise fashion. They learned this from me." "They learned this from me!" could Tecumseh the Shawnee, the most skillful and intrepid commander on the British side in the Canadian campaign in the war of 1812, speaking for himself, for Little Turtle, for Pontiac, and for other red warriors, stretching back in a long procession to King Philip, have exultantly and truthfully exclaimed, as "Old Tippecanoe" Harrison's Kentuckians, Virginians, Pennsylvanians, and Ohioans were enveloping and overwhelming him at the battle of the Thames. With Tecumseh's death at that battle and the killing or the scattering of his braves, British fighting in western Canada, even for defensive purposes, collapsed.

Long before the cant phrase "modern style of fighting" — the open formation, individual initiative, and the use of natural objects for cover in advancing or retreating — had been invented, the American red man taught the American white man how to fight in the modern way. The real military genius of Lord Dunmore's war of 1774, which ended with the battle of Point Pleasant, was not Lewis, Morgan, Christian, or George Rogers Clark, all famous fighters then or later, who were on Dunmore's and the colonists' side, but Cornstalk, the Shawnee commander, against whom they battled. In New Mexico and Arizona, before President Roosevelt's grandfather

was born, the Apache Rough Riders hit the Spaniards oftener and harder than Roosevelt and his Tenth Legion did in Cuba. What the British learned in a provisional and partial way from a long series of humiliating beatings by smaller bodies of Boers in 1899-1902, and what the Hereros' repeated defeats of the German troops in Germany's section of Africa show that the Kaiser's soldiers have not learned yet, the Americans had learned by Boone's day.

In peace, too, the American Indian gained victories which ought to be as renowned as those he won in war. Hia-watha the Onondaga, and Dagonosedah the Mohawk, evolved a confederation for the Iroquois under which the affairs common to the Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Senecas were regulated, and this went into operation over three centuries before Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and their associates met in Philadelphia to devise the federal scheme under which we live. While at work in the convention Morris, Wilson, Madison, and the rest of the constitution framers, said much about the Amphictyonic, the Ly-cian, the Achæan, the Dutch, the Swiss, and other confederacies of ancient, mediæval, and modern days, but they overlooked one that was nearer at hand than any of them. The League of the Iroquois, as Jefferson wisely intimated, could have given valuable points to the Philadelphia convention of 1787.

While leaving their local capitals at home, their national capital—their Philadelphia or Washington—was at Onondaga, near the middle of the confederation's territory, where the chiefs and other representative men of the confederation met at stated times and managed the general concerns of the league. This gave them peace at home and allowed them to make effective war abroad. They drove out Champlain's old allies, the Hurons and Ottawas, exterminated the Eries, brought the Algonquins into subjection, and carried their victorious sway from New England to the Mississippi, and

from the Ottawa and the Saguenay to the Tennessee and the Savannah. Their power in war was due almost as much to the wisdom of their governmental organization as it was to their activity, intelligence, and intrepidity as fighters. It is possible that, if the discovery of the continent had been postponed two or three centuries, the Kinsmen of the Long House would have dominated all the tribes from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and the work of white colonization would have been harder, or would have had to proceed on different lines.

The Indian has incited a distinctive and many-sided literature,—scientific, sociological, and adventurous,—which fills libraries in Europe and America. More than a century ago Charles Brockden Brown, in his *Edgar Huntley*, declared that in that book he was the first to utilize, for literary purposes, the "incidents of Indian hostility and the perils of the Western wilderness." He has had a long line of followers,—Cooper, Paulding, Robert Montgomery Bird, William Gilmore Simms, Captain Mayne Reid, Emerson Bennett, and scores of others, down to Edward S. Ellis, whose heroes in 1906 chase long-extinct buffaloes over abolished prairies, and across whose pages scurry Indian hunters who are as dead as the men who built the Pyramids.

Gail Hamilton said if there never were to be any railroads it would have been an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America. The Indian's knowledge of the location and direction of the rivers and lakes and of the positions of the portages, and his readiness, under the right sort of persuasion, to put this knowledge at the service of explorers, missionaries, and settlers, "stood off" this stigma from Columbus before the railways came. Indians guided Captain John Smith, Champlain, and La Salle through the wilderness. Indian trails blazed pathways for the pioneers through forests and over mountains. Sometimes these trails were utilized by the railway builders. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposi-

tion at St. Louis, and at the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland were monuments to the heroic Shoshone girl, Saccajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains and through the wilderness on each side of that range, in their exploration to the Pacific a century ago.

What have been the relations of the races since the establishment of the United States government? One writer has said specifically—and many have said virtually—that our treatment of the Indians has made our record a “Century of Dishonor.” Despite the evident sincerity of its author, this book was extravagant and misleading. So far as it obtained credence, its influence, on the whole, was mischievous. Said Jefferson, at the outset of his service as President: “I am myself alive to the obtaining lands from the Indians by all honest and peaceable means, and I believe that the honest and peaceable means adopted by us will obtain them as fast as the expansion of our settlements, with due regard to compactness, will require.”

This has been the spirit displayed and the policy pursued by the heads of the government, from Washington onward. The purpose has been to win the continent for civilization with the least possible embarrassment to its barbaric original occupants. In carrying out this policy presidents and congresses have sometimes made mistakes. More than once they have selected incompetent or corrupt instruments. Blunders and crimes have occasionally been perpetrated by these agents. But the crimes and the blunders have assailed the spirit and the letter of their instructions. Moreover, these have been fewer than is popularly supposed, and all were rectified by changes in agents and methods, while the government's practice of the past quarter of a century has sometimes been characterized by a generosity which has been quixotic in its extravagance. Through land accumulations and investments the Osages are the richest people on the globe. If all of Uncle Sam's white children had as much money per

capita as these Oklahoma red men, the \$112,000,000,000 which represents the wealth of the United States in 1906 would be advanced to at least \$200,000,000,000.

With Jefferson, just after the purchase of Louisiana, originated the idea of transferring the Indians to the west of the Mississippi, by an equitable exchange of the lands occupied by them for lands in the new province, and this purpose was carried out in 1834, in Jackson's day, by the creation of the Indian Territory. To that region were removed the Cherokees and the rest of the Five Tribes, and there they have remained ever since. Through modification and expansion the Indian Territory idea generated the reservation system for the Indians outside of the Five Tribes, and this, though in a rapidly diminishing area, exists to-day. The reservation system, which was conceived in a spirit of benvolence toward the Indian, was at length, through its free rations, its annuities, and its idleness, found to pauperize and emasculate him; and then began the change of policy by which he is being prepared for citizenship.

In the latter part of his service as President, after pointing out that the Indians are “our brethren, our neighbors,” and that they may be valuable friends and troublesome enemies, Jefferson said: “Both duty and interest enjoin that we should extend to them the blessings of civilized life, and prepare their minds for becoming useful members of the American family.”

In this, as in some other things, the third President was ahead of his generation, but we have caught up with him. As a preliminary step in advance, we abolished, in 1871, the practice of dealing with the Indians as independent nations, of sending out embassies to negotiate with them as we would with England or Germany, and since then Congress has had direct control of all intercourse with the red men. The formal treaties prior to that day have given place to agreements, but the 370 treaties from the founding of the government to 1871 remain as valid as

the eighty or ninety agreements which have been entered into between 1871 and 1906.

To tempt the Indian into individual ownership Congress in 1862 passed an act to protect him in the enjoyment of his property if he would abandon his tribe and live the white man's life. As a further incentive Congress in 1875 passed a law to give him a share of his tribe's property if he would give up the tribe and settle on a quarter section of land under the free homes law signed by Lincoln in 1862. In 1877 an act was passed making appropriations to educate Indians for citizenship, and in 1887 one granting citizenship to all Indians who, separated from their tribes, accepted lands in severalty, and adopted civilized life. This act was extended to the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory in 1901, and thus covered all the red men in the United States.

From 1789 to the end of the current fiscal year on June 30, 1906, the government will have expended \$420,000,000 for the Indians, and, in greater part, this means for those outside of the Five Tribes, who have been practically self-supporting in all their activities for two generations, except that in recent years Congress has been making small appropriations for them for educational and other purposes. The Indian appropriation bill for 1906 carried an outlay of \$8,000,000, of which \$3,777,000 was for the support of schools, and all this was for the Indians outside of the Five Tribes, of those in New York (whose schools are controlled by that state), and of Alaska. Congress's appropriation for education in 1877, when this policy started, was \$20,000.

What use is the Indian making of his opportunities? Let these facts answer. Outside of those in the Five Tribes, in New York, and in Alaska, 30,000 Indians are attending school, or one out of every six of the population. Of these, 26,000 are in the government's 257 schools, and 4000 are in schools supported by churches or by contracts with the government. Civilized clothes are worn wholly

by 116,000 Indians, and are worn partly by 44,000; nearly all of these reside in dwelling-houses; 70,000 talk English enough for ordinary purposes, and most of them can read it; and 40,000 are members of churches.

In the Five Tribes, of course, and among the Indians of New York, all wear the garb of civilization, all have good school facilities, all dwell in the same sort of habitations as white men, and most of them, either actually or theoretically, belong to some Christian denomination. Only 26,000 blanket Indians are left in the United States. Since 1877 the Indians, under the common-sense tutelage given to them, have made more progress than the whites ever did in any equal time. Under the improved sanitary conditions, too, and in the absence of wars, they are steadily increasing in numbers.

Both out of and in the Indian Territory the Indian has at last ceased to be

An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

In the division of the turkey and the buzzard the white man, in his deals with his red brother, can no longer shove off the buzzard on all of the red men all of the time. There are politicians among the Five Tribes who, in the tricks of the trade, have nothing valuable to learn from Murphy, Platt, Gorman, or any other boss. Lobbies are set up by them at Washington. They pack caucuses at Tahlequah, South McAlester and Chickasha. Coming to politics of a higher order, they frame constitutions, as they did in the latter part of 1905, under the leadership of Pleasant Porter, the chief of the Creeks, — who is a more astute personage than was his famous Machiavellian precursor, McGillivray, of the Creek nation of a century ago, — for the proposed state of Sequoyah, comprising the Indian Territory.

Nobody in or out of the Indian Territory is saying that Green McCurtain, chief of the Choctaws, or Douglas H. Johnston, governor of the Chickasaws

(alone among the Five Tribes the Chickasaws call their head man governor), is as picturesque a personage as were their forerunners who fought De Soto and who blocked the path of Bienville and his French successors; nor will John Brown, the Seminole chief of to-day, hold such a large place in story as that filled by Osceola; while Edward VII is not likely to invite William C. Rogers, of the Cherokees, to England to talk great matters of state, as George III did Rogers's illustrious precursor, Oganasdoda. All these dignitaries, however, are meeting the demands of the situation better probably than could their predecessors, if they were here.

Warlike deeds make a more seductive appeal to the popular fancy than the exploits of peace, and no great Indian wars have taken place since Geronimo and Natchez, the Apache chiefs, led Crook, Miles, and other fighters through Arizona's deserts and hills in the campaigns of 1882-86, which resulted in Geronimo's overthrow; except the rising of the Sioux at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, in 1889-90, on the report of the approach of a conquering Indian Messiah; and that conflict, in which Sitting Bull was killed, lasted only a few weeks. And, of course, nothing like this can take place again.

The visitor to the Indian Territory in 1906 has more exercise in dodging automobiles and electric cars than he has in getting out of the way of arrows, bullets, or lassos. The only feathered head-dresses which he sees are in women's hats on shopping tours or on the way to balls or theatres. The Territory has 1500 miles of railway, and 1000 miles more are projected. It has churches, schools, banks, newspapers (one of them in the Cherokee language), and all the other accompaniments of the highest order of civilization. Ardmore, Muscogee, South McAlester, Tahlequah, Coalgate, Chickasha, and other towns of the Territory, are as modern in their ideas and their appointments as are places of the same size in Massachusetts or New York.

Tibet and Korea lagged behind, and were removed from the map. In the world's economy of to-day there is no room for hermit nations. The Seminoles, Cherokees, and their neighbors of the Indian Territory have bowed to this decree of destiny. If the Indian, out of as well as in the Indian Territory, is capable, he will keep his place in the procession, but with him or over him the procession will move on.

There is a fair prospect that the Indian will keep his place in the procession. The Carlisle school's football players have recently beaten West Point, and they have often defeated other white colleges. A basket-ball team of full-blooded Indian girls from the Fort Shaw (Montana) reservation school have, in playing that game, taken a long string of feminine scalps from the girls of white universities in the West. The educated red men are displaying a camaraderie and an adaptability to the new conditions which promise success to them in civilization's struggle. One or more of them will represent their end of the coming state of Oklahoma in Congress. This is right. They are to the manner born. The real F. F. A.'s are the Indians. Some of them, in the coming time, will sit in Roosevelt's chair.

Three quarters of a century ago, at the time that the Cherokees moved from Georgia to their present locality, the region west of the Missouri was about as blank as that referred to by Swift, when

Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

On the maps of that day the whole expanse from the westerly border of Arkansas, Missouri, and the present states of Iowa and Minnesota, to the Rocky Mountains, the boundary of the United States in that quarter, was designated "The Indian Country." All that wilderness has since then been organized into states, except Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and they are about to join the roll.

Down in the foothills of the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma the Comanches' Epictetus, the aged Quanah Parker, discourses philosophy and stoically awaits the end. Like the Moorish king Abu Abdallah, looking mournfully backward at his lost Granada, Geronimo, from Fort Sill, gazes westward across prairies and hills to the Arizona of his great days, which he will not see again. Up at Pine Ridge agency the Sioux nonagenarian Red Cloud, the most famous of living Indian warriors, who could tell as many marvels as Æneas told to Dido, refuses to accept the government's offer of an allotment of land, and goes down, like

Dickens's Steerforth in the storm at Yarmouth, waving his hand defiantly in the face of destiny.

Most of Hercules's labors looked light compared with the task which the late Henry L. Dawes undertook when he and the commission created under the law of 1893 started out to induce the Choctaws, the Creeks, and their neighbors to allot their lands to their members as individuals, to abolish their tribal government, and to merge themselves in the mass of the country's citizenship. That work has been grandly finished. The last councils of the Five Tribes have been held. The epic of the American Indian has closed.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE¹

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

OF making many editions of letters there is no end. You purchase something which purports to be elaborate, complete, and final, and before you are well at home in it, another collection succeeds, revised, enlarged, and enriched with curious material, rescued from old garrets and worm-eaten trunks, where it has lain for years, unprized and unregarded. In this fashion the enormous correspondence of Voltaire has grown and grown, until it has come to include over ten thousand letters; and as new documents constantly turn up, one asks one's self in despair whether he is not still despatching them from his present abode,—an idea not wholly lacking in piquancy.

Walpole's correspondence is less extensive than Voltaire's. But, by a similar process, it has developed from a modest volume or so in the first edition of Lord Orford's works, through three volumes,

and four volumes, and six volumes, to nine large volumes collected by Cunningham in 1857, and now to sixteen volumes carefully edited and elaborately annotated by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Yet even this immense work does not contain all the material known to exist, since Mrs. Toynbee informs us that a certain number of unpublished original letters of Walpole are in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester, who "was unable to accede to my request for permission to include these letters in the present edition." Family reasons may naturally account for this refusal, but if it is the result of a collector's selfishness, it is not especially creditable to his lordship.

(While we are upon the subject of matter not collected by Mrs. Toynbee, it may be worth pointing out that the brief note, apparently addressed to Gray, which was facsimiled in *Walpoliana* and printed in Mr. Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, does not appear in the new edition under the date conjectured by Mr. Tovey, nor elsewhere in connection with Gray. Brief as

¹ *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford*. Chronologically arranged, and edited, with Notes and Indices, by Mrs. PAGET TOYNEE. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

it is, the scrap is interesting, if it really bears on the reconciliation between Gray and Walpole, but quite possibly it was addressed to some one else, and is to be found in some other portion of the correspondence.)

What Mrs. Toynbee has omitted is, however, of no consequence, when we consider what she has been able to add. Cunningham printed 2654 letters. Mrs. Toynbee prints 3061, 111 for the first time. Much of this new material is, of course, comparatively uninteresting, brief notes on business or family affairs, yet even these are often important for the study of Walpole's character, as showing his nicety of feeling in money matters and his constant devotion to the interests of his friends; while the French letters to Madame du Deffand are in the highest degree valuable in connection with that lady's brilliant and characteristic correspondence; and the extensive series to Lady Mary Coke and that to Miss Anne Pitt, already printed, but now first collected, are in Walpole's easiest, sprightliest vein, and will afford endless delight to all lovers of the master of Strawberry Hill.

Mrs. Toynbee has done her author good service in other ways besides the collection of new letters. She has made many alterations in the chronology of Cunningham's arrangement, which was a careful piece of work for its day, but left room for a great deal of improvement. She has also much amended the text, especially of the letters to Mann, restoring numerous passages which Cunningham omitted without comment. For instance, letter 2183 (edition Toynbee) is nearly three times as long as its equivalent in Cunningham, although, in this case, the editor has not troubled herself to call attention to the fact.

On the difficult point of annotation, Mrs. Toynbee's work is, for the most part, satisfactory. In biographical details, dates, and the like, she has made a very great advance on former editions. One could wish, however, that she had been a little freer with the sort of acces-

sory information which is all the more delightful for not being absolutely indispensable. Lack of space would naturally restrain her from supplying the abundant feast of erudition which lends such charm to Mr. Tovey's *Letters of Thomas Gray*, but it seems a pity not to have retained more of the curious gossip so painstakingly accumulated by Dover, Wright, and the rest. To cite one or two examples. We do not feel especially interested to know the name and family of Sir Francis Dashwood's wife, but any one who is familiar with the character of Sir Francis himself will be sorry to lose the piquant bit in regard to his marriage which Cunningham quotes from Lady Mary Montagu. Again, vol. viii, p. 47 (Toynbee), we have Walpole's opinion of Charles Fox. Cunningham, in a note which the later editor omits, gives Lord Holland's account of Fox's opinion of Walpole.

But these are minor matters. From every point of view Mrs. Paget Toynbee has done a monumental piece of work, creditable in the highest degree for accuracy and thoroughness, and certain to be of the greatest value to every future student of English history in the eighteenth century.¹

Horace Walpole, the youngest son of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was born in the year 1717. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he early became intimately acquainted with some of the foremost literary men of his time. His situation of course afforded him every opportunity for political distinction, and, for many years, he was a member of the House of Commons and personally familiar with all the great Parliamentary leaders, but he never took any prominent share in public affairs, and during the latter part of his long life he chose to observe

¹ In the following analysis of Walpole's character and correspondence I have drawn my quotations, as far as possible, from the material either first printed or first collected by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, and the extent to which I have been able to do this shows the importance of the work done by her.

and criticise rather than to act. He was always a dabbler in literature, though disclaiming any serious ambitions for authorship. His *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, *Anecdotes of Painting*, and *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third* gave him a certain standing as a critic and historian. *The Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy, was highly praised by Byron, though Walpole himself called it "disgusting from the subject and totally unfit for the stage." *The Castle of Otranto* is interesting as the first work of the great school of romantic fiction which astonished the earlier part of the nineteenth century with its productions, and has had such a vigorous revival in recent years. Walpole's specimen is no worse than many of the others, and shares with most of them the disadvantage of existing apparently for the sole purpose of showing the superiority of Scott. Walpole also wrote historical memoirs of his own time, not remarkable for either accuracy or picturesqueness. When he was seventy-four years old, he succeeded his nephew in the earldom of Orford, which had been created for Sir Robert, but this new dignity brought Walpole little advantage or satisfaction. He died in 1797, after watching with melancholy foreboding the horrors of the French Revolution.

Certainly, none of the writings above referred to would have sufficed to keep Walpole's name alive as anything more than a literary curiosity. But during the whole of his long career he was an active and unwearying letter-writer, and the vast accumulation of his correspondence constitutes a monument of which any author might well be proud. To be sure, Walpole's letters are always literary, conscious, to a certain extent, artificial. At eighteen years of age we find him writing to his friend Montagu: "You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters, I desire you would keep mine." If this was his frame of mind at eighteen, it is not likely to have altered at eighty.

Therefore we must not look in Walpole for the instantaneous self-photography which makes the charm of the correspondence of Cicero, nor for the absolute simplicity and naturalness of Cowper or of Edward Fitzgerald.

Madame de Sévigné suggests a more suitable comparison. That Walpole tried to model his letter-writing upon that famous lady's is more than probable. His enthusiastic admiration of her was expressed at every period of his life. "You have undone yourself with me, for you compare them [his letters] to Madame de Sévigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?" Again, he speaks of buying "the portrait that was Madame de Simiane's;" "I am going to build an altar for it under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers*." Also, he must surely have had Madame de Sévigné in mind when he declared that women are better letter-writers than men; "for our sex is too jealous of the reputation of good sense to hazard a thousand trifles and negligences which give grace, ease, and familiarity to correspondence."

Walpole himself was always sufficiently jealous of his reputation for good sense. yet, assuredly, no woman ever hazarded more trifles and negligences. Hazarded is hardly the word, however. Madame de Sévigné may have hazarded such things. Walpole hunts for them, gloats over them, piles them up. So, being but a clumsy male, after all, he misses much of the "grace, ease, and familiarity," which give "Our Lady of the Rocks" such immortal freshness and charm. Only, Walpole had no daughter, and in this he had distinctly the advantage of his French model.

What one looks for first in correspondence is the writer himself. Even the student, whose final object is historical facts or social pictures, must begin by observing the transmitting medium, that is, the painting and recording mind. A man cannot write letters every week or oftener, for sixty years, to scores of correspon-

dents, without leaving a likeness of himself, more perfect and minute than was ever sketched by Rembrandt or Velasquez. Unfortunately the portrait of Walpole has not usually been found very pleasing. Indeed, Macaulay, as is well known, in his incisive fashion, labeled the author of the letters as an idler, an affected fop, socially a snob, politically a sneering indifferentist, and morally a cynical *pococurante*.

Allowing for Macaulay's "heightened and telling way of putting things," it would be difficult to deny that there is some truth in these charges. Walpole avoided the strenuous, on principle. He shunned ambition, large activities, and preferred the lighter pursuits, which, if less stimulating, are also less deceptive. His was the epigrammatic saying which may now be read on the advertisements of a popular specific: "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Being inclined by nature rather to thinking than to feeling, he set himself to develop this inborn tendency, and had a good measure of success.

The passion for political distinction he early and completely laid aside. "My books, my *virtu*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other peoples' affairs; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern." So he wrote in his youth, and the note in his old age was the same: "I will never think on politics more. What has a man to do with them, who never felt a titillation of ambition?"

The passion for literature was never more to him than a whim or fancy, which was, doubtless, the reason why his literary work was never anything more than whimsical or fanciful. In his heart of hearts he had the feeling, always so common in England, that writing is an occupation unworthy of a gentleman. "What is the merit of a mere man of letters?" "You know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man."

In the common relations of life he was equally averse to any intensity of emotion. At twenty-four years of age he wrote, "I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love." Apparently he never got to be old enough — nor young enough. He never married, and when Madame du Deffand, nearly seventy years old, and more than a score of years older than he, conceived for him that singular passion which was the crowning grace of a singular life, his response to it was marked much more by the fear of ridicule than by the ardor of affection. With friendship it was the same. "*Though I don't love loving*, I could have poured out all the fulness of my heart to such an old and true friend," he writes to George Montagu; and to Lady Mary Coke: "You must not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other it will embitter your whole life; and though it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequential of attachments are much too dearly bought by any satisfaction they produce."

It might be thought that a man of this temper would at least love nature. Listen to him: "I hate the country: I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating everything but what I do myself, as building and planting." Yet he hastens to tell us that this distaste for natural pleasures does not arrive from any overfondness for society: "I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders."

The sum of the whole matter is, that life taken seriously is intolerable. "*Il faut glisser sur les pensées*," says "Our Lady of the Rocks," "*et ne pas les approfondir*." Live on the surface. Play with

trifles which amuse and neither deceive nor entangle. "This world is one great Alas! Most men suffer, yet all extol their chief plagues." If we would drown the groans and stifle the yawns, let us keep Folly's bells a-jangling, — "Folly, the cordial drop that Heaven in our cup has thrown."

A prophet, this, not likely to appeal to an age of strenuousness, like ours, an age overburdened with the seriousness of life and perhaps also, just a little, with its own importance. Yet there were worse men than Walpole, in his own day, and there are worse now.

For his disinterestedness in money matters we have his own word, and I think we may accept it — with other evidence. "Thank you for your Exchequer-ward wishes for me," he writes to George Montagu, "but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already — don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion."

Theoretical disclaimers of friendship often go hand in hand with devoted attachments, and, though extreme devotion was hardly in Walpole's nature, it is impossible to doubt that he sincerely loved a few persons who were near to him. It would be difficult to improve on his attitude toward his father. "A son who adores his father," he calls himself; and on the numerous occasions which arise for defending Sir Robert's memory, he acquits himself always with tact and dignity. Nor can we question his genuine affection for Conway, for Montagu, for Chute, for Mann, an affection which even sometimes manifested itself in actions. His reception of Madame du Deffand's caresses may not have been always sympathetic during her life; but his words, when she was on her deathbed, have every mark of sincere grief: "Should she be capable of hearing it, when you receive this, I entreat you to tell her — but I do not know how to express how much I love her and how much I feel."

Macaulay is very bitter about Walpole's politics, accusing him of hypocritically praising liberty, while remaining at heart a thorough aristocrat; but who of us is really in a position to throw stones at such an inconsistency as this? I do not in the least doubt that Walpole loved liberty and would even have made some — not excessive — sacrifices for it. When he says, "The spirit of liberty alone has made me at any time attend to them [politics]; for life without freedom has but a narrower or a wider prison," I believe he means as much as nine tenths of those who have uttered similar sentiments — Macaulay not excepted. On a more tangible ground, that of humanity, Walpole is still more worthy of admiration. During the whole of his long life, like a true son of his father, he raised his voice unfalteringly against the stupid wickedness of war and the barrenness of military glory. There are still a few persons by whom this will be counted unto him for righteousness. The following somewhat lengthy passage is well worth quoting for the credit of that age and the benefit of this: "We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport, sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist, for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities."

Lastly, we, on this side of the Atlantic, should have some tenderness for Walpole, because he sympathized very little

with the tyrannical methods of George the Third, and because of his enthusiastic prophecies as to our future. "You have seen the accounts from Boston. The tocsin seems to be sounded in America. I have many visions about that country and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe."

But, after all, the man in Walpole's letters interests us less than the powerful painter of the times. Pepys had more vividness and more genuineness than his successor. Saint-Simon had more passion and more genius. But Pepys's vision was slow and limited, and Saint-Simon's was obscured by his fantastic hobbies. Walpole touched everything, saw everything, heard everything, recorded everything. If we want grand, historic scenes, what can satisfy us better than the trial of the rebel lords or the burial of George the Second? If we want lifelike pictures of statesmen and orators, which of these volumes does not abound in them? It is true, Macaulay charges Walpole with systematic depreciation of all the greatest men of his age, and the charge cannot be wholly refuted. A satirist and a contemporary, who sees the hero without his robes and laurels, is always too prone to insist upon details which posterity would willingly forget. Chatham, the greatest hero of all, is too frequently the object of Walpole's unkindly comment; yet, for that very reason, what intense sincerity do we feel in this glowing account of his oratory: "He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes; there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections than even you, who are used to him, can conceive."

When we turn to lesser men, whom we are not so accustomed to imagining upon a pedestal, Walpole's portraits have an extraordinary and fascinating vivacity and brilliancy. For instance, Mrs. Paget Toynbee, in a hitherto unprinted letter,

gives us this sketch of the versatile Charles Townshend, whose willful short-sightedness was so important an element in bringing on the American Revolution: "Charles Townshend has entertained us with another interlude: took part against Lord Chatham; declared himself out of place, nobody knew whether turned out or resigning; kept away on a great day of his own business; hatched a quarrel with Colonel Barré; returned yesterday to the House; acted as Chancellor of the Exchequer; outwent the rest of the ministers; made no mention of Barré; talked of his measures for the rest of the session; and probably dines with Lord Rockingham to-day and sups with the Duke of Grafton. What he will do next, besides exposing himself, you, nor I, nor he can tell."

And in a memorandum found among Miss Berry's papers and now first printed, Walpole gives us another vivid glimpse of the same eccentric personage, addressing the House of Commons, when he was half-drunk: "In this speech he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humour, for he pleased while he provoked at random; was malicious to nobody, cheerful to all; and if his speech was received with delight, it was only remembered with pity."

Of all the figures so satirically sketched by Walpole none is more striking than that of the Duke of Newcastle. A cunning flatterer, a juggling schemer, a prince of corruption in the most corrupt of ages, a clown, a mountebank, at times almost a driveling idiot, — we should certainly conclude that this fantastic caricature was the mere invention of Walpole's personal hatred, if we did not find Lord Hervey confirming it in language which the *Atlantic* could not possibly print. How immense is the power of these memoir and letter writers, when with a few deft turns of the pen they can create or mar a reputation, can pose a character before posterity in any attitude they please,

can overcome the sober testimony of fact, and impress their own love and hatred on the memory of mankind to endless generations! What statesman of to-day, glorious in the flattery of his contemporaries, petted and spoiled by the press and the place-hunter, but would shudder to think of himself dancing forever in naked ignominy before the ages, like the Duke of Newcastle at the funeral of George the Second?

"This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle — but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel, with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with t' other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble."

Walpole's literary gossip is less interesting than his political. As regards taste in general he is fairly representative of his contemporaries, although leaning somewhat toward innovation. The strange, the romantic, the picturesque, tempted him, filled him with a sort of timid joy. *The Castle of Otranto* is pseudo-medieval, and Strawberry Hill was pseudo-Gothic; but the author of both was really more comfortable in the trimmed and finished surroundings of his own eighteenth century. There was genuine English stuff in him somewhere, however. Again and again he proclaims his enthusiasm for Shakespeare; and one of the most interesting of the letters newly collected by Mrs. Paget Toynbee is that to Jephson which speaks of certain Shakespearean passages as "texts out of the book of nature, in comparison of which the works of all other writers in every language that I understand are to me apocryphal."

To the authors of his own time, as men, Walpole is generally indifferent, as one would expect from what I quoted above about his contempt for the literary profession, and from his remark as to the youthful Burke: "a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days." Gray Walpole first patronized, then quarreled with, then flattered. His conduct to Chatterton was long considered to have been cruel and heartless, and although these adjectives are probably too strong, there was much in it to be regretted, much which Walpole himself regretted at a later period of his life. His comments on the great French writers, whom he knew more or less intimately, are usually slighting and depreciative. Of Voltaire, for instance, he says that he was "as mean and dirty as he was envious." As for literary personages against whom he had a political or social grudge, he loses no opportunity of presenting them in an odious or ridiculous light. He can never say enough of the objectionable eccentricities of Lady Mary Montagu, and he abuses Dr. Johnson as savagely as Dr. Johnson would probably have abused him: "The saucy Caliban;" "the tasteless pedant;" "Dr. Johnson has indubitably neither taste nor ear, [nor any] criterion of judgment, but his old woman's prejudices."

Two books, which were immensely popular in their own day and have ever since ranked among the greatest productions of English literature, receive from Walpole a severe condemnation. *Clarissa Harlowe* he calls "a picture of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and a romance as it would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher." Of Sterne's masterpiece he says: "At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance . . . the great humour of which consists in the whole narrative always going backwards. . . . It makes one smile two or three times at the

beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours."

The most characteristic feature of Walpole's correspondence is, undoubtedly, the picture of the social world in which he lived. He was intimately acquainted with the best society of his day in both England and France, and that society was something which had never been seen before and may never be seen again. The crudeness of the seventeenth century had worn off, and the vast cosmopolitanism of the nineteenth had not yet obliterated that personal feature which must always be the most vital element of conversation. The grace, the ease, the vivacity, the courtly polish, the ready wit, of George Selwyn and Gilly Williams, of Madame du Deffand and Madame de Choiseul, and of scores of others like them,—all this is too delicate and evanescent in its charm ever to be perfectly conveyed to us by the dull medium of ink and paper. Yet we are grateful for even a dim reflection of a world so fascinating.

Any one who wishes to come as nearly as possible into direct contact with this eighteenth-century life will do well to look through Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*. There, in the carefully preserved correspondence of a man who was himself one of the central social figures of his time, we have the actual letters of men and women of birth, breeding, and wit, who open their hearts to us without a thought of attitudinizing or literary effect. It is one of the most significant and striking records of genuine human nature that exist.

Few men could be better qualified to be the literary reporter of this brilliant period than Horace Walpole. His curiosity was, indeed, less passionate than Saint-Simon's; but perhaps it was all the better suited to a more frivolous age. And, though not passionate, Walpole's curiosity was ever-present. If he did not love humanity, he was always interested in it, in all its moods and phases. He studied the complex motives of great statesmen, which stirred three or four continents, and it

amused him to see that those motives were sometimes as great as the men and sometimes of a pettiness all the more astonishing for the mass of the results that flowed from them. It was, in part, this pettiness which made him so alive to the trifles that called forth Macaulay's buskined rhetoric,—trifles oftentimes important because significant of human life and human character. The wafting of a billet-doux, the flutter of a fan, the new fashion of a garment, the chatter of gay youths about a card table, the elopement of a beauty, a duel, a robbery on the highway, an odd funeral, or a brilliant wedding,—all these thin and glittering threads which make up the tissue of common existence,—how deftly Walpole twists and turns and disentangles them!

Now it is a day at Strawberry Hill, "the puppet show of the time." Walpole does the honors to a group of French and English ladies, under the leadership of the Duchess of Grafton, "who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairysm, which is the tone of the place." Or he visits Esher with the same company: "I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. . . . It was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it."

Now it is Vauxhall, with its more mixed company, its crowds, and gayety; or Ranelagh, with the "vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvèpence."

Now it is cards, but Walpole is no great friend to them. Then, as to-day, they were a substitute for conversation, and were its worst enemy, whist especially, which "has spread an universal opium over the whole nation; it makes courtiers and patriots sit down to the same pack of cards." And our chronicler again and again refers to the gambling fever which, hand in hand with cards, had taken possession of every order of society. "We have the most delightful of all summers,—fruit, flowers, corn, grass, leaves,—in short, though Judæa flowed with milk

and honey, I do not believe it was much richer than the present face of England. I know of but one richer spot, which is Almack's, where a thousand meadows and cornfields are staked at every throw, and as many villages lost as in the earthquake that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii."

So the gay and the rich and the careless trifled away the time. And because, after all, their life, charming as it was, was lived only for themselves, only for trifles, those among them who really thought were always on the verge of deadly ennui. Madame du Deffand, the noble heart, the serious intellect, found herself bored from youth to age. Even Walpole, who had a gift for distraction, cried out in his early days, "One can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people gray in the twinkling of a bedstaff." And forty years later comes the quiet comment, "Nothing can be more insipid than my life."

Yes, they thought only of themselves,

of their own society, their own order, these brilliant, charming ladies, these gay, witty, courtly gentlemen. The narrow world in which they lived was to them the sole possible world, the best world. They had no idea of the stupendous changes which were so soon to come, of the new heaven and the new earth which were to take the place of their pleasant dalliance and graceful vanities. Walpole lived through the French Revolution; but the impression of it in his correspondence is only one of horror. He was a liberal, but after the stiffly conservative fashion of English liberalism. From the first volume to the last, his letters are eighteenth century and nothing but eighteenth century. He would have been out of sympathy not only with the politics of the age which followed, its democracy, its humanitarianism, but with all its dreamy desires, its vast and vague aspirings, its spiritual agony, its passionate hope. One wonders — or no, one knows — what Walpole would have thought of the poetry of Shelley, of the music of Beethoven, of the philosophy of Hegel.

LOWER NEW YORK

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

I

BEFORE DAWN

TIME has no spectacle more stern and strange;
Life has no sleep so dense as that which lies
On walls and windows, blank as sightless eyes,
On court and prison, warehouse and exchange.
Earth has no silence such as fills the range
Of streets left bare beneath the haughty skies: —
Of unremembered human miseries
Churned without purpose in the trough of change.
For here where day by day the tide-race rolls
Of sordid greed and passions mean and blind,
Here is a vast necropolis of souls!
And life, that waits as with suspended breath,
Weary and still, here seems more dead than death,
Aimless and empty as an idiot's mind.

II

AT DAWN

Here is the dawn a hopeless thing to see:
Sordid and pale as is the face of one
Who sinks exhausted in oblivion
After a night of deep debauchery.
Here, as the light reveals relentlessly
All that the soul has lost and greed has won,
Scarce we believe that somewhere now the sun
Dawns overseas in stainless majesty.
Yet the day comes! — ghastly and harsh and thin
Down the cold street; and now, from far away,
We hear a vast and sullen rumor run,
As of the tides of ocean turning in . . .
And know, for yet another human day,
The world's dull, dreadful labor is begun!

THE STATESMANSHIP OF TURGOT¹

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

ON a beautiful May day in 1774 the long reign of Louis XV was ended. Ancestors of his — like Charles IX and Louis XIV — had dealt more evident and direct blows at the well-being of France, but never since the foundation of the monarchy had any sovereign so debauched the whole national life; and not only France, but the world at large, began to take account of the legacies he had left.

First of these were his character and example, the worst since the most degraded of the Cæsars; next was his court, unmoral and immoral, from which corruption had long welled forth over and through the nation. In civil matters, there had prevailed the rule of the worst; in military matters, defeat and dishonor; in finance, constantly recurring deficits and an ever-nearing prospect of bankruptcy; among the higher clergy, luxury and intolerance; among the nobility, the sway of cynics and intriguers; among the middle classes, unreasoning selfishness; among the lower classes, pauperism, ignorance, frequent famines, a deep sense of injustice, and a rapidly increasing hatred for those who had so long oppressed them. Imbedded in this enormous legacy of corruption, misrule, misery, and hate, were two sayings with which the late king and his most intimate adviser had been wont to repel pleas for reform, — "This will last as long as I shall," and "After me the deluge."²

¹ Previous papers in this series have been devoted to Fra Paolo Sarpi, Hugo Grotius, Christian Thomasius, and, in the preceding number, to Turgot.

² The latter utterance is attributed by Sainte-Beuve to Madame de Pompadour, but there is ample evidence that the king adopted it.

The deluge had come: a flood of resentments for old wrongs, of hatred for wrong-doers, of new thought boding evil to all that was established, of sentimentalism likely to become cruelty.³

To withstand this deluge had come Louis XVI, twenty years of age, kindly at heart, hating the old order of things, longing for something better, but weak, awkward, mistrusting himself and all about him; and, at his side, — destined to be more fatal to him and to France than all else, — his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, sometimes kindly, sometimes selfish, but always heedless, frivolous, lavish, never strong and persistent, save against those who sought to shield her husband and herself from the approaching catastrophe.

First of all there must be a prime minister. Reflecting upon this fact, and calling in the advice of those whom he thought his friends, Louis named Maurepas, — a decayed fop, seventy-three years of age, whose life had been mainly devoted to cultivating useful acquaintances and scattering witticisms among courtiers, but who, on account of quarrels with some of the women about Louis XV, had several years before been banished to his country seat. Maurepas promptly reappeared, and to him was entrusted the duty of selecting a new ministry.

³ See a remarkable citation from Burke in Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. i, chap. 1, on the natural transition from sentimentality to cruelty. A curious inversion of this is seen in our own country, when the same men who will risk their lives to lynch a murderer just after his crime is committed will, as jurymen, a few months later, after hearing a cunning speech, acquit him, — and with tears of joy.

He would doubtless have preferred to call men of his own sort; but, being shrewd enough to see that this was hardly possible, he began gradually replacing the old ministers with better. In this he had a system: — the selection of men who could make a reputation likely to give him popularity, but who were without any ambitions which might endanger him.

Foremost among these men was Turgot. The story of his success in the intendancy of Limoges had spread far. Even amidst all the scoundrelism of the time there was a deep respect for his character, and an admiration for his services. Yet Maurepas, thinking it perhaps not best to trust him very far at first, made him simply Minister of Naval Affairs, and this office Turgot held for just five weeks and three days. Even during this time he showed his good qualities, by casting out various evils and suggesting many reforms; but Maurepas, feeling it necessary to yield to the universal hatred against the Abbé Terray, — everywhere recognized as a main centre of evil under the late king, — removed him from the great office of Comptroller-General, — at that time the most important position under the monarchy, — and in his place set Turgot.

This nomination gave universal satisfaction, and most of all to the new king. He received the new Comptroller with open arms; and during their first interview Turgot made his famous proposal: "No bankruptcy, no increase of taxation, no new debts; economy and retrenchment." At this the king was overjoyed, gave his heart to Turgot, and pledged his honor to support him.

That this confidence was well placed was shown by Turgot's first budget; it was made with such genius that it ended the deficit, extinguished a great mass of debt, and set the nation on the road to prosperity.

This practical financial policy was but part of a plan far deeper and wider. Turgot clearly saw that the old system was outworn, that its natural result must be a catastrophe, that in place of it must

be developed a system to meet the needs of the new time, that whatever was to be done must be done promptly and thoroughly, and that the only question was, whether this new system should come by evolution or by revolution.

Like heavy drops of rain before a shower came various suppressions of old abuses, including the monstrous *droit d'aubaine*, dismissals of incapables, abolitions of sinecures, arrests of peculators, freedom of internal trade in grain, and freedom of the press in matters pertaining to financial and general administration. Everything began to tend away from the old rule of secrecy, in which all noxious growths flourished, and toward the throwing open of public business to the light of public opinion.

All these things were contrary to the genius of Maurepas, and he gave as little help as possible; but during the following year he strengthened Turgot by the appointment of a true statesman as Minister of the King's Household. This statesman was Malesherbes, a man holding high judicial position, — neither ambitious nor especially hopeful, but of great capacity and of noble character. His new office was of vast importance, for its occupant had large control of the court, of ecclesiastical affairs, Catholic and Protestant, of the city of Paris, and of various districts and institutions throughout the kingdom. Observing Turgot's preliminary reforms and the appointment of Malesherbes, good men and true throughout the realm took heart. The king, Turgot, and Malesherbes stood together, — apparently a great force. Maurepas, encouraged by this success, gradually added other ministers; some, like Vergennes, strengthening the effort toward a better era; others, like Saint-Germain, holding back or going astray.¹

Meanwhile came two things of ill omen. First was the recall of the Parliament of Paris, which had been suspended in 1771, and which had been superseded,

¹ See Foncin, *Le Ministère de Turgot*, livre ii, chap. 10.

as we have seen, by a new royal court. The parasites of the banished Parliament besought Louis to restore it; the queen strongly seconded these efforts; Maurepas, with the great mass of time-servers, took the same side; and the mob hurrahed for it. Opposing the recall of this old, selfish, tyrannical body were Turgot, Malesherbes, Vergennes, — Minister of Foreign Affairs, — and two powers which it surprises us to find in such company, — first, the king's next brother, the Comte de Provence, and secondly, the clergy. This position of the Comte de Provence was doubtless due to his clear conviction that the Parliament injured the royal power; the position of the clergy was due to the only good thing in the recent record of the Parliament, namely, its opposition to the French prelates, and especially to the Jesuits, in their attempts to revive religious persecution.¹

The second thing of ill omen was the coronation oath. The king must be crowned; and, costly as this solemnity was, and empty though the treasury was, it seemed best to give the monarch the prestige of the old ceremony, — the state-ly journey to Rheims, the largess of all sorts, the coronation by the archbishops and bishops of France in the most splendid of French cathedrals, the anointing with oil from the sacred ampulla brought from heaven by a dove more than a thousand years before, and first used by St. Remy in crowning the founder of the French monarchy. Turgot had advised a coronation like that of Henry IV, and that of Napoleon afterward, before the high altar of Notre Dame, at Paris. This would have saved millions to the treasury, would have brought to France multitudes of visitors whose expenditures would have enured to the benefit of the country; and all this, in the fearful condition of French finances, was much.

But in Turgot's mind this financial consideration was of comparatively small account. For, in the coronation oath, the French kings had been made to swear to

exterminate all heretics, and this oath Turgot — in the interest of justice, peace and prosperity — sought to modify. But the clergy were too strong for him. They insisted that the king must, above all things, take the old oath, and Louis yielded to them; yet amid all the pomp of the coronation it was observed that, when his majesty arrived at the part of the oath which referred to heretics, his words were incoherent and nearly inaudible.

Soon came a new trial of strength between Turgot, representing what was best in the new epoch, and the recalled Paris Parliament, adhering to what was worst in the old. We have already seen what the old system of internal protection of agriculture had done for France. Its main result had been frequent famines, but even more evil had been its effects on the king, court, and high financiers. For there had been developed a practice of deriving profit from famine and starvation; and a leading feature in this was the sale of privileges to escape the protective duties. Out of these had grown an enormous system of monopoly and plunder, — what, in modern days, would be called a "grain ring," including not only petty intriguers throughout the nation, but very many of the highest personages. Even King Louis XV had been besmirched by it. This monopoly had power to keep grain cheap in sundry parts of the nation, and there to buy it; power to keep grain dear in other parts of the nation, and there to sell it. There was an unlimited field for intrigue and greed; and for the tillage of this field was developed a strong and shrewd monopoly. Efforts were made to expose this; but to criticise a minister was considered akin to treason. Significant was the case of Prévost de Beaumont. He had discovered sundry misdoings of the grain monopolists and endeavored to expose them; no doubt with a bitterness which led to exaggeration. As a result he was thrown into prison, where he remained over twenty years, until the outbreak of the Revolution and the destruction of the Bastille

¹ The recall took place November 12, 1774.

set him free.¹ Against this whole system of internal protection of agriculture, and against all who profited by it, Turgot stood firmly. As far back as 1763 and 1764 royal decrees had been put in force abolishing it, but, with his invincible tendency toward cheaterly, the Abbé Ter-ray, Turgot's immediate predecessor in the comptrollership, had suspended these decrees, and the old system with all its evils had again settled down upon France. Now came a new struggle. Turgot induced the king to revive the old decrees giving internal free trade in grain, and, although protection of agriculture from foreign grain remained, the whole system of internal protection was abolished. This aroused bitter opposition; first, of course, from the grain ring and its satellites. Unfortunately, bad harvests followed the new decree; during the winter of 1774-75 came scarcity and even famine, and, as a result, bread riots and insurrections in various parts of France, notably beginning at Dijon near the eastern frontier, but steadily drawing near the centre of government, and finally, in April and May, 1775, appearing in Versailles and in Paris. The result was much pillage of bakers' shops in the towns, burning of barns in the country, and sinking of cargoes of grain in the rivers, with here and there wholesale plunder and occasional murder. At Versailles, poor Louis tried to win the mobs by harangues, but these being unheeded, he thought it best, in the absence of Turgot, to lower arbitrarily the price of bread.

Turgot saw in this a beginning of new evils. Clearly, if the king lowered the price of the loaf at Versailles, every other province, every other district, every other city, every other hamlet, had a right to demand a similar favor, and this meant a

policy ending in bankruptcy and more helpless famine. Turgot's policy was really more merciful. As preliminary to all else, he insisted on having full powers from the king, suppressed the insurrection, dispersed the mobs, and two of the leaders in plundering and murdering he hanged on a gibbet forty feet high. It was a healthful act. Weak, sentimental people, whose measures in such crises generally turn out the most cruel which can be devised, lamented this severity; but the execution of these two malefactor doubtless prevented the deaths of scores, and perhaps hundreds, of innocent persons, which would have been unavoidable had the insurrection been allowed to rage and spread. What sentimental lenity to crime can do in enormously increasing murder we know but too well in the United States; what manly, prompt, and decisive dealing with crime can do in reducing the number of murders to almost a negligible point we see, to-day, in the administration of criminal justice in Great Britain.

While thus suppressing insurrection, Turgot struck boldly at the centre of the whole evil. The Parliament of Paris, in its general hatred of reforms, in its entanglements with monopolists, and in its dislike for Turgot, had done all in its power to thwart his policy by every sort of chicanery and pettifoggery. Thus they delayed the registration of the decree for reëstablishing freedom to the grain trade within the boundaries of France for three months; but now, near the end of the year 1774, Turgot availed himself of all the resources of French royal power, and forced them to yield.

Unfortunately, he could not get at his worst enemies. The bread riots had been organized to discourage free trade in grain. Behind the mob were the monopolists; the whole movement had a regularity which proved that its leaders were accustomed to command; and in the pockets of insurgents, howling for relief from starvation, were found goodly sums of money. Various clues led back to the

¹ For the alleged *Pacte de Famine*, and the history of Prévost de Beaumont, the most complete account I have found is in Afanassiev, *Le Commerce de Grains en France au 18ième Siècle*, chaps. xiv, xv. For Louis XV's interest in the grain monopoly, and for Prévost, see also Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xvi, pp. 292-296.

Prince de Conti, of royal blood, and to other magnates of position and influence; but Turgot, not wishing to delay other projects for important reforms, or to increase popular feeling, was obliged to abstain from any attempt at punishing them.

At the beginning of the year 1775, he turned to a new series of great questions, and, most important of all, to a project for reforming the *taille*, — the great land tax, — one of the abuses which weighed most heavily upon the lower orders of the people. It was the principal tax in the kingdom. The old theory was that the nobility upheld the monarchy with their swords, that the clergy upheld it with their prayers, and that the third estate upheld it with their money. This theory had borne a vast fruitage of injustice. The nobility escaped with such comparatively small taxes as the "capitations" and the "twentieths;" the clergy evaded the heavier burdens by so-called "gifts," which they themselves voted from time to time; the monied classes escaped the greater taxes by purchasing a sort of half-caste nobility which freed them entirely from the *taille* and largely from other burdens. Very many of the less wealthy, who could not attain to enrollment among the nobles, were able to buy privileges which exempted them from much taxation. Sundry privileged towns too, in one way or another, had secured immunities. As a result of all these exemptions, the burdens of the state fell with all the more crushing force upon the class of small peasant proprietors, farmers and laborers, numbering about one fourth of the entire population. They were the poorest inhabitants of France, but on them fell the whole burden of the *taille*, and to this were added multitudes of feudal and church dues, — to such an extent that throughout large parts of the country men of this poorest class were taxed more than four fifths of their earnings.

Here, too, it may be mentioned that taxes on articles of ordinary consumption fell upon them as heavily as upon the

richest in the land, and in some respects even more heavily. The government duties on salt, which made the price of that commodity eight times as high as at the present day, were levied in a way especially cruel, while monopolies and trade regulations raised the price of every article of use.

The most competent authorities tell us that the deaths of Frenchmen from famine in 1739–40 had been more numerous than those caused by all the wars of Louis XIV, that eight thousand persons died of misery in one month, in one quarter of Paris, that peasants died of want within the precincts of Versailles, that some villages were completely deserted, and that multitudes fled across the frontier. The Bishop of Chartres, being asked by the king how his flock fared, answered, "Sire, they eat grass like sheep and starve like flies." Turgot found that more than half of France was cultivated by peasant farmers who were absolute paupers, and all this within the most fertile, the most healthful, and the best situated state in Europe. Arthur Young tells us that not less than forty million acres of French soil were wholly or nearly waste. Many abuses, royal, feudal, clerical, contributed to this state of things, but among the causes especially prominent was the *taille*, and therefore it was that Turgot, who had endeavored to ease the fearful burden at Limoges, now sought to adjust it fairly throughout France.

The main difficulty dated from Louis XIV. A modern economist states it as follows: "Costly campaigns abroad, ruinous extravagance at home, left the kingdom at his death in 1715 with a debt of 3,460 millions of francs. . . . His murderous wars, reducing the birth-rate, increased the mortality, and the expulsion of the Protestants had reduced the population by four millions, or twenty per cent, since 1660. Agricultural products had fallen off by one third since he ascended the throne. Burdens increased, while they were diminished who bore them. A competent judge computed that

more than half of the taxes themselves were eaten up by the cost of collection."¹

This condition of things had been made even worse by the Orleans regency and Louis XV. No less cruel than the taxes themselves was the manner of collecting them. The king in council having fixed the amount to be levied every year, an order was issued naming some individual in each community as collector, and making him personally responsible for the whole amount of the direct taxes in his district. In case this official failed under his burden, the other leading taxpayers in his district were made responsible, — all for each and each for all. This system was known as the *contrainte solidaire*, and it was substantially the same which had done so much, nearly fifteen hundred years before, to dissolve the Roman Empire.²

Even more cruel were the "indirect" taxes levied upon all the main articles consumed by the peasantry and collected by the agents of the Farmers General. Remembrances of indignities and extortions by these agents were among the leading incentives to the fearful pillage, destruction, and murder with which the Revolution began fifteen years later.³

¹ See the admirable little book of Higgs, *The Physiocrats*. For the above statement he cites such eminent authorities as Levasseur and Laverigne. For the best statement known to me on this whole subject, see Taine, *Ancien Régime*; and for the best summary known to me in English, see Lecky, *History of England*, vol. v, citing Rocquain, Doniol, and others.

² For the disintegration of the Roman Empire by burdens upon leading tax payers, see Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*; and for a comparison of the tax collectors with the Curiales just before the end of the Roman Empire, see E. Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, as above, tome ii, p. 710.

³ One of the most satisfactory accounts, within reasonable compass, of the old French system of taxation, which I have found, is in Esmein, *Histoire du Droit Français*, Paris, 1901, pp. 380 ff., 552 ff. For excellent short and clear statements regarding the *taille*, *contrainte solidaire*, and the "five great *fermes*," — the latter being the taxes collected by the Farmers General, — see Rambaud, *Histoire de la Civilisa-*

To meet these evils, Turgot prepared plans for an equitable adjustment of the tax and a better system for its collection, and this, with a multitude of other capital reforms, he elaborated during 1775, although during the first four months of the year he was confined to his bed by a most painful attack of gout. His physical condition did not daunt him: he worked on vigorously despite his suffering, and so far as the world knew he was as valiant in grappling with the enemies who beset him as he had been in the vigor of his early manhood.

Steadily pressing on in his policy of breaking a way out of the mass of old abuses and developing a better order of things, Turgot, in January and February of 1776, took up his most important work for France, — the preparation of "the six great edicts." Their main purpose was to loose the coils which were strangling French activities of every sort; and, of these, two were by far the most important. First, was the edict for the suppression of the royal *corvée*. The character of the *corvée* and the happy result of its suppression France had learned during his administration at Limoges. As we have seen, the purpose of this burden was the making of the royal roads, and the transportation of military stores. Under the old system the peasantry were liable to be called from their farm work during seed time or harvest and made to give many days of hard and exhausting work to road construction or to military transportation, — the main result being that the roads were among the worst in the world and the transportation of military stores anything but satisfactory. The cruelty and wastefulness of the system had then and there been remedied by Turgot, and for it he had substituted a moderate tax which, being applied to the roads, under proper engineers, and to transportation, under well guarded contracts, had

tion Française, Paris, 1897, chap. ix. See also, for the best presentation of the subject in its relations to French industry, Levasseur, as above.

given infinitely better results, and had relieved the peasantry of these most galling burdens.

But to this system which succeeded so perfectly in the Limousin, and which Turgot now proposed, by one of the six edicts, to extend throughout France, there soon appeared an ominous opposition. Nobles, clergy, and the Parliament of Paris united to oppose it. Their main argument was that Turgot purposed to degrade the upper classes; that, logically, if government could tax the nobility and the clergy equally with the peasantry for the improvement of the highways of the kingdom, it could tax them equally for any other purpose, and that this would obliterate the essential distinction between nobles and base-born.

It is hard, in the France of these days, to understand the chasm of prejudice between the upper and lower classes which existed in those. There had been in French history before Turgot's time striking exhibitions of this feeling. Significant of much was the protest and complaint solemnly made by the nobility to the king at the States-General of 1614. They complained that the Third Estate, consisting of representatives of the vast body of the French people, not noble, had in one of their appeals presumed to speak of themselves as the "younger brothers" of the nobility; and the noble delegates protested against this as "great insolence." Not less striking evidences of this same feeling are to be seen throughout the plays of Molière: in all of them the *gentilhomme* is everything, the *roturier* nothing.¹

More extended and hardly less bitter was the opposition to the other great edict, — for the suppression of the *Jurandes* and *Maîtrises*, — the corporations which represented the various trades and the wardenships which controlled them. In order to understand this particular complex of abuses which Turgot now

endeavored to unravel, it must be remembered that under the old ideas of governmental interference there had grown up in France a system by which the various trades and industries had become close corporations, each having its rights, its laws, its restrictions, its exclusions, its definitions, its hierarchy of officials. No person could exercise such trades without going through a long series of formalities; no person could rise in any of them without buying the right to rise. For some of these features there had doubtless once been a valid reason; but the whole system had finally become one of the most absurd things in all that chaos of misrule. Between 1666 and 1683 Colbert had issued one hundred and forty-nine different decrees regarding various trades; from 1550 to 1776, over two hundred and twenty-five years, there was dragging through the courts and the cabinets of the ministry the great struggle between the tailors and the clothes menders, the main question being as to what constitutes a new and what an old coat, — the tailors being allowed to work only upon new clothing and the menders upon old. From 1578 to 1767, close upon two hundred years, the shoemakers and cobblers had been in perpetual lawsuits regarding the definition of an old boot, — the regulation being in force that shoemakers were allowed to deal only with new boots and cobblers with old. Similar disputes occurred among the roasters and the cooks as to which should have the exclusive right to cook geese, and which to cook smaller fowls; which the right to cook poultry, and which the right to cook game; which the right to sell simply cooked meats, and which to sell meats prepared with sauces. Beside these were endless squabbles between sellers of dry goods, clothiers, and hatters: wonderful were the arguments as to the number of gloves or hats which certain merchants might expose for sale at one time. In cloth making and selling there were minute restrictions, carefully enacted, as to the width, length, and color of pieces which

¹ For the protest and complaint of the nobles at the States General of 1614, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii, pp. 236, 237.

might be sold. Workmen of one sort were not allowed to do work generally done by another sort in the same trade, and upon all the trades were levied taxes and exactions which they recovered, as best they might, from each other and from the public at large. Underlying and permeating all this tangled mass of evil was the idea of paternal government, — the idea that the duty of a good government is to do the thinking for its subjects in a vast number of matters and transactions on which the individuals concerned would far better think for themselves. As a legitimate consequence of this theory, one regulation required that tailors, grocers, sellers of mustard, sellers of candles, and a multitude of others engaged in various branches of business, carefully specified, should belong to the established church.¹

This whole system — as crippling French industry and undermining French character — Turgot sought to remedy. There was nothing of the Jack Cade spirit in his policy. He allowed just compensation in every case, but having done this, he insisted that the trade corporations should be extinguished and all wardenships abolished, except in four industries: in printing, because the nation was not yet ready for the measures which he would doubtless have elaborated later; in pharmacy and jewelry, because these trades need governmental control under all governments, — individuals being unable to exercise it; and in the barbers' and wig-makers' trade, because, during financial emergencies under previous reigns, so many wardenships, inspectorships, comptrollerships, and minor positions of various sorts in this branch of business had been created and sold to produce revenue that Turgot felt unable to buy them in. Noteworthy is it that when the rights of these barber functionaries were redeemed during the Revolution, the indemnity paid was over twenty millions of francs.

¹ For special cases in this growth of human folly, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii. For the development of the system, see Levasseur, tome ii, *passim*.

Of course, ingenious and elaborate arguments were made by strong men in favor of that old system, as they have been always made in favor of every other old system. In our days these arguments have been echoed by Alison. As a representative of English High Toryism he naturally declares against Turgot's reforms; and especially striking is the Tory historian's defense of the old French trade corporations in comparison with the trade unions of Great Britain in the early part of the nineteenth century. He exhibits the long series of wrongs and plundering, and even of unpunished murder, by these modern English organizations of labor, and attempts to present them as the only alternative to the French organizations under the Bourbons. But this argument, striking as it was when Alison presented it over fifty years ago, has now lost its force.²

The main line of contemporary argument against Turgot was that his reforms "impugned the wisdom of our ancestors," that they swept away all distinctions between expert and worthless artisans, and that they were sure to destroy the supremacy of French industry.

There were long sessions of the Paris Parliament by day and night, with no end of sham patriotic speeches and impassioned debates. Prominent in these was D'Espréménil, big, handsome, oratorical, adored by his party, — ready at any moment to make eloquent harangues supporting abuses and denouncing reforms. Little did it occur to him that his own life and the lives of his friends were at stake and that Turgot was doing his best to save them; possibly this thought dawned upon him when, a few years later, he took his way to the guillotine.

Regarding this edict, also, Turgot persevered. The Paris Parliament, making a pretense of fairness, did, indeed, register of its own accord one of the minor edicts, while rejecting the others. All in vain: the king, though reluctant and halting, summoned the Parliament to a bed of

² See Alison, *History of Europe*, vol. i, chap. 3.

justice and compelled it to register this and all the other edicts.

Closely connected with these reforms were Turgot's dealings with another vast evil. The system of farming the "indirect taxes" of the nation had long been fruitful of corruption among the higher classes and of misery among the lower. In general terms, the system was one in which, the amount of these taxes having been determined, the collection of them was let out to a great combination of contractors, and on terms enormously profitable to them. To secure this monopoly, and to prevent opposition to it, this syndicate kept the hands of the government tied by advancing to it large sums in times of its greatest need; captured influential personages at court, from ministers and mistresses of the king down to the most contemptible of their parasites, by petty offices, pensions, and gifts; secured the services or silence of rogues in all parts of the kingdom by threats or bribery. It assumed the character of what in America of these days would be called a "combine," and at the head of it were the Farmers General, — wealthy, powerful, and, as a rule, merciless. Their power pervaded the entire nation, — from the king's apartments at Versailles to the cottages of the lowliest village. Whenever it was thought best to buy a man, he was bought; whenever it was thought best to discredit him, he was discredited; whenever it was thought best to crush him, he was crushed.¹

To these men and their methods, Voltaire had made a reference which ran through France, and, indeed, through

¹ For a striking, but entirely trustworthy, statement of this system of farming the taxes, see Foncin, *Le Ministère de Turgot*, liv. i, chap. 6. See also Esmein and Rambaud, as above. Also for a very complete, thorough, and critical study, see R. P. Shepherd, in his "Turgot and the Six Edicts," *Political Science Quarterly* of Columbia University, vol. iv. For a list of pensions paid by each of the sixty Farmers General, with names of recipients, and amounts received, see Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, tome ii, appendix.

Europe. A party of Parisians were amusing each other by telling robber stories. Presently Voltaire, who had been listening quietly, said, "I can tell a robber story better than any of yours." The whole room immediately became silent and listened to the greatest personage in the French literature of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, after clearing his throat, began as follows: "Once on a time there was a Farmer General." Then he was silent. Presently all began to cry out: "Why do you stop? Go on. Tell us the story." "I have told the story," said Voltaire; "do you not see that in my statement there is included the greatest robber story in history?"

The French came to understand the Farmers General perfectly, and twenty years later, a class of patriots and reformers, differing from Turgot in their methods, sent all the Farmers General on whom they could lay hands to the guillotine.

Against that phalanx of injustice Turgot stood forth undaunted. He could not, indeed, completely rout it, but he checked its worst abuses, cut down its illegal profits, and greatly diminished its power to corrupt the nation.

In his own person he set a noble example. For a long time it had been customary for the Farmers General to present to the comptroller an enormous gift whenever the government contract with them was renewed. This had become a well-known institution, and the so-called "gift" to the comptroller was regarded as one of his proper perquisites. In Turgot's case it amounted to three hundred thousand livres, equal in purchasing power, very nearly, to the same number of dollars in our own land and time. Turgot utterly refused this gift; he had determined to enter into his great struggle unhampered.

While carrying out these fundamental measures he effected a long series of minor reforms. There was the abuse of the *octroi*, under which taxes were collected on the produce of the peasants at the gates

of cities. In this there had come various growths of injustice, notably one in levying high taxes on the sorts of products consumed by the poorer inhabitants of towns, and in levying low taxes on luxuries consumed by the higher classes. At this he struck an effective blow. In sundry cities and districts, especially at Rouen, were special monopolies in the grain trade, and in the business of bakers, which bore heavily upon the poorer classes. These he planned to destroy. At court and throughout the nation were myriads of sinecures; and these he extinguished whenever a chance offered. Throughout the country the system of raising money by lotteries prevailed; he saw — what so few statesmen among the Latin governments have seen from that day to this — the power of lotteries to undermine the financial morality of a people; and he struck effectively at these also. But here it should be especially mentioned that at all times and in all places he was careful to provide compensation to all who had just claims for loss of place or privilege. In this he showed that same wisdom which Great Britain has shown in the history of her reforms.¹

Turgot now realized that measures to ameliorate feudalism must come. But he saw that the time had not yet arrived for developing them beyond what was absolutely necessary in preventing revolution. His main effort in this field was to prepare the public mind for gradual reforms, and therefore it was that, in 1775, he suggested to Boncerf, whom he knew to have thoroughly studied the subject, the publication of a pamphlet on the evils of feudalism. As a respected officer in one of the highest grades of the financial administration, and as a man thoroughly trained in the law, Boncerf was in every way fitted to discuss the subject. Nothing could be more fair, just, and moderate than his book. Even its title was studiously mild. Instead of announcing

¹ On Turgot's policy regarding lotteries, see Foncin.

it as an exhibition of the evils or cruelties or wrongs perpetrated by feudalism, he entitled it *The Inconveniences of Feudal Rights* (*Les Inconvénients des Droits Féodaux*). It was neither drastic nor vindictive. It simply defended, as an experiment, the abolition of feudal rights on the domains of the king, not merely as a matter of justice, but as a matter of policy. Hardly had it appeared, in January of 1776, when the Parliament struck at it venomously. On motion of D'Espréménil the book was ordered burned by the hangman, and indictments were brought against Boncerf which hung over his head until the Revolution swept them away. It is a curious historical detail that Boncerf, after the Revolution had begun its course, was placed by the Constituent Assembly in a position which aided him in destroying the evils he had exhibited in his book, and that he himself sealed up the cabinets which contained the indictments that had been brought against him. Significant also, perhaps, is the further detail that, later in his career, while D'Espréménil was brought to the guillotine, Boncerf escaped the Revolutionary jury by a majority of one.²

But it should not be understood that all of Turgot's efforts were given to removing old abuses. He was no mere destroyer; he was essentially a builder; all his reform measures had as their object the clearing of a basis for better institutions. Though the shortness of his ministry — only twenty-one months — prevented his putting all of these into definite form, there were several which have since rendered great services to his country. He vastly bettered the postal system throughout France, not only improving the roads on the plan which had done so much for the Limousin during his intendency, but developing on these a service of fast coaches and diligences which greatly reduced the time between the most important points in France, and which became the envy of

² A copy of the rare first edition of Boncerf's book is to be found in the Library of Cornell University.

all neighboring nations. Under his direction were also prepared projects for a great network of internal water communications by the improvement of rivers, and the construction of canals; and to study the problems connected with these, he called to his aid the men most eminent in applied science. He sought to create a scientific system of weights and measures to take the place of the chaos of systems which had come down from the Middle Ages. To aid industry he organized a better system of banking, not only in cities, but in rural centres, thus initiating the ideas which have done so much for French prosperity in these days. As to higher education, he virtually created the Academy of Medicine, which since his time has become the most famous and weighty in the world; and in the Collège de France he established new professorships of law and literature.

Best of all, as revealing his depth and breadth of thought, his insight into the character of the French people, his intuition as to their capacities, his foresight of their dangers, and his desire to create an environment in which a better future might be developed, was the *Memorial on Municipalities*. Among the many evidences of his power as a political thinker and statesman, this is the most striking as showing his ability to bring theory to bear on practice. He saw what the most thoughtful men in France have only just begun clearly to see, — that the greatest defect in that gifted nation has been its want of practical political education and its consequent centralization of political power. Therefore it was that, amid all his pressing occupations in 1775, he, with his friend Dupont de Nemours, sketched out a plan for the gradual education of the French people, not only in public schools, but in the practical management of public affairs, by a system beginning in local self-government, and ending in a constitutional government of the nation.

Beginning at the little village communities, he proposed to establish in each a local council elected by peasants and

other small taxpayers, to discuss and decide upon its own local matters, and also to elect delegates to the councils of the *arrondissements*, or, as we should call them, the counties. The *arrondissement* councils, thus elected by the village communities, were to discuss and decide *arrondissement* matters, and to elect deputies to the assemblies of the provinces. The assemblies of the provinces were to discuss and decide provincial matters and to elect representatives to the assembly of the nation.

Closely connected with this plan was a broad, graded system of public instruction for children and youth. Could he have been given a free hand in accomplishing this combination, he would have redeemed his promise that ten years of it would make a new France. In all this there was no rashness; he expressly declared his wish to proceed with the utmost moderation, and that his main desire was to lay foundations. Could he have been allowed freedom to make a practical beginning of his work, he would soon have produced an environment in which Bourbon autocracy and Jacobin mob rule would have been equally impossible.¹

To a very large body of men in his time the reforms of Turgot, and especially this plan for the political education of the French people, seemed madness; but those who best know France to-day, and who look back upon her history without prejudice, will, as a rule, find in this two-fold plan a proof that Turgot saw farther than any other man of his time into

¹ For Turgot's plan of political education, see *Œuvres de Turgot*, tome ii, pp. 502-550. For a good summary, see Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, pp. 113, 114; and for an eloquent statement of Turgot's *Memorial* and its probable effects, see Duruy, *Histoire de France*, tome ii, p. 567. The present writer had the fortune to take part in discourse with various ministers who served Napoleon III during different epochs of the Second Empire, and afterward, and to observe closely their doings; and never did he find one who, in his department, seemed to embody so thoroughly the spirit of Turgot as did Duruy.

the needs of his country. However we may dislike his restriction of the suffrage, however we may differ from him regarding details, there would seem to be no question that, had his plan been carried forward, the French nation would, within a generation, have attained what a century of alternating revolutions and despotisms is only now beginning to give.

It should be borne in mind that for over a century and a half before Turgot there had not been a meeting of any body of men representing the French nation, that there was not among the French people any idea of the most ordinary public discussion of political matters, and that the holding of a political meeting in accordance with the simplest rules of order was something beyond French comprehension. This should be remembered by those who think that Turgot should have given universal suffrage at the outset. Two things more should not be forgotten: first, that the number of peasant proprietors was large and increasing; and secondly, that he went farther in giving them power than any other man of note in his time; proposing a beginning from which a more extended suffrage would have been developed naturally and normally.

This, too, should be said for his system. He clearly saw that matters involving taxation in municipalities should be passed upon by the taxpayers themselves, and in this respect he was beyond the point at which our own nation has arrived. No absurdity in modern government is greater than that seen in the American cities, which permits great bodies of people, very many of them recently from foreign climes, ignorant of American duties, devoid of American experience, and consciously paying no taxes at all, to confer franchises and to decide on the expenditures of moneys collected from taxpayers.

On political questions, the rule at which general human experience has arrived is universal suffrage. In municipal matters, which are corporation matters, the rule should be that questions involv-

ing the granting of franchises, and the raising and expenditure of taxes, should be settled by taxpayers. Blindness to this fact has made our municipalities the most corrupt in the civilized world. A proper compromise would seem to be the election of mayor and aldermen by the whole body of the people, and the election by taxpayers of a "board of control" or "board of finance," without whose consent no franchise should be granted, and no tax levied.

A natural effect of Turgot's reforms was seen in the increasing number of his enemies and their growing bitterness towards him. First of them all was the queen. She persisted in making enormous pecuniary demands for worthless favorites, and in endeavoring to force into the most important places courtiers absolutely unfit. At the very beginning, Turgot had foreseen this, and there still exists the rough draft of a letter to the king, in which, prophesying the dangers which Louis must resist, he had begun a reference to the queen and had then erased it.¹ No less virulent was the king's brother, the Comte de Provence, — a prince who made pretensions to wit and literary ability. He had sided with Turgot in opposing the recall of the Paris Parliament, but now there came from his pen attacks on the great minister, — always contemptuous, and sometimes scurrilous. With the queen and the king's brother stood the great body of the courtiers. To understand the reasons for their resentment, we have only to look into the "Red Book," brought to light during the Revolution, and note the enormous sums which all these people drew from the impoverished treasury, and which Turgot endeavored to diminish.²

¹ For the striking out of a reference to the queen, see Léon Say's *Life of Turgot*, Anderson's translation.

² For an example of the impudent manner in which the Bourbon princes of the blood demanded that money should be ladled out to them from the treasury, see a letter to Turgot from the Comte de Provence, in Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, tome ii, pp. 611,

Very bitter also were the prelates of the Church. Probably the humble rural clergy, who remembered what Turgot had done for their flocks in the Limousin, felt kindly toward him; but the hierarchy, with the exception of two or three who bore him personal friendship, never relaxed their efforts to thwart him.

At an earlier period it might have been otherwise. Various writings by Fénelon, in which he braved the hostility of Louis XIV, show that his great heart would certainly have beat in unison with that of Turgot. Nor is it difficult to believe that Belsunce, the noble archbishop who stood by his people at Marseilles during the plague of 1720-21, religious persecutor though he was, would also have sided with Turgot in a clear question between the peasantry and their debased masters. But the spirit of St. Carlo Borromeo, of Fénelon, and of Belsunce had given place to that of a very different class of prelates. The measure of their fitness as religious teachers had been given in their panegyrics at the death of Louis XV, which, perhaps, did more than all else to undermine their influence.¹

The hierarchy was still determined to continue the old persecutions of the Huguenots, their hope being that, by annulling Huguenot marriages, rendering Huguenot children illegitimate, and reviving the long series of other persecutions initiated in Louis XIV's time, they might drive those who held the new faith from the kingdom.

Most virulent of all, save the queen and bishops, in opposing Turgot's measures, was the Parliament of Paris. In

every way it sought to undermine them. To it are due some of the worst methods of arousing public hate, which later brought the fury of the Revolution upon its members themselves.

To all these should be added the great mass of hangers-on of the court, and of people who profited by the general financial corruption. Typical was the remark of a court lady: "Why these changes? *We* are perfectly comfortable."²

On all sides time-servers fell away from the great reformer more and more, his only friends seeming to be the philosophers and a thinking minority among the people. Pressure and intrigue were steadily brought to bear upon the king, and such machinations were as cunning as were similar plans to undermine Prince Bismarck in our own time; but, unlike these, the efforts made against Turgot were not exposed until too late.

More than once Louis declared that only he and Turgot cared for the people; but about a year and a half after Turgot had become Comptroller-General, and the king had pledged to him hearty support, it was clear that this support was rapidly weakening. First came the resignation of Malesherbes. His services in improving the administration had been beyond price, but he at last lost all hope, both for Turgot's reforms and for his own. Naturally pessimistic, he complained that Turgot's desire for the public good was "not merely a passion, but a craze." Now came the crucial test of the king. The court, in view of the immense patronage of the office which Malesherbes had held, urged as his successor Amelot de Clugny, a contemptible parasite of no ability, sure to thwart the reforms of Malesherbes and to restore the old order. On this Turgot wrote letter after letter to the king, pleading most earnestly, not for himself, but for the reforms which had been accomplished under Malesherbes and which must be lost if Clugny came into power. But the king made no answer, save a cool and insulting demeanor whenever he met

² See Droz, tome i, p. 206, cited by Alison.

612, notes. A copy of the "Red Book," in the Cornell University Library, gives monstrous examples of the way in which money was thus demanded and paid.

¹ There is in the Library of Cornell University a very remarkable volume in which have been bound together a large number of these sermons at the death of Louis XV, lauding, magnifying, and justifying his character, and, of all things in the universe, his religious character, and comparing him to David and other approved personages in Scripture.

the great minister who was trying to save him. Finally, Turgot wrote a letter which has become famous and which still exists, — a letter showing entire respect and deep devotion, but solemnly, heroically, with that power of prophecy which was perhaps his most marvelous gift, reminding the king that it was weakness which had brought Charles the First to the scaffold. As a reply to this letter came a dismissal.

This was in 1776. Turgot had held office twenty-one months, and more than four of these months had been passed mainly in bed under acute suffering. He had done his best; but in vain. No man in the whole history of France had labored with more heroism and foresight to save his country.

His death took place in 1781, five years after his retirement, and his life during this period was worthy of him. He never again appeared at court, but gave himself up mainly to scientific work and philosophical pursuits. Only once during that time did he make any appeal to the government, and this took shape in a suggestion that, for the honor of France, Captain Cook, then upon one of his voyages around the world, should be exempt from the disabilities of other Englishmen during the war then raging. To the credit of French chivalry, this advice was taken.

No sooner had Turgot laid down his high office than a policy of extreme reaction set in. His main reforms were joyfully and malignantly undone. Lampoons against him abounded. Queen, court, nobles, and high clergy devoted themselves with renewed vigor to restoring the old abuses. Thenceforward they flourished, until the Revolution, in a way very different from that proposed by Turgot, dealt with them and with those who had restored them.¹

¹ For attacks on Turgot before and after his downfall, in the shape of pamphlets, verses, songs, and general ridicule, see Gomel, *Les Causes Financières de la Révolution Française*, pp. 206 ff.; also Foncin, as above, liv. iii, chap. xvii.

Various arguments have been made against Turgot. First of these is the reactionary charge, that he favored atheism, — that he brought on the Revolution. Any one who has dispassionately viewed the history of that epoch knows these charges to be monstrously unjust; that Turgot was not an atheist is shown abundantly by his writings and his conduct; that he did not bring on revolution is shown by his myriad efforts to produce that environment which alone could prevent revolution.

Next comes the flippant and cynical argument, — one of those epigrams which for a time pass as truths: the charge that in reforming France he dealt as does an anatomist with a corpse, and not as a wise surgeon deals with a living organism. This has been widely repeated, but its falsity is evident to any one who will study Turgot's work at Limoges, and the statements to the French people which prefaced his most important acts as Comptroller-General. When one compares his work with that of Richelieu and Sully, it becomes clear that no statesman ever realized more deeply than Turgot the needs of all classes of the people, and the necessity of dealing with them as moderately and gently as possible. Nor is there any evidence of any feeling toward the nobility and clergy save an earnest wish to make the changes, which would have been so beneficial to them, as satisfactory as possible. But *some* remedy to the evils which were destroying France he *must* administer, and it must be a real remedy. Within twelve years after his death the whole world saw with horror the results of its rejection.

Again, there is the English High Tory argument, best stated by Alison. His main charge is that Turgot was a doctrinaire who wished to rebuild France "on strictly philosophic principles" and on no other. So far from Turgot being a doctrinaire, he was perhaps the most shrewd, practical, far-sighted observer of actual conditions in the entire kingdom.

Typical were his long journeys through the rural districts with Gournay, his letters to the country curates, his discussions with the poorest and humblest of peasants who could throw light on the actual conditions of the country. His own reply to the charge that he unduly pressed doctrinaire measures may be found in one of his notes to a hostile keeper of the seals, in 1776, which runs as follows: "I know as well as any one that it is not always advisable to do even the best thing possible, and that, though we should not tire of correcting little by little the defects of an ancient constitution, the work must go forward slowly, in proportion as public opinion and the course of events render changes practicable."¹

Closely connected with this charge is the statement that his insuccess was due to his lack of *finesse* with the king, lack of suppleness with the queen and princes of the blood, lack of deference for the nobility and clergy.

But the fact remains that in such desperate cases applications of rose water and burnings of incense cannot be substituted for surgery and cautery. A sufficient answer to the contention for such pleasing treatment is found in the career of Turgot's successor, Calonne, — the great Calonne, — who, while evidently believing in the fundamental ideas of Turgot, applied them tactfully, deferentially, and soothingly. He it was who said to the queen, "Madam, if what you ask is possible, it is done; if impossible, it shall be done." He petted and soothed king, queen, court, everybody; delayed every effective operation or remedy, obligingly, — until all found themselves, past help, in the abyss of revolution.²

Still another charge has been made by sundry fanatics of the sort who purpose to bring in extreme democracy by decree

rather than by education and practice, — whether in France of the eighteenth century or in the Philippine Islands of the twentieth. They have dwelt upon the statement that he wished "to do everything for the people and nothing by them." To this it may be answered that the founder of American democracy, Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to John Adams, speaking of the French people and of their incapacity for governing themselves in the eighteenth century, virtually approved the ideas of Turgot. Those ideas and methods purposed simply to obtain, under the existing constitution of France and through the monarchy as the only practical means, the reforms that were necessary to save the nation from ruin; but, at the same time, by a wide and thorough system of education and by the steady development of political practice in the French *bourgeoisie* and peasantry, to initiate the entire nation, gradually, into self-government.

Napoleon did, indeed, openly avow and act upon this doctrine imputed to Turgot; but Napoleon's purpose was not to uplift the French people into fitness for self-government, but to keep them permanently beneath his throne.

The charge of too great haste has also been frequently made against Turgot's measures, and most powerfully of all by M. Levasseur, Professor of Political Economy and Director at the Collège de France; certainly one of the foremost, if not the foremost, authority on all questions relating to men and measures which concern the commerce and industry of France. While considering Turgot one of the greatest men whom France has produced, he compares him, to his disadvantage, with Richelieu and Colbert. But Richelieu dealt with problems far less complicated than those which fell to the lot of Turgot, and Colbert had twenty-two years in office, under a monarch who stood by him; while Turgot had less than twenty-two months, under a monarch who deserted him. M. Levasseur thinks that Turgot ought to have sur-

¹ See citation in Say's *Turgot*, Anderson's translation, p. 105.

² For an excellent comparison between Turgot and Calonne in this respect, see Say, Anderson's translation, p. 206.

mounted the numerous obstacles in his path "little by little and one by one;" but the eminent economist seems to lose sight of the fact that the opposition to each and every one of his measures was practically as great as that to all combined, and that time was an element of more essential importance in Turgot's work than it had been in the work of either of the other two great statesmen.

For what Turgot's friends have called the vigor, and what his critics have called the haste, with which he conducted public affairs, he often gave, in his discussions with friends, a pathetic personal reason, namely, that the Turgots always died in middle life, and that what was to be done he must do at once; this saying proved to be sadly prophetic. But there was a greater, statesmanlike reason. Turgot's prophetic gift showed him that what he offered was the best chance for France and the last chance for the monarchy; that promptness in decision and vigor in execution had become the only hope; that reforms, to prevent a wild outburst of revolution, must be made then or never.¹

Again, sundry good and true men, like M. Leonce de Lavergne, point out minor defects in Turgot's manner and career which they think mistakes, and, as the crowning mistake of all, the fact that he did not summon the States-General,

All great statesmen have the defects of their qualities, and all make mistakes; but the refusal to summon the States-General would probably be voted by the vast majority of thinking men, not a mistake, but an evidence of Turgot's wisdom and foresight. Eight years after Turgot's

¹ For M. Levasseur's judgment upon Turgot in which the above criticism is made, see his *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, tome ii, pp. 606 et seq. It is, of course, with the greatest diffidence that I presume to differ from so eminent an authority, but possibly one looking at the history of France from a distance may occasionally get nearer the truth than would a far more eminent authority immediately on the ground. The traveler who looks at Mont Blanc from a distance may obtain a clearer idea of its relations to the peaks which surround it than can one who dwells at the foot of the mountain.

death the States-General was summoned, and it plunged France at once into that series of revolutions which has now lasted more than a century. Turgot's methods were not revolutionary, but evolutionary. He did not believe that a new heaven and a new earth could be brought in by an illiterate mob, whether let loose in a city or throughout a nation. As a historical scholar, he knew that every republic ruled by uneducated masses had ended in despotism. As a practical observer of human affairs, he believed that to have anything like a free government, the first requisite is popular moral and intellectual education, and, as we have seen, his system was shaped toward developing a people who might gradually be fully entrusted with political power. Here again we may cite Thomas Jefferson, whose faith in democracy will hardly be questioned. In those most interesting letters, written toward the end of his life, reviewing events which he had known intimately, he admits that the French were not in his time fit for unlimited democracy.²

Yet another objection is that Turgot lacked tact; and as proof is adduced his final letter to the king, alluding to the fate of Charles I. The answer to this is simple. That final letter was written when Turgot saw that the end had come, that the king was giving himself into the hands of his enemies, that the only remedy must be heroic. Then it was that, like a great prophet of Israel, he firmly pointed to the past and told the king the truth. Looking across the abyss of revolution which separates the France of to-day from the Bourbon monarchy, the utterance seems divinely inspired. Rightly judged, it presents one of the greatest proofs of Turgot's fitness for his high mission and of his claim upon universal humanity.

And, finally, the objection is made that he failed. As to this, we may simply say that France had come to the parting of the ways. One way seemed hard. It led

² See Leonce de Lavergne, *Les Économistes Français du Dix-Huitième siècle*, essay on Turgot, *passim*, and especially p. 253.

through reforms soberly planned and steadily developed, over a solid basis of institutions thoughtfully laid and adjusted, hedged in by ideas of duties as well as of rights, lighted by education, — towards constitutional liberty. This was the way planned by Turgot. The other way seemed easy. But it led first through the stagnant marsh of unreasoning conservatism; then through dykes broken by unreasoning radicalism; then, by a wild rush, through declamation and intrigue; through festivals of fraternity and massacres; through unlimited paper wealth and bottomless bankruptcy; through mob rule and Cæsarism; through sentimentalism and murder; through atheism and fetichism; through the Red Terror and the White Terror; through the First Empire and the Invasion; through the Second Empire, the Invasion, and the Commune; through proscription at home, wars of conquest abroad, and enormous indemnities to be paid for them; through a whole century of revolutions, — sometimes tragical, sometimes farcical, but always fruitful in new spawn of declaimers and intriguers. At the parting of these two ways stood Turgot, looking far down along them both; marking with clearness of vision what lay in either path; seeing and showing what king, queen, nobility, clergy, and thousands on thousands of French

citizens realized only when brought to pauperism, prison, exile, and the guillotine. He wrought and strove like a Titan to mark out the better path, to fit the French people for it, to guide his generation into it, — and in this he failed; but in his failure, he was one of the greatest men the modern world has known.

For, across the revolutionary abyss; through the storms of demagogism and the conquests of imperialism; above the noise of orations heralding new millenniums, — and of drums and cannons dismissing them; — his calm, strong counsel, rejected by the eighteenth century, has been received and developed by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Every régime since that which perished with the king he tried to save — and not only in France but in all other civilized countries — has been made to hear and heed him. His statue, which looks down upon that great quadrangle in the heart of Paris, — the scene of so much glory and folly, — fitly represents him. Kings, emperors, presidents, have there been welcomed as saviors and dismissed as malefactors; but Turgot, steadily breasting the tides of unreason, remains to point out those principles of liberty, justice, righteousness, tolerance, education, which alone can give to any nation lasting prosperity and true glory.

M. MULVINA: HER LIFE AND WORKS

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

WE had fallen into conversation most informally, over griddlecakes and coffee, in the dining-car. The waiter had served us at the same moment, and, as we sat opposite each other, the coincidence between the orders was noticeable. He smiled slightly, and I took the opportunity of speaking, for his face had interested me.

"It's a habit I got into at college," I ventured, semi-apologetically. "I thought they were a luxury then."

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh, "and the habit persists after the stomach is no more. I never get them at home; but nobody keeps watch of me on the train."

I took half the syrup in the jug, and he emptied it. Then we began to eat.

He was an extraordinarily slight man; you wondered if in a strong wind he might not have to carry an anchor with him. Partly, I presume, from the fact that his sallow face reproduced so markedly the contour of the bones behind it, his alert blue eyes seemed to look out almost shyly from the depths of their sockets, and his thin lips, which were close-shaven, had surely become more delicately related than is commonly the case with men to every shade of feeling. For that matter, all his features, from the large ears to the small but prominent white teeth, were what you call expressive;—a composite face, one in which you felt the suggestion of opposite qualities not in the least inharmonious, perhaps, but producing undeniably an effect quite out of the ordinary.

I had figured out his profession before I spoke again. "You are a teacher, I imagine?"

"I commend your perspicacity," he replied dryly. "Perhaps you are a reporter."

I apologized for my presumption, ven-

tured a few remarks in regard to the change of weather since the previous night, and then waited to see what he would do.

Finally he put down his coffee cup with a sigh. "Yes," he said. "Why should I hide it? I am an Associate Professor in Marion University, a thriving institution of learning in the Middle West; my specialty is English composition; and my salary — but no, breakfast is over. If you're in an amiable temper come back into the car with me and we'll talk, — they don't let me smoke. Talk helps digestion, and it pleased me to notice that you did not split your infinitive in the third sentence from your last."

I gasped; he smiled blandly; and we made our way into the forward Pullman.

"Do you always notice points like that?" I asked, after we had been seated for a minute or two in silence.

"Like what?" he inquired innocently.

"I mean the split infinitive and that sort of stuff."

"Why, of course," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's my business; it's my daily habit; it's a part of my constitution. I figure out that I have corrected some seventy-three thousand themes since they broke me in a decade ago."

I made a sympathetic interjection. "How does it happen there's anything left of you?" I added.

"Well, look at me. I'm fading; my roses are past. One dies of it, you know, in the end. Pretty soon there'll be a blue pencil and a shadow on the wall. No matter; we comfort ourselves with the vain hope that it does them good."

"You mean your students?"

"Assuredly; whom else? Yes, good boys and girls; one gets to be very fond of them. They're so refreshingly ingenu-

ous, so very young, so full of the joy of living; of course they lose all that later, but it's gratifying while it lasts."

You never could tell, as I had begun to discover, just how serious he was, even when he gave you most the impression of being so. His eyes would look at you with convincing earnestness, but you were likely to notice just the suggestion of a smile lurking in one corner of his upper lip; and you felt baffled. Whimsical is the word that comes nearest, I think, to describing his manner; but it is inadequate: it suggests a flippancy which was certainly not characteristic of him. You always felt that his whimsicality was a kind of protective armor; that a marvelously complex, yet perfectly sincere personality was behind it, perhaps too fastidiously self-respecting to show itself readily in audience.

"I suppose you find a few," I pursued, "who really have a literary sense and do promising work."

"Geniuses," he replied laconically.

"How much are you in earnest?" I asked.

"Well," he answered evasively, "you call yourself a literary man" —

I interrupted hastily.

"Oh, I know you did n't say that, of course," he went on, "but you are. You write for the magazines, and so forth, don't you?"

I admitted it with a curious feeling of self-contempt.

"Well, then," he continued, "what men or women of genius have you met?" He looked at me searchingly.

With some hesitation I produced three or four names, headed by Henry James.

"Not bad," he commented paternally.

"But tell me, have you ever made the acquaintance of one Marianne Mulvina Sweeney? . . . I perceive that you are ignorant."

"Protégée of yours?" I ventured.

"Yes," he replied, "my joy and crown."

"You interest me profoundly," I urged. "Has she a story?"

"Not so much a story as a character," he corrected. "I will tell you about her if you like, for the finished product is what I could wish to be a model for all women geniuses, and perhaps you can use her sometime."

I wish you could have heard that man talk. He gave you the odd impression of always picking his words in advance of his utterance, and yet they came with an immediate pertinency that was captivating. It resulted, of course, from his having accustomed himself to speaking under the most watchful censure, and now and then he would interrupt himself with critical asides on his own diction which gave you exactly the impression of a blue pencil comment on a neatly-written sheet. It was to allow me some insight, he said, when I remarked upon the curiousness of the custom, into the workings of a morbidly specialized mind — "assuming," he "explained," "that, as an author in these decadent days, you are interested in abnormal psychology."

Marianne Mulvina Sweeney [he began] entered my Sophomore elective, English 27, a course open to any who have passed the required Freshman work, in nineteen-four. Yes, this is all modern history.

"I desire to take the work," she said, "because I am fitting myself to be a writer." She had, you see, that sense of dedication which is supposed to be characteristic of the great.

"Oh!" I replied, somewhat overcome, for one does not often meet with such frankness.

"Well, do you object?" she persisted, and the tone spoke far more than the words themselves, as if she had asked, "Are you, too, going to put barriers in my way?" It was clear that she was prepared to surmount any obstacles; it would be folly to think of impeding her.

"What has your record been in your previous English work?" I asked, as a preliminary to giving my consent.

For a moment I thought that I must

have insulted her; but she regained control of herself with an effort. "It is not," she answered, "all that I could desire. I blame no one." These last words she uttered with a sententious emphasis which indicated clearly that she might say more if she chose.

Marianne Mulvina was a remarkable-looking girl, — most remarkable. What you could see of her eyes through a pair of enormously thick glasses gave you the impression that they were unusually large, in color pale blue, with small pupils that glittered. This might have been due in part to the distortion of the lenses; but the rest of her physiognomy was *en rapport* — (Avoid the affectation of foreign phrases. Simple English is best.)

She had a mass of pale brown hair parted on the side and looped down savagely across a broad forehead. I say savagely, though admitting that the word may mislead: there was always a wildness about that hair, an abandon, as if she defied the world to criticise it. In moments of excitement she would sometimes unconsciously lift this loop and work it into a sort of unpremeditated pompadour, an act which seemed to throw out those large pale eyes of hers into unexpected relief — if I may be allowed the expression; — and then, recollecting herself, she would push and thump it back into place again, something as a mother thumps a refractory child. I never knew that forelocks could be so subtly indicative of states of mind.

But I learned all this later, — as it were, experimentally, — for, as I have implied, I consented at once — glad to be let off so easily — to admit her to the course, which means (Avoid indefinite uses of the relative) that I have spent seventy-two hours, not including formal conferences and informal conversations, in her presence.

I asked my Freshman instructor about her at the first opportunity.

"Marianne Mulvina — can I tell you about her?" he answered sadly. "Well, where shall I begin? Antenatally?"

"First of all, who is she?"

"She is," he began, "a genius. For evidence see Mrs. Sweeney. Her father came of good stock, though in unfortunate circumstances. Yes, there's the blood of many a good New England family in Mulvina's veins, as one may well say without boasting, — I quote the mother. Brought up humbly in one of our rural districts, she showed at an excessively tender age a most surprising precocity. Like Pope, she

. . . lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, —

her first recorded product being the couplet, —

Mulvina had a curl,
And she was a little girl."

"Interesting work for the historical critic," I interrupted. "I seem to detect sources already. But tell me," I added, "is this curl still preserved?" — and I put my hand suggestively to my forehead.

"Mrs. Sweeney can tell you the few details of M. Mulvina's career with which I am still unacquainted. She has come to Marion with her daughter to supervise and protect her. You will doubtless meet her soon. And I may add," he concluded, "that the Sweeney family is very sensitive."

I started to leave the room, but he called me back. "One word more," he whispered darkly. "She is a Wordsworthian and a Mabieite, — a real lover of Nature, as spelled with the capital N."

"Enough," I replied, and left him. I felt that I knew Mulvina.

At this point I ought to tell you something about English 27, though I am aware that such information is of no great interest to the layman. (Might not this sentence have been made periodic?) There is no work specifically assigned; the children simply hand in every day a page of written work on subjects of their own choice. In the classroom we discuss some of the more recondite principles of composition, and I read aloud for open criticism any of the recent themes that I judge provocative of fruitful discussion.

M. Mulvina — 't was thus she invariably signed her work — took always a seat two rows back and directly in front of the desk. She looked at me almost undeviatingly from the opening of the hour to the close; there was something judicial, uncompromising, in this scrutiny; it partook in some degree of the nature of eternity, as if she were forever recording your remarks relentlessly in the book of judgment. You could not forget her, you could not neglect her; those pale, much-magnified eyes, half discovered through the lenses of her black-bowed glasses, seemed somehow, as you saw her from the desk, to enlarge her personality, until it dominated the room, vague, severe, uneducible.

She rarely descended to take part in the discussions; but she had a way of putting in a word at the end, which, you felt, was intended as final, like the capstone of a monument. It frequently occurred to me, when I saw her preparing to speak, that her words deserved a Biblical introduction, such as, "And she opened her mouth and taught them, saying," for the effect was august and oracular.

M. Mulvina was particularly jealous in regard to the truth or untruth of what she called "Nature-touches," and she was also on the lookout for that irreducible quality termed Inspiration.

"This work," she would observe, slowly erecting her forelock, "seems to me careful, conscientious, correct; but may we not say that it lacks Inspiration?"

Of the effect of her remarks upon the class, she was altogether oblivious: a genius must be so, I think, if he is to live at peace among the children of this world.

The general character of her own work might be suggested by the titles, as, "Communion," "The Message of the Snowdrop," "Thoughts at Dawn," — Oh, I could go on endlessly, but you recognize the type, and when I remind you that she was a Sophomore, you may judge as you like. I ought to add that her age was twenty-two, extreme nervousness, as her

mother informed me, having made it advisable to keep her for two or three years out of school. (Dangling participles destroy Force.) During these years she had, it is to be supposed, communed.

I always hesitated — was it cowardice? — to find serious fault with her work. My blue pencil was incapacitated, crippled. There are certain types of mind, you know, which, though morbidly sensitive to criticism, are completely incorrigible by it. They are rendered miserable, for they feel that they have been wantonly misunderstood; that is all.

I ventured, therefore, to censure the product of her inspirations only in what I term my tactful manner, "where more is meant than meets the eye," you know. For example, "Ought one not to keep in mind a little more the capacity of one's readers?" or again, "Is not your title, 'Moods of the Sea,' the least bit suggestive of work of an inferior order?" Thus by indirections one seeks to deal with the race of Sensitive Souls.

But it was no use. The second week I received my first call from Mrs. Sweeney. As she mounted the doorstep my intuitions declared her identity. She was massive, indeed, one might say monumental. In one hand she gripped a closed umbrella, from the other dangled a black silk bag, out of the top of which protruded a clump of manuscript. She was the daughter, I think, of Jupiter Tonans, and on her brow sat Horror Plumed. That's a fact; you ought to have seen her hat.

I opened the door as obsequiously as possible, though inwardly trembling.

"My name is Sweeney," she said, "and I have come to talk to you." She said *to*, not *with*.

I showed her in and seated myself at a judicious distance from her. Diplomacy bade me leave her a clear field; therefore I waited.

"You have, sir," she began, after a considerable pause, "in one of your classes my daughter, Mulvina."

I conceded the point, venturing farther that Miss Sweeney seemed much inter-

ested in her work, and was an unusual young woman.

"She is," boomed her mother. "Literature and Nature are passions with her. And it is because I judge that you have failed to completely understand this" (she split her infinitives) "that I have come this afternoon."

Without allowing me to interrupt, she went on.

"Mulvina, professor, is not only an unusual child, but an unusually gifted child. Her father was a gifted man, though in unfortunate circumstances, and so was her grandfather—I make no reference to the maternal side of her inheritance. But in her veins, as I may say without boasting, flows the blood of many a good New England family."

"Indeed"—I began; but she took no notice, and after that I held my peace.

"I hope, professor, that it is your ideal to enter into personal relations with your students. I therefore desire to tell you something further of Mulvina. At the age of three she had begun to compose verses, and she has always been passionately given to poetry. I have urged her to offer some of her own poems to you; but she is too sensitive. Indeed, I may say that in the word sensitive is the key to Mulvina's disposition. It is clear to me that you have failed to realize this, and through this failure you have been the cause of much pain and no little harm."

At this point she opened her bag and imperturbably drew thence half a dozen of her daughter's themes. Selecting one of them, she read, with a voice in which an accent of scorn was surely discernible, one of those blue-pencil commentaries on which I had most plumed myself. "You have put some real feeling into this, I am sure; but do you not possibly run a little danger of seeming slightly inclined toward the sentimental?"

"Ha!" she ejaculated, in a tone that would have won her renown in melodrama. "She's sentimental, is she? Professor, I never knew a girl so free from that vice; the whole plan of her educa-

tion has been opposed to it. Enough. I will read another."

Well, I need n't recount to you the rest of that meeting. It lasted an hour, so they told me afterwards, and during that time I think I had uttered rather less than two dozen words myself. I don't want to be misleading. There was, of course, something magnificent, something almost awe-inspiring, in this exhibition of maternal solicitude. It had the instinctive grandeur in it of a lioness jealous for her young. Only at the time, you understand, I was hardly in a position to feel the full beauty of it. Besides, my prophetic soul told me that it would happen again. And it did, many a time and oft.

M. Mulvina came, too, ordinarily alone, and with the air of one willing to consider me her equal. She became even confidential. She told me of her loneliness, her aspirations, her disappointments,—Oh, I'm sure I don't know what could have moved her in that direction; but she felt somehow, that though I had hurt her cruelly by my misguided comments on her work, I desired to be sympathetic. As the year went by she became an obsession, a haunting presence; at every ring of the bell I dreaded M. Mulvina, or M. Mulvina's progenitress; and on Saturday afternoons I sneaked into the habit of spending hours at work in the University library in order to avoid her.

My Freshman instructor watched it with delight, with malicious delight, for you see he had been through it the year before. He never encountered me without inquiring after the welfare of M. Mulvina's soul. He could laugh; he had been her father-confessor for a year, and that was the end of it: but I—well, you see, she was only a Sophomore, and I offer Junior and Senior electives in Composition, and on alternate years a course in the Lake Poets. Mulvina confided to me that, despite much to which she found it hard to reconcile herself, much that she could not approve of, my methods on the whole seemed to her both stimulating

and suggestive, sometimes even inspiring, and that she had, in short, resolved thenceforth to elect all the work I offered in the catalogue. What I said to her when she announced this decision I cannot remember; but what I felt, I remember very well. I will not detain you with an account of it.

He sank back in his seat and shut his eyes with a look of whimsical resignation. "Perhaps you've never had such an insight before into the life of a college professor."

"No," I replied. "It is all a new field to me. I wonder no one has worked it. College stories always take the student's point of view."

"Well, there is, as you see, another side. And the world seems to think it is an easy life."

"But how about Mulvina?" I pursued. "That is n't the end, is it?"

"Why, no, of course not. This is only the climax. Are all the trains of cause and effect clear? Do you see her in all her nobleness and intrepidity of resolution bearing down upon my poor little electives, backed and reinforced by that Titaness of a mother? And do you see me, 'amid the blaze of noon, irrevocably dark, total eclipse, without all hope of day?'"

"Yes, it is all plain."

"Well; then, I resolved to break my bonds, — and I broke them."

There was a moment's pause. Those deep-set eyes of his kept their look of utter seriousness; but curious wrinkles of humor were flickering across his upper lip.

"Go on," I said, "for the love of Mike. How did you do it?"

"Your diction," he observed impersonally, "is what we label 'falsely robust.'"

"All right," I consented impatiently.

He leaned forward and put his finger lightly on my shoulder. "Listen," he whispered. "I married her."

"What!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, no, not to myself. That would have been banal. Any one could have done that. No, sir, I selected a husband for her with great discretion. I brought them together with the utmost tact, and when I had safely piloted them through the preliminary stages, I quietly withdrew — and was heard of no more."

"Who was he?" I inquired.

"A student of divinity, with a vacant, open face, simple-minded and conspicuous as a young jelly-fish."

"But don't you recognize any responsibility in the matter?" I put in, not a little dazed at his candor.

"Responsibility? Of course. It seems to me almost an ideal match: I think they were made for each other." He seemed almost hurt at my intimation.

"No doubt," I hastened to concede. "But give me an account of it. I won't interrupt again."

There is n't much to tell [he continued]. You know the way a Western university is composed. There are a college and a preparatory school, of course; then a school of dentistry, or mines, or something of the sort, perhaps a conservatory of music, and invariably a theological seminary.

In thinking over the matrimonial requirements of M. Mulvina, it became increasingly clear to me that they could only be met by a theologian — pardon the cant term — and by a theologian of a certain type, — shall we say, the elder type? — where an habitual yearning after things of the spirit has been attractively combined with a marked immunity from the demands of — shall we say — common sense. Take notice, I am not ridiculing the type; my views are especially catholic in such matters; the world finds a place for all. For example, this particular specimen, now the Rev. Elihu Brown, finds his place in the scheme of things as the one man, who, according to Mrs. Sweeney, has ever been able really to understand and appreciate Marianne Mulvina.

I had met him some months before at a faculty reception, and had been impressed with his qualities; but it had not occurred to me then that I could ever so aptly minister to his happiness. Now I sought him out, and, as occasion offered, invited him to my house, and together we took rambles into the country.

"There is a green, flower-besprinkled hill," M. Mulvina had written, "not far from the dusty highway, where I am wont to go on many a balmy afternoon in May, to be alone with Nature and to muse on Her Beauty." And she had gone on to describe the view, the trees, the babbling brook, in terms rather vague and idealistic, it is true, but yet distinct enough for me to identify the locality.

I felt that my card was made out for me. Mulvina musing on Nature was Mulvina ready to fall in love.

On our previous rambles the *theologus simplex* and myself had discussed many serious subjects, including what he insisted on terming the relations of the sexes. He was a champion of equality, and considered his views extremely audacious, in view of the fact that historically the woman was derived from the rib of man. He would demand of her intellect, aspiration, sympathy, — just the qualities, in short, that he longed to find in a Man, only softened and beautified. Sentimentality and all that smacked of it he hated inveterately. It made his gorge rise, he said.

But one carefully predetermined afternoon I directed our steps randomly toward a sheep-pasture, half an hour's walk from town. I fell to talking about my classes, told him something of what they were doing, described some of my more earnest students, and thus quite innocuously reached at last the subject of Mulvina.

"There," I said, "is a young woman who interests me, and who would, I think, interest you, too;" and I told him of her independence, her resolution, her love of Nature.

"Is she sentimental?" he asked.

"I don't know how you judge a woman, Mr. Brown," I answered, "but I do not believe that you would discover a trace of sentimentality in Miss Sweeney."

Just then I espied the damsel, seated under an oak tree, musing.

"Look," I said, "what a coincidence! I think that is she now. If you care to have me, I will introduce you."

In moments of discouragement, sir, I love to recall that first meeting. Nothing could have gone better. I made them known to each other, and waited.

"Miss Sweeney," remarked the *theologus*, in a voice where the professional accent was already discernible, "I see that you are a true child of Nature."

She looked up at him with a smile of recognition, and then quickly turned her eyes across the fields. "Yes," she said simply, "I love Her in all Her moods."

It was enough. I felt that I had won.

A few weeks later she came to call on me, — a matter extremely personal, she prologued. I had never seen her really diffident before.

"The fact is," she managed to say at last, after a number of false starts, "that I find myself forced to make a very important decision, one that touches my future very intimately," — she began to finger her forelock with agitation, — "and my course of action depends upon my answer to this question: Is it a nobler thing to devote one's life to Art than to devote it to Love? As you know, I was preparing myself for a writer; it has been my passion, and I have never considered an alternative; but now" — she hesitated, working her loop of hair into a terrific pompadour under the shelter of her tam-o-shanter.

I completed her sentence for her. I protested that I understood the situation. We went over the case together. I do not care to discuss here the value of the arguments I resorted to; but they satisfied Mulvina.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said. "And as mother agrees with you,

and Mr. Brown also, I think we may as well consider my decision made."

So she went out and left me there alone, and I was very happy. As I said, it seems to me an ideal match, and I hope you will

agree with me now. You see, she will be able to supply Nature-touches and Inspiration to his sermons. Thus the world may not have lost Mulvina irretrievably, after all.

SOME EQUIVOCAL RIGHTS OF LABOR

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THE American working man is a pretty good citizen on the whole, and except on rare occasions is law-abiding enough to suit any but the over-fastidious devotee of law and order. Even the best of us — from the trust magnates down — find at times some law or decision which we try to steer around in some peaceable way, and the real difference between the rest of us and the working man in his occasional ebullitions against government by injunction is a matter of manners rather than morals. It is a difference of method rather than purpose. While we adjust our course to avoid, by a safer and more circuitous route, the big rock of statutory prohibition to get at what we want in the forbidden waters beyond, the workingman sometimes tries to push over the rock itself, and comes to grief in so doing. This is what constitutes in the public mind the greater part of the so-called "lawlessness of labor."

To the large public of the well-fed who live by their wits and not by the direct application of physical labor, the grumbling of the laborer against the law seems delightfully simple. To this public the whole grievance of labor, spelled with a capital, is that the law forbids the heaving of bricks at scabs. This legal prohibition seems to us the most comfortable of doctrines. The law of brick-throwing has had so much discussion, and so many able efforts have been made, not only by the judges, but by distinguished writers and public men, to show the laborer wherein

he is wrong in so doing, that any extended discussion here of that subject would be superfluous. What the writer hopes to do is to cover some matters which far more vitally affect the laborer's attitude toward the law and the courts, and which, more than the "government by injunction" fetich, constitute those industrial problems of labor, which must find sometime an ultimate solution in law. They are matters of which the general public has little knowledge, and which, if better known, would insure perhaps a more sympathetic attitude toward the working man's point of view.

Stated as concretely as possible, the principal difference between the working people and the courts lies in the marked tendency of the courts to guarantee to the workman an academic and theoretic liberty which he does not want, by denying him industrial rights to which he thinks he is ethically entitled. His grievance is that in a multitude of instances the courts give what seems to him counterfeit liberty in the place of its reality.

A few illustrations of this will make the meaning clear. Some years ago, in Buffalo, N. Y., a girl about eighteen years old, named Knisley, was employed in the factory of one Pratt. She was at work on very dangerous machinery, which had no safety guards to protect her from injury, in spite of a statute of the state requiring such machinery to be guarded. The girl got her hand caught in the revolving wheels, and it was crushed and torn so that

it had to be cut off at the shoulder. This statute which required these safety guards on this machinery had been passed at the urgent insistence of New York labor unions so that working men and women, by such additional precautions enjoined upon their employers, should have safer places in which to do their work. This employer, Pratt, had violated this humane statute, and by this violation this young girl lost her arm. She sued Pratt for damages, and got a verdict from a jury in her favor. The highest court of New York took away that verdict and dismissed her case. The court said that the girl fully understood the danger to which her employer's violation of law had exposed her. She had the "right," it declared, to assume the risk of injury and keep at work at this machine, notwithstanding the danger to which she was exposed. The judges said that because she kept at work, knowing the danger, she was presumed to have agreed with her employer to waive any claim of damages from him in case she was hurt. She had a right to do this, notwithstanding the requirements of the statute which ordered him to protect her safety. Instead of giving this girl the actual and substantial right which the statute provided for her, — instead of declaring that she had a right to work in safety, — they gave her an academic right, the right to work in danger, to accept danger and suffer by it without redress.

In a state in which, every year, there are more than twice as many persons killed in industrial establishments as were killed in the Spanish war; in which, in addition to the killed, forty thousand employees are annually crippled, maimed, or wounded, such a decision, guaranteeing to working men and women the right to endure unnecessary danger, and effectually denying their right to safety in their work, is bound to create some dissatisfaction among the working classes. Labor's right to get killed, guaranteed by decisions of which this New York case is but a characteristic example, is not highly

esteemed by the people to whom this guarantee is given. The counterfeit liberty is no more satisfactory to its recipient than is the counterfeit dollar.

The working man's standpoint is perhaps more likely to receive sympathy when his safety is not merely a matter of his own concern, but involves the safety of the public as well. A very recent Texas case of this kind affords a good illustration of the difference in the eyes of the law between the locomotive engineer's right to safety and that of the public traveling on his train. This case, though tried in Texas, involved the construction and application of a statute of Arizona enacted to prevent railroads from overworking their employees; to protect not only the railway employees from physical exhaustion but the public from accidents occasioned by that exhaustion. This statute prohibits the employment of a certain class of railway employees, including locomotive engineers, for more than sixteen consecutive hours, without an allowance of nine hours for rest. It is a statute remarkable not so much for what it prohibits as for what it permits. In 1903, a locomotive engineer on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, named Smith, after working in Arizona for seventeen consecutive hours, started for his home to rest and sleep. He was sent for immediately by the master mechanic, and, against his protest that he needed rest, was set at work again, the master mechanic assuring him that the run would not take more than five or six hours at the most. But the run lasted fourteen hours more, and after thirty-one hours of continuous service, unavoidable drowsiness came over the engineer. He slept in his cab with his train on the main line of the railroad. There was a collision near El Paso, Texas, with another train, by which he and others were hurt. The highest court in Texas says that the injuries of the engineer were his own fault, and that, while the railroad was liable to passengers, it was not responsible to the engineer. It says that the violation by the railroad of

this reasonable statute, in overworking the engineer beyond human endurance, "would not excuse the contributory negligence of Smith" (the engineer), "which arose from his working for such a length of time that he was unfitted for business. He knew his physical condition far better than the railroad company could know it, and cannot excuse his carelessness in falling asleep on his engine, while it was standing on the main track, by the fact that he was required by the master mechanic to take out a train after he had been at work for seventeen hours."

The logic of this decision, like that of hundreds of others of similar character, is absurdly simple, and to the workman absurdly unjust. The reasoning of the court is that this man could have refused to work if he was tired, and could have taken his chances of an almost certain discharge from employment. The decision is simply one of a thousand judgments which declare to the workman what is to him a worthless and academic liberty, — a liberty which exists without law or the declaration of courts, — the right to lose his job. It scarcely needed a legal decision to tell this engineer that he could throw up his job if he did not want to work thirty-one hours on a stretch. The law the workman wanted was a law which would place reasonable limitation on the duration of his labor *without costing him his position*. If the only way he could derive benefit from this statute, which forbade his road to overwork him, was to lose his job, it was and is of as much practical use to him and his fellows as Pat's insurance: "It's foine, but I have to be dead to get it."

The enormously increasing number of railroad accidents in this country, compared with other countries, has attracted much attention. The greater number of deaths thus occasioned are of railway employees, but there are enough passengers killed every year to make the legal status of the railway employee, as regards his right to safety while at work, important to the public, as well as to him and his fellows. The safety of the railroad em-

ployee and the passengers are too closely bound together to be separated in the eyes of the law. When the collision comes, the engineer may die first, but the passengers are there in the cars right behind him.

These two illustrations might be multiplied, but further examples would add little. The workman does not want the vain liberty so often declared to him by the courts, of throwing up his job and looking for another. He does not take kindly to the judicial affirmations to him of the right to be maimed without redress, or to be killed, by his employer's indifference to his safety. His grievance is not directly with the courts and law. The workman knows little about the law, and most of what he understands he does not like. He objects to the economics on which these killing decrees are rendered against him. He does not call it economics, but at the bottom the real trouble from the workman's point of view is the blindness of courts, which do not seem to notice or to understand the social and economic conditions under which he has to work. For the law still embodies in these decisions an outworn philosophy, the old *laissez-faire* theory of extreme individualism. This theory resolutely closed its eyes to the common, obvious, social, and economic distinctions between men, considered either as individuals or as classes, and with self-imposed blindness imagined rather than saw the servant and his master acting upon a plane of absolute and ideal equality in all matters touching their contractual relation; both were free and equal, and the proper function of government was to let them alone. If the servant was dissatisfied with the conditions of his employment; if the dangers created, not merely by the necessities of the work, but by the master's indifference to the safety of his men, were in the eyes of the latter too great to be endured with prudence, then, being under this theory a "free agent" to go or stay, if he chose to stay he must take the possible consequences of personal injury or death.

To the working man of to-day this the-

ory embodies the "liberty of barbarism." — the "freedom" of the stone age. This freedom is to him not liberty, but injustice.

The history of the modern trade union movement is comprised for the most part in the workman's struggle for three morally sound economic rights, — the right to fair pay, the right to fair hours, the right to decent conditions under which to perform his work. No inconsiderable amount of violence, and sometimes bloodshed, occasioned by the struggles for these rights, has been due to the fact that the law has not recognized them as legal rights, but as a substitute for them has "guaranteed" the worker their precise opposites as ironic forms of personal liberty.

There is small comfort for the workers who have secured by strenuous efforts the passage of a law reducing the number of hours of their labor, by forbidding their employers to require more, to be told by the courts that the constitution "guarantees" them the right to work fourteen hours when they want to work eight, and that the statute which they had secured by so much effort is unconstitutional because it interferes with their "freedom of contract." The right the laborer sought by his statute was the right to leisure. The right the court so often guarantees him in its stead, and by its destruction, is the right to work unlimited hours under the stern laws of necessity. The right to work harder and longer than he desires, or than humanity should require, is called a property right, and the statute taking away that right is one, they declare, which takes away liberty or property "without due process of law." "Oh, wretched man that I am," says St. Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The laborer with his constitutional body of death groans also, and wonders if the time will ever come when the right to leisure — the right to reasonable freedom from toil — will become a "property right," and be recognized by the law, as it is by the workman himself, as an essential part of that hackneyed phrase, "life,

liberty, and property," which is not to be taken from him.

The guaranteed right to work with an over-sweated brow for his bread is not accepted by the workman as a great judicial ark of liberty. To get rid of this liberty he organizes in increasing numbers, and strikes and lockouts follow, so that industry shall recognize and give to him the liberty which the law has refused. He says if the law will not give him the right to reasonable leisure, he will take it for himself. When the United States Supreme Court, a few months ago, declared the bakeshop Eight Hour Law unconstitutional, and guaranteed to the bakers in the underground workshops of New York the right to work fourteen hours a day, under the frightful conditions in which their work has to be done, strikes of bakers followed. Such strikes seem to follow such decisions.

One of the rights, economic and moral, perhaps, but not yet legal, for which workmen have been struggling for a quarter of a century, is for decent conditions under which to do their work. Some progress has been made in certain directions, but the main work is yet undone. How indifferent their success has been in gaining legal support for the safety of that work has been indicated in an earlier part of this paper. The danger of accidents, however, usually can be avoided, by constant vigilance. But the danger to health, life, and character, from having to work in the unsanitary hovel, the badly lighted, unventilated, and unclean tenement; the destruction of the home by those remorseless laws of industry which seem to compel the helpless worker in the sweated trades to turn his home into a factory, are incalculable. A law which guarantees to the worker a right to destroy his own home is as valuable to him as one which should guarantee his right to commit suicide. The law, however, forbids the quick process of self-inflicted death.

There is among the yellow volumes of the *New York Court of Appeals Reports* a

decision rendered twenty years ago, which means to the worker in the tenements, in the sweated trades, precisely what the Dred Scott decision meant to the slave, — a guarantee of bondage. On its face it is a guarantee of liberty. Read by any business man or broker, by a reader unfamiliar with the tenement problem, by any banker sensitive to property rights, it is a splendid judicial utterance in the defense of fundamental individual rights. By such readers this famous decision cannot be read without what Rufus Choate would call "a thrill of sublimity."

Read by the tenement worker or sweat-ed toiler in the needle trades, this same decision is like a voice which sentences him to penal servitude for life. The case referred to is the famous Tenement House Cigar case, "*In Re Jacobs*." It declares unconstitutional a sweeping, badly drawn statute, enacted through the efforts of a cigar-makers' union, which prohibited the manufacture of cigars and the preparation of tobacco in any form in tenement houses. The cigar makers knew what the conditions were in which they had to work in their own homes. The statute which they had drawn was, from their point of view, for the protection of the tenement worker's home; was to be the entering wedge for further enactments of the same character. Sweeping and broad as were the provisions of the statute, the decision of the court against its constitutionality was equally sweeping.

One of the most intelligent students of our social problems, a woman whose life has been chiefly spent in studying and bettering the condition of the poor and who is thoroughly familiar with the conditions of which she writes, says in a recent book of this Jacobs case: "To the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case, *In Re Jacobs*, is directly due the continuance and growth of tenement manufacture and of the sweating system in the United States, and its present prevalence in New York. Among the consequences and the accompaniments of that system are congestion of the popula-

tion in the tenement districts, the ruin of home life in the dwellings used as work-rooms, child labor in the homes, endemic diseases (especially tuberculosis) due to the overcrowding and poverty of skilled workers, the chronic pauperism of thousands of skilled working people during a part of the year in a series of important trades; insanity due to overwork followed by anxiety over a prolonged period of unemployment, and suicide — the self-inflicted death of a garment worker being of almost daily occurrence in New York and Chicago."¹ These harsh and bitter words are — let us remember — written of a decision which guarantees to the worker the right to work in his own home!

Other illustrations to show the reason for the attitude of the workman toward the courts might be given, but are not needed. They would simply afford further data to emphasize the same point, — the apparent fundamental difference between the worker and the judge on the very definition of liberty. It need not be claimed that the worker's point of view is absolutely correct; it need not be asserted that the things he has asked from the courts and has been refused have all been such as in the long run would be best for him. The whole point to be noticed is simply this: that by the working class ideal of liberty a special demand is made on the law, — a demand more frequently refused than granted. What it demands from the courts is the recognition and protection, and at times the creation, by law of the worker's economic rights. The law, on the other hand, guarantees to him the ancient and largely negative individual liberty, freedom from legal restraints, the right to do any unforbidden thing he wants to, — if he can, — and tells him to shift for himself for his economic rights. The worker's discontent with the law lies in the fact that it guarantees him individual, and not social or industrial, freedom.

¹ Florence Kelley; in *Some Ethical Gains through Legislation*.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE PLASTIC STAGE

BY JOHN CORBIN

"SHAKESPEARE," said the aged Goethe, in conversation with Eckermann, "was not a theatrical poet. He never thought of the stage. It was far too narrow for his great mind." But Eckermann seems to have been a thoughtful young man. "It is singular," he remarked, about a year later, "that the dramas of Shakespeare are not theatrical pieces properly so called, since he wrote them all for his theatre." But Goethe was unmoved. His opinion was the result of long experience in the scenic production of Shakespeare on the Weimar stage.

In 1825, when Goethe was in his seventy-seventh year, the first quarto of *Hamlet*, which had been printed in Germany, came to his notice. It seems to have been the only Elizabethan play he ever saw in the original state of the text. Certainly it was the first definite intimation he ever received of the true nature of Elizabethan stagecraft, and it revolutionized his conception of it. "No locality is indicated, and nothing is said with regard to stage decorations; nor is there any division into acts and scenes. The imagination has free scope, and should be satisfied with the plain old English stage. There the play runs its proper course, full of passion and unhindered, and no one has leisure to ponder over localities. In the newer editions, with which we have so long been familiar, we find the play divided into acts and scenes; the localities and decorations, too, are mentioned." Then he naively concluded: "Whether these additions were made by the author, or were the work of subsequent commentators, we will not attempt to decide."

The "localities" were foisted upon Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe, in an irregular and haphazard manner, in 1709; and successive editors, regarding them as

an integral part of the text, have introduced them at every possible opening. The mightiest of managers have realized them in "decorations" that have sat like an incubus on the Shakespearean stage. During two hundred years, as Goethe clearly recognized, Shakespeare has been "not a theatrical poet;" the poetic drama has never "run its proper course, full of passion and unhindered."

Much has been written about Shakespeare and the modern stage. The crux of the question lies in his relation to his own theatre, and this has as yet received the scantest attention.

I

The scholarly world has, as it seems, held a very low opinion of Elizabethan stagecraft. "In all that is external and mechanical," says Dowden, "the theatre was still comparatively rude." "There was nothing," John Addington Symonds remarks, "but the rudest scenery." Coleridge is even more contemptuous. "The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room, hung with a blanket for a curtain." It is not without significance, perhaps, that those who despise the Elizabethan stage as crude and naked are no less contemptuous of the complex and highly embellished stage of modern times. None of them shows any love of the theatre as the theatre. Coleridge "never saw any of Shakespeare's plays performed," as we learn from a report of one of his lectures, "but with a degree of pain, disgust, and indignation. He had seen Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Kemble as Macbeth. These might be the Macbeths of the Kembles, but they were not the Macbeths of Shakespeare. [The actors] drive Shakespeare from the stage, to find his

proper place in the heart and the closet." It is an almost universal cry of intelligent readers. Lamb, in an ecstasy of lyric praise, wrote: "The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted;" and as for the actors, he asked in fine scorn what they "had to do" with it all, anyway? "They might more easily propose to impersonate . . . one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures." Emerson despised the Hamlet of "a famed performer, the pride of the English stage," because the poetry of three lines "spoiled the illusions of the green-room." Maeterlinck pronounces the playhouse "a place where works of beauty perish."

There is something strangely disquieting about all this. One feels that Eckermann's question has not been answered. Is it quite unreasonable to expect a play, even the greatest play, to be playable? Is it as absurd to make use of the whisperings, the thunder, the varying color, the vibrant emotion of an actor's voice, in order to reinforce the sonorous lines Lear speaks, as it would be to make living pictures of the Moses or the David? Shakespeare certainly wrote with his actors in view, — a fact which no doubt gave rise to the vernacular directness and simplicity of his highest flights of poetry, which distinguishes them, as Lowell notes, from the literary, or rather rhetorical, verse of Milton. It is a truism that the artist who creates happily is wedded to his instrument of expression, his imagination to the material it works in. Stevenson relates the fine rapture that filled him at the perfect use of a comma or a semicolon. D'Annunzio once told an interviewer how he is accustomed to read the dictionary, enraptured by the mere sound of beautiful words. If Chopin had had only a spinet, could he have written as he did? Or, conversely, should we call the man a good writer of songs whose lyrics cannot be sung, the composer a master whose score, however lofty the mind revealed in it, cannot be played by an orchestra? Could Phidias have made the Parthenon out of Babylonian mud, or

Titian have painted his Venetian women in the crude chrome and ochre with which an Indian brave daubs his features? Certainly it is worth while to picture Shakespeare's stage, clearly as we may, as the executive instrument for which he wrote his mighty harmonies of the human soul.

What warrant have we for the belief that Elizabethan stage and stagecraft were crude? Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poesy* scoffed at its frequent changes of scene. But his point of view was that of the Elizabethan classicist, — or, as we now recognize, pseudo-classicist. Ben Jonson, who was tarred with the same brush, raised the same cry. In the prologue of *Every Man in his Humour*, he boasted a play

Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to
please,

both of which devices Shakespeare employed. But should we give strict credence to the gibes of a satirist? What would the future antiquary think of our own stage, if he listened only to its detractors, even its most intelligent detractors, — George Moore and W. B. Yeats, for example? Shakespeare himself, it is true, chafed at the "squeaking Cleopatra" who boyed the greatness of the Egyptian Queen; and in the prologue to *Henry V* he asked: —

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

But does this recognition of the limitations of his medium argue that he was out of sympathy with its virtues? Does it not rather show that, far from being, as Goethe found him, "not a theatrical poet," he studied his theatre with scrupulous artistic care? Lessing's painter in *Emilia Galotti*, in much the same quandary, took advice from the author of *Laocoön*, and consoled himself with the profound philosophy that one measure of an artist's greatness is the difference between his aim and his achievement.

If Shakespeare's theatre was as bare

and as crude as we have so often been assured, it was a solitary phenomenon of the kind in the England of Elizabeth. The order of the day, as is well known, was external luxury running riot in unexampled pageantry, — the reveling of a recently barbarous people in the full splendor of the Renaissance. The accounts of triumphs and progresses fill ponderous volumes. In at least one respect, the actors, as extant records show, rivaled the court itself. Great as was the delight in drama, and talented as were the playwrights who supplied the demand, the highest price Philip Henslowe paid for a play up to 1600 was eight pounds, the lowest being four; but for a pair of hose he paid £4 14s, and for a cloak £20. As money was worth about six times what it is now, the price of this cloak — a single part of a single costume — was equivalent to over £120. Henslowe's inventory of the apparel of the Lord Admiral's men lists eighty-seven garments, mainly of silk or satin, with gold lace and fringe, and often of cloth of gold. Is it likely that a Renaissance theatre in which such garments were displayed can be fitly described as a naked room hung with a blanket?

It was, in fact, very far from this. Coryat in his *Crudities* remarks that the playhouses he saw in Venice (July, 1608) were "beggarily and bare in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neither can their actors compare with us for stately apparel, shows, or music." This was no British prejudice, as numerous foreign travelers in England bear witness. A Dutch scholar, Johannes De Witt, was so impressed by the theatres of the Bankside that he drew a sketch of the interior of the Swan, and recorded his observations in a Latin note. He says: "There are in London four theatres [*amphitheatra*] of noteworthy beauty. . . . The largest and most noteworthy is that whereof the sign is a swan, commonly called the Swan Theatre. It seats [*in sedilibus admittat*] three thousand persons, is built of a concrete of flintstones [*constructum ex coaceruato lapide pyrritide*], which abound

in Britain, and is supported by wooden columns painted in such excellent imitation of marble that the acutest might not nose out the deception. Since its form seems to approach that of a Roman structure, I have depicted it above."

Two statements in this description have been branded as errors, — that the theatre was built of concrete, and that it seated three thousand; and because of them the whole has been discredited. In his standard work, *Early London Theatres*, Mr. T. F. Ordish concludes that De Witt adds nothing to our knowledge. It is certain that the Swan was not built of concrete. But De Witt expressly states that the columns, which, as his sketch shows, made up the greater part of the interior, were of wood. As for the outside, Professor G. P. Baker of Harvard has acutely suggested that it was a half timber structure filled in with plaster, which De Witt mistook for concrete. If the foundation was of concrete, as it might well have been, the mistake would be very natural. The Fortune playhouse, as we know, had a brick foundation rising well above the ground. It is, however, De Witt's estimate of the capacity of the amphitheatre at three thousand that has mainly discredited his testimony. Even the most careful authorities will have the Elizabethan playhouse small. Ordish says: "Three hundred would probably be nearer the mark." Dr. Karl Mantzius, in his generally well informed *History of Theatrical Art* (1904, vol. 3, p. 113), places the maximum capacity at six hundred.¹

¹ His method of calculation was to divide the total gate receipts by the average price of a seat. The total he uses, £20, is almost wholly conjectural; and the prices of seats, from 6d to 2s 6d, he takes from the "induction" to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. This play, it is true, was first acted at the Hope, on the Bankside, in 1614, but the text dates only from the folio (1631-41). It is probable that the induction was spoken in one of the small and select private theatres in which Jonson enjoyed his chief vogue. On the Bankside the cheapest places cost a penny. Contemporary records speak of "twopenny rooms."

Mantzius had at hand a far more accurate means of calculation, the neglect of which — by all the historians of the stage — is one of the many curiosities of scholarly oversight. In the third volume of Malone's *Shakespeare* (edition of 1821) is a "Historical Account of the English Stage," which is rich in data and documents, among them being the contract made by Henslowe and Alleyn with one Peter Street, carpenter, in 1599, for the building of the Fortune. This Mantzius quotes (p. 66) from Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines*, with one or two inconsiderable errors in detail. If he had analyzed it he would have seen that it strongly corroborated De Witt's sketch and description.

The new theatre, unlike the Globe, is to be square; but in many respects, as specified by the contract, the Globe is to be taken as its pattern. It is improbable, therefore, that it differed greatly from the Globe in size. "Some idea may be formed of the area it occupied," says H. Barton Barker in his *History of the London Stage* (p. 15), "when it is stated that [upon its demolition] a street was cut through it and twenty-three (23) tenements, with gardens, raised upon the ground;" but he shows no realization of the capacity of the structure that occupied this area. Its dimensions without, according to Henslowe's contract with Street, were to be "four score foote of lawful assize;" and the yard, or pit, was to be fifty-five feet square. The three galleries were to be twelve and one half feet deep, which is exactly what the dimensions just given would require. At a conservative estimate, these three galleries would seat 1278 spectators. With pit, stage, and the gallery over the stage, the capacity of the Fortune would be 2138,¹ or not so far be-

¹ The entrance to the galleries was by stairs on the outside, which suggests that the gangway within ran about the back of the galleries. The forward space would hold at least three rows of seats in the first gallery. Each of the two upper galleries had a "jutting forward" of ten inches, which would allow four slightly narrower rows of seats in the second gallery,

hind De Witt's round number estimate of the seating capacity of that "largest and most noteworthy theatre," the Swan. As to the size of the Globe there is a striking bit of contemporary evidence that one of the means by which Essex sought to rouse the city to rebellion, in 1601, was a representation of Shakespeare's *Richard II*. The capacity of Daly's celebrated theatre in New York is 1150, of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, 1640; the colossal auditorium in Chicago seats only 4079.

The stage of the Fortune Theatre is to be forty-three feet "long" and "in breadth to extend to the middle of the yard," or, as we should say, forty-three feet wide, and twenty-seven and one half feet deep. In a modern theatre a proscenium opening of thirty feet is sufficient for all the purposes of the ordinary run of plays, while an opening of forty feet gives scope to the most elaborate and crowded spectacular productions, even grand opera. Far from adding nothing to our knowledge, De Witt's description, interpreted in the light of the Henslowe-Street contract, revolutionizes it.²

De Witt makes it further evident that the Elizabethan playhouse was as beau-

and five in the third. Estimating eighteen linear inches for each spectator, and allowing for five aisles, each three feet wide, four lords' rooms in the first gallery, each seating 8, and eight twopenny rooms above, each seating 10, the first balcony would seat 310, the second 430, and the third 538 — a total of 1278. The pit would hold 800, allowing $(18 \times 18 =)$ 324 square inches for each person and counting out the space occupied by the stage; and the gallery over the stage would hold 35. For the gallants, who after the year 1600 sat on the stage, 25 is a conservative estimate. $1278 + 800 + 35 + 25 = 2138$. With aisles, and such rear passageways as commanded the stage, all crowded, the theatre would hold $2138 + 120 + 300 = 2558$ as a maximum.

² In addition to the two doors shown in De Witt's sketch at the back of the stage, Shakespeare's theatre had appurtenances which I shall presently note. But there is no reason for believing that all theatres were identical. It is not to be denied, however, that in matters of detail De Witt is inaccurate. His sketch is, in fact — a sketch.

tiful as it was big. What more could we say of the imitations of marble columns adorning modern theatres than that the acutest might not nose out the deception? Henslowe's contract requires that the capitals of the pilasters supporting the stage be "carved proportions called Satiers," — the grotesque satyrs that lend quaint distinction to so many beautiful sixteenth-century interiors. Far from being small and crude, the Elizabethan theatre was, as Coryat says, "stately," and in the most sumptuous taste of the time.

II

As to the decoration of the stage, the historians are strangely at variance — and not more at variance with one another than with the facts. Dowden, in his *Shakespeare Primer*, says: "Of movable scenery there was none." "Shakespeare," says George Brandes, "made no attempt at illusive decoration." Sidney Lee, in his recent *Life*, says: "Scenery was not known to the Elizabethan stage." So far, so good; but what are we to make of what follows? In his *Introduction to Shakespeare*, Dowden says: "Stage properties were numerous, rocks and tombs, stairs and steeples, banks and bay-trees." John Addington Symonds, in his *Predecessors*, speaks of "a battlemented city wall behind the stage." Both of these statements rest on ample authority. Is there not something inconsistent in this postulated theatre, bare and rude, which makes no attempt at illusive decoration, and yet presents woodland and seashore, castle chamber and city wall?

That pictorial decorations were known to the Elizabethans there is ample evidence. The accounts of the city and corporation of Canterbury record that, a full century before the culmination of Shakespeare's powers, namely, in 1501-02, the occasion being a performance of *The Three Kings of Colyn*, "a castle made of painted canvas was erected in the room by way of scenery." The revel accounts of 1581, when Shakespeare was still a lad at

Stratford, make record of "a storie of Pompey, enacted in the hall on Twelfth-night wherein was ymployed newe one great cittie, a senate house," etc. Such instances could be multiplied. Painted scenery continued to be used for masques and such like occasions until they culminated in the extravagant creations of Inigo Jones, which rivaled in ingenuity and ambition of illusion the modern creations of the old Lyceum and His Majesty's, and helped so materially to embarrass the royal chest of James. Under Charles, as high as £20,000 was spent on a single masque — equivalent to \$600,000 to-day. If Shakespeare and his fellows had seen any advantage in pictorial decorations, we may be sure that they would have supplied them as they supplied columns and capitals, silks and cloth of gold.

That Shakespeare did not do so, we may fairly deduce from the peculiar form of the playhouses of the Bankside. The halls in which the royal revels took place have this in common with the modern theatre, that the stage was at one end and the audience at the other. It was natural, and one might almost say inevitable, that the division should be marked by a proscenium arch and a curtain, and that the stage should be hung with flies and filled in with wings, creating an illusion all but perfect pictorially. But playhouses like the Swan, the Fortune, and the Globe were built on a radically different plan. The stage was a platform extending, as an arm, to the middle of the pit, so that the spectators viewed it from all points of the compass, except only the narrow surface separating the stage from the tiring-house — and even this, at least after 1600, was at times invaded by the public. No proscenium arch was possible, no wings and no flies — and consequently no properly pictorial illusion. But is it reasonable to denounce a theatre as crude for no other reason than that it differs from ours in principle? The fact that the illusion was not complete is very far from proving that there was no illusion, for there are other kinds of illusion besides

pictorial, — as, for example, plastic. Leonardo's Last Supper is no more truly illustrative than the Laocoön. The real question is whether the amphitheatre with a protruding stage is in itself necessarily crude, and if not, whether Shakespeare made full artistic use of its capabilities.

Strange are the shifts to which those have been reduced who assume the naked stage and the blanket. Mr. Ben Greet, whose generally capable reproductions of Elizabethan stage management have done vast service to intelligent lovers of the drama in England and America, is obstinately convinced that Shakespeare was without not only pictorial scenery, but scenic properties. In *Twelfth Night* Maria says to her fellow conspirators: "Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk." Mr. Greet denies that Shakespeare troubled his head any more about the box-tree than about the walk, and in staging the play made his three actors dodge into an exit door and awkwardly stick their heads out to deliver their lines. But there is a difference of vast artistic significance between the walk and the box-tree. The walk has no part in the business of the scene: to omit it is to give freer range to the imagination; but the box-tree is the practical centre of the comedy of the situation; to omit it is to mar the plausibility of the scene, its liveliness and fun.¹

Mr. Greet's archæology is, in fact, as faulty as his stagecraft. Henslowe's diary gives a list of certain properties in his possession (March 10, 1598) for the use of the Lord Admiral's men. It does not include a box-tree; but it does include a bay-tree, a "tree of gowlden apelles," and a "Tantelouse tre." There were other means for creating the illusion of natural scenery, — one rock, and two moss banks. The items "I beaçon" and "Pair of stayers for Phaeton" suggest spectacular sensation. For architectural effects there were tombs, — one to bury Guido and one

¹ I am informed that since this article was written Mr. Greet has sparingly made use of properties, as for example box-trees.

to bury Dido, and one, as it seems, for general utility. There were two steeples and one chime of bells. A "cage" brings reminders of the fate of Bajazeth in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*; and "I caudrem for the Jew" is clearly the very cauldron into which Barabas of Malta falls and is burned to death in pitch, breathing hatred to all Christians. A reminder of the morality plays is in "Hell Mouth;" while "I great horse with his leages," *i. e.*, with his legs, illustrates what Ben Jonson (in *Cynthia's Revels*) calls "hobby-horse and footcloth nags," and shows that for all Hamlet's Oh! and his Oh! the hobby-horse was not quite forgotten. If any doubt remains as to the employment of such properties and set pieces, it is laid by the frontispiece of the 1615 quarto of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which pictures the fatal arbor with young Horatio hanging in it by the neck. That it is no fancy of the illustrator is shown by the fact that the leaves are stuck into the bars of the trellis in the manner of a stage property. A similar bit of evidence is the 1636 quarto of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which shows the doctor conjuring in a well-appointed study, with the devil appearing through a trap. Passages which call for such means of illusion are without number throughout the Elizabethan drama, and leave no doubt that they were very realistically executed.

The mechanical appliances of the Elizabethans have also been called crude, and with as little warrant. Ophelia's grave was doubtless sunk into a trap in the stage, and it had earth and bones on it. It was from the trap-room beneath the stage that the ghost of buried Denmark echoed "Swear!" as he worked "i' th' earth so fast." Such devices had been used for centuries. The sacred drama abounds in quaint and intricate contrivances for representing miracles. In Mantzius's *History of Theatric Art* there is a picture of a sixteenth-century mystery stage with a ship riding in a Sea of Galilee that puts to the blush our modern tank drama. In Greene's *Looking Glass for*

London (1594) "the magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same arises a brave arbor." Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, written before 1595, calls for an elaborate use of traps. In Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1601) there is a "fountain of self love" out of which Amorphus "takes up some of the water" and "sups" of it. In *Macbeth* the apparitions "descend" and the witches "dance and vanish."

That there was a loft over the stage of the theatres of the Bankside is evident in every view we have of them, though no one has as yet made mention of the fact. It was from the loft, no doubt, that in the plays which offended Ben Jonson, the "creaking throne came down, the boys to please," and from it also in *Cymbeline* "Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a thunder bolt." There is the best of reason, for believing that this device, which perhaps taxed even the frank Elizabethan phantasy, was not introduced by Shakespeare: the masque in which it occurs is generally regarded as an interpolation. Yet it will not always do to judge Shakespeare rigidly by our own standards of taste in such matters. When Ariel sings, Ferdinand says:—

Where should this music be? 'T' th' air or th' earth?

... I hear it now above me;—

it seems more than likely that the spirit of the air floated and soared by means of wires worked from the loft. What more was done in the so-called aerial ballet, for employing which lately in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* an enterprising firm of New York managers was somewhat loftily censured?

The private theatres,—such as the Blackfriars,—seem to have made less use of set pieces and mechanical contrivances. One reason, as we may gather from the view of the interior of the Red Bull in Kirkman's *Drolls* (1672), is that the stage was smaller than that of the public theatres of the Bankside. The audiences, too, as it seems, prided them-

selves upon a chaster and more classical taste. The fact throws a strong light on Shakespeare's position as a popular playwright and provider of spectacles. Certainly, it will be remembered, takes especial pride in England's stately "shows and music." It is only "inexplicable" and "dumb" shows that Hamlet girds at.

That cloths painted in perspective were sometimes used as scenery is possible, though not likely. In the induction of *Cynthia's Revels*, which was produced at the private theatre of the Blackfriars, (1601), one of the children says: "The boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silken curtain come to hang the stage here! Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh pictures that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in the public theatres." By 1629 "fresh pictures" were to be found at the Blackfriars likewise, for in slanging the audience that had condemned his *New Inn* Jonson says, "The facings in the hangings and they [*i. e.*, the audience] beheld alike;" all this, however, is very far from implying that the "pictures" were meant to give pictorial illusion to the passing scenes. Among Henslowe's list of belongings we find "The sittee of Rome," which was perhaps such a painted hanging; and "the cloth of the sone and the mone," the use of which I cannot guess, unless it was to picture the "heavens" which decorated, at need, the under surface of the loft. At the utmost stretch of possibility, pictorial illusion must have been limited to the "heavens" and the flat surface behind the stage when balcony and alcove were not in use. Set pieces, properties, and actors stood forth in the amphitheatre, and were seen, so to speak, in the round.

This convention of plastic decoration dates far back into the Middle Ages. It is found in the sacred drama of all countries, and is, in fact, a necessary result of the amphitheatrical stage. In turn, it precluded all thought of completeness and realism of detail. It was enough to show the symbol of the scene. "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers,"

gently gibes Sir Philip Sidney (1581), "and we must believe the stage to be a garden." In Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, a wayside cross presents, as we are told, the parting of "three several ways;" and in a similar manner, no doubt, Juliet's tomb and a yew-tree bodied forth a churchyard, Beatrice's arbor her garden. All the warrant we have for the statement that Shakespeare's stage was bare and crude is this use of symbolism as opposed to our modern completeness of realistic detail.

III

Certain quaint usages were, indeed, known to this plastic symbolic stage; but they were ably contrived for a definite effect, and at worst Shakespeare early discarded them, if he ever willingly employed them, developing a dramaturgy that needs only to be studied to be esteemed.

It has not been sufficiently noted that in its earlier years the Elizabethan stage admitted something very like the multiple or simultaneous decoration of the sacred drama — in which a series of set pieces, ranging from Hell Mouth to Heaven, was in full view throughout the entire action, each of them in turn giving the symbol for a separate scene. One of Sir Philip Sidney's satiric glances was at a stage that showed "Asia of the one side, Africk of the other, and so many other under kingdoms that the Player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is; or els the tale will not be conceived." In *The Old Wives' Tale* the stage presented, besides the cross described above, the door of a smith's hut, a conjurer's study, a well, and probably other localities. The accuracy of our prevailing ideas of Elizabethan dramaturgy is shown in the fact that the stage on which all these things were shown has so often been said to have been small.

This convention of multiple symbolic decorations was part and parcel of some of the most vigorous stage effects in the plays that bear Shakespeare's name — a

fact that has curiously escaped the notice of commentators. In the last act of *Richard III*, Richard enters with his followers and says:—

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

This done, they go out to "survey the vantage of the ground." Richmond enters with his followers, and, as it appears, pitches his tent on the opposite side of the stage. At the end of the scene the stage direction says: "They withdraw into the tent." Richard is of the one side, and Richmond of the other, with all of Bosworth Field lying in the stage between. Then follows a series of rapidly alternating scenes, in which one sees, without break, the contrasting moods of the two generals. In turn they lie down to sleep. The ghosts, as they come in, one after another, go first to Richard's tent and haunt him with the vision of past crimes, then cross the stage to Richmond's tent, breathing words of cheer and courage. From this on, without break or change, we are hurried through the incidents of the battle of Bosworth Field, — the opposing armies being no doubt represented symbolically, as Sidney laughingly suggests, with a few swords and bucklers, — until Richard is slain, and Richmond crowned.¹

One may, if he will, call this multiple symbolic stage rude and crude. But is it not more scientific to recognize in it only the convention that runs through all mediæval art? Sculpture and painting were for centuries both multiple and symbolic; and for all of our perfection of technique, of detailed realism, we still recognize the elder convention as artistic and highly

¹ Generations of critics have maligned Colley Cibber's acting version of the play, quite ignoring the fact that some such rearrangement of these scenes is necessary to fit them to the pictorial stage. They have been almost equally unfair to its dramatic quality. Of the two famous lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" and "Richard is himself again!" how many critics are able to say which is the great dramatist's, and which the work of the reputed master of clap-trap?

effective. Certain it is that as applied to the stage it admits of stirring contrasts and a dramatic rapidity quite out of the question with a succession of realistic mountings.

In other ways, the stage was made to show two places at once. Recessed in the back wall, as is well known, was an alcove, which, with the aid of theatrical properties, was used to symbolize a bedroom, a cave, or a tomb.¹ Above it was a gallery which might symbolize a garden wall or the crest of high Olympus. It is even possible that the "stayers" which Henslowe inventories were used to land Phaeton and his equipage in the orient sky, — which is to say, in the gallery. Alcove and gallery, though separated only by a floor, were used at times to bring two remote localities into dramatic juxtaposition. In *Titus Andronicus* (1588–90), the folio directions read: "Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Basianus and his followers at the other." After these two have settled their differences on the stage, "They go up into the Senate House," *i. e.*, into the gallery. Presently Titus Andronicus and his train enter below, bearing the corpses of two sons. The Senate House is still, as it appears, in session above; but Titus and his train "open the tomb," doubtless in the alcove beneath the Senate House, "and lay the coffins in the tomb." Thereupon there is conversation between those above and those on the stage, and after it "a long flourish till they all come down." The juxtaposition of localities

naturally as remote from each other as a graveyard and a senate house suggests that we may have taken Sir Philip Sidney's satire too literally. The early Elizabethan stage did not perhaps so much represent Asia and Africk, a senate house and a tomb, as — a stage! The sense of realistic scenic locality was as yet most indefinite.²

Crudities again, no doubt, from the point of view of the realistic imagination; but any one reading the play with regard to immediate theatric effect before an Elizabethan audience will own, I think, that it has an unusual measure of concentration, contrast, and speed, which in all times and places are the essence of effective drama. As to what Goethe calls the "passions" of the plays, one may have his doubts; but it is something that this multiple symbolic stage helped them to run their proper course unhindered.

IV

Was this symbolic, plastic, multiple stage "too narrow for Shakespeare's great mind?" Perhaps! Yet in one respect the manner in which he employed it narrowed it. In none of the plays associated with him did he put Asia of the one side and Africk of the other, or employ any such device as stayers for Phaeton. Whatever share he may have had, moreover, in the actual phrasing of *Titus Andronicus* and *Richard III*, there can be little doubt that the primary structure of the scenes, so reminiscent of the archaic stage, was the work of an earlier hand. In the more thoroughly original plays the unity of a scene is never violated.

On the contrary, when the dramatic effect requires it, we find a conscious purpose to define locality — to make the stage seem much more than the stage. After the murder of Duncan, while the hands of the guilty pair are still imbrued with his blood, comes the fateful knocking.

² This acute distinction is very clearly made by Mantzius, with regard to the early Athenian dramaturgy.

¹ The best assemblage of the data on which this statement is founded may be found in an admirably scholarly and sensible article by G. F. Reynolds, in *Modern Philology*, April and June, 1905. Mr. Reynolds runs into error, however, by ignoring that the "Lords' Rooms," or proscenium boxes, were often used as a part of the stage. Juliet's so-called balcony was a window presented by means of a second tier box, as was the coign of vantage from which the king spied on Canterbury in Henry VII, act v, scene 2. The present article was written before Mr. Reynolds's paper appeared.

The stage direction says, "Knocking within." But Lady Macbeth defines the locality very vividly:—

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed.

Macbeth addresses the intruder:—

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would
thou couldst!

The modern pictorial stage, with all its appurtenances for creating local atmosphere, is capable of no more poignant concentration of effect. An interesting dissertation might be written on this definition of locality in the Elizabethan drama. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* the action is limited throughout the first four acts to a single spot, Subtle's consulting chamber, the stage direction "without" always indicating an ante-room beyond which is the street door, and "within" other apartments of the house, leading to the back yard.

Even more significant is the picturing of definite locality by means of descriptive speeches. "The player when he cometh in," says Sidney, "must ever begin with telling where he is, or els the tale will not be conceived." This sentence (which should have rendered impossible the statement that changes of scene were always indicated by shifting placards) suggests the origin and use of many of the most splendid passages of poetry in the drama.¹ The breezy, fanciful dialogue between Puck and the Fairy, which opens the woodland scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the idyllic speech of the Banished Duke which opens the forest scenes of *As You Like It*, give atmosphere and color to all the rest of the plays. Often the pictorial lines have also a definite function in the dramatic structure. When the royal train approaches the dwelling of Macbeth, Duncan says, —

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

¹ Mr. Reynolds shows, however, that placards were not infrequently used.

Banquo answers, —

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting Martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's
breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle.

Could any art of the scene painted present a picture more forcibly in contrast with the murder which, in this same spot, Macbeth and his lady have just been plotting, and which presently takes place? Similarly dramatic in its suggestion is the "bitter cold" that preludes the first entrance of the ghost of buried Denmark, "the nipping and the eager air" of the second platform scene, and Horatio's closing lines in the first platform scene:—

But look! The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

Edgar's description, in *Lear*, of the cliffs of Dover is the prelude of a moment of suspense, the intensity of which can only be felt in the theatre. Are not those critics somewhat captious and irresponsible who with their scorn of the playhouse and love of the printed page would divorce the means from the effect Shakespeare so clearly intended?

That the stage settings were kept in a subordinate relation — mere symbols — seems to have been the result of a conscious intention to give full scope to the dramatist's imagination, and to that of his hearers. There is abundant evidence, certainly, that even on a stage that was necessarily symbolic there was an ever-present temptation to overdo this matter of visual representation. Whatever else the mob may be capable of, it may be relied on to applaud dumb show. It was only after experiment that the early Elizabethans learned when the sight stirs the imagination and when it kills it. In *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, when the king is crowned the stage direction reads: "There the five Moones appear," and the Bastard calls the King's attention to them as a portent of ill:—

See, my Lord, strange apparitions —
 Glancing mine eye to see the Diadem
 Plac't by the Bishops on your Highness head,
 From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine
 like

Displaide itselfe, I sodainly espied
 Five moones reflecting, as you see them now.

Clearly there was a visual apparition of five moons in the so-called "heavens" above the stage. In Shakespeare's re-writing of the scene, Hubert enters and describes the apparition as having taken place outside. Note the more vivid appeal to the imagination: —

My Lord, they say five moones were seen to-
 night:

Foure fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wonderous motion.

How clearly Shakespeare recognized the incongruity of an attempt at full scenic realism in the plastic stage he himself has somewhat quaintly shown us. The defect which led Peter Quince to include Moonlight and Wall in his dramatic personæ, it is implied, is a defect of imagination. "The best of this kind are but shadows," pleads Theseus, indulgent of the artisan-actors who delighted his man's sense of humor, "and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them." But the feminine Hippolita, whose sense of humor is less in proportion as her sensibilities are greater, rejoins in plain terms, "It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs." Shakespeare found that his own mind's eye, and that of his judicious auditors, saw better when unhampered by an attempt to present the stuff of his dreams in complete visual reality. Solid and various as were the means at his disposal, and freely as he employed them on occasion, he always kept them subordinate to the verbal poetry. He used his visual emblems to stimulate the imagination, not to cloy it.

When the illusive decoration of the stage required heavy set pieces, Shakespeare, like the playwrights of our own most modern school, avoided as much as possible the awkward interruptions of the scene-shifter, with their deadening effect on the swing of the story. In *As You Like*

It it is most probable that the woodland scene, once set, was not removed. The few passages necessary to carry on the narrative in the court of the tyrant Duke are of a kind to be played well forward, and on a part of the stage only — front scenes, as we should call them. The time occupied in setting the woodland scene was also probably occupied by a front scene: — after the tyrant Duke had sentenced Rosalind to banishment, he and his lords went out, while Rosalind and Celia walked about the stage, Rosalind illustrating her swashing and martial outside in manly strides. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the time of setting the woodland scene is occupied with the conference of Bottom and his crew, no doubt at the front of the platform. After that, the action in the wood is uninterrupted till it comes time to change back to the court, the interim of the change being again occupied by the clowns. Throughout the Elizabethan drama, as Heywood implies (*History of Women*, 1624), it was the duty of the Clown "to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter" — in particular, no doubt, while the properties were shifting. In certain American popular stock companies the entr'actes are filled by vaudeville performances, coon songs and cake-walks, for example, bridging the scenes of *Faust*. The function of Tarleton and Kemp, in the popular playhouses of the Bankside, was no doubt precisely similar. How scrupulously Shakespeare studied the æsthetics of the acted drama is evident in the fact that he almost always elevated this front-scene nonsense into an integral part of the story. Hamlet's command, "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," has very plausibly been taken as an admonition to that unruly extemporist, Kemp. The practical *raison d'être* of Dogberry and his crew was to give Kemp a chance to exercise his quality; but Shakespeare made of his clown a plausible god from the machine to solve the whole tangle of the plot.

Whether during such front scenes the

shifting was screened from the audience is not easy to determine. There is no question that front curtains had long been known. The revel accounts for 1573-74 read: "John Rosse, for poles and shyvers for draift of curtains before revel house, 25s." In 1581, "Pompey's Senate House" had "eight ells of double sarcenet for curtains." As for the public playhouses, in the absence of a proscenium arch the curtain could at best have hidden only that part of the stage beneath the loft, running about the columns that upheld it. That such a curtain existed, I have found no evidence. A "traverse" or an "arras" is often called for, but only as the hanging of alcove, balcony, or box — as, for example, the curtain that shuts Juliet from view after she has taken the potion, and Desdemona when she is dead. It could scarcely have been possible for gallants to sit on stools on the stage, if anything like a front curtain was employed. The strongest evidence that there was nothing of the sort is the fact that when characters were killed on the stage it was the almost universal custom to provide some means in the attendant action for removing their bodies, as Hamlet made way with Polonius, and Falstaff with Hotspur. The simplicity of the symbolic settings made shifting a matter of a few moments only, while the amphitheatrical form of the playhouse, and the immediate contact it established between actor and audience, probably made any attempt at concealment only the more destructive of illusion.

The great virtue of this merely symbolic decoration was the fact that it made possible a dramatic narrative of the utmost rapidity, and capable of being varied infinitely to the needs of the story in hand. In both senses of the word it was plastic; and it was to preserve this plasticity in narrative, no doubt, as well as for the more imaginative poetic suggestion, that Shakespeare made sparing use of solid visual properties. I have found no instance in which they were employed except when essential to the actual stage business. For the most part, the player

when he came in "told where he was," and when he went out the stage was free to take up the narrative in another place, though this might be in a different country. When the locality was of no dramatic significance, Shakespeare did not pause to "ponder over" it, either with regard to properties or to poetic description. The stage remained the stage, and the whole emphasis was thrown upon the "necessary questions of the play," — dialogue, character, and action. The imagination had free scope — those are haunting words of Goethe's — and the play ran its proper course, full of passion and unhindered.

As Shakespeare found the plastic, symbolic stage, it abounded in the obsolescent conventions of the Middle Ages. He studied it with the eye of a master, and made of it the fit instrument for the mightiest of poetic dramas.

The inferiority of the realistic picture-stage of to-day for the production of our old poetic dramas need scarcely be insisted on. The attempt to make a locality which Shakespeare has been at pains to define more real by means of the trivial art of the scene-painter is, to say the least, to produce the deadening effect of redundancy. When the curtain rises, as, for example, on Macbeth's castle as Irving represented it, the eye takes in the whole at a glance. Then Banquo speaks those marvelous lines. Instead of perceiving the inner vision Shakespeare intended, — "the light that never was on sea or land," — one instinctively tallies off the "mansionry" of the martlet, his "pendent bed and procreant cradle," on the crude paint and canvas — and whether one finds them or not, the result is to dispel the dreams of poetry. Instead of reinforcing this moment of beauty and foreboding, the redundant illustration kills it. So it is with Horatio's "morn in russet mantle clad," with the moonlight in Portia's garden at Belmont, — in fact, with all the marvelous verbal suggestions of locality with which Shakespeare has been at pains to envelop and reinforce his action.

The effect of the constant shifting of our modern scenery is even more deadening. To make time for it, the text has to be mercilessly cut and transposed, which ruins many of Shakespeare's most ably calculated effects, and often renders the action all but unintelligible. And in the long and frequent entr'actes devoted to the heroic labors of the scene-shifter, the interest of an audience cools, even in the case of the most stirring story. The Marlowe-Sothorn presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew* was conceived as a rapid, knockabout farce; but the shifting of the scenes took sixty-one minutes in a total space of three hours. In a word, the narrative effect of the plays — a consideration of the highest moment in the theatre — is all but ruined.

v

Some such stage as that of Shakespeare is to be found wherever the poetic drama has reached its highest spontaneous development. The similarity of the form of the Spanish and the English dramas has often been pointed out, but has never been properly related to the similarity between the Spanish and the English stage. The first theatres of Madrid were the yards of houses, and took their name, *corrales*, from this fact. They were, in effect, amphitheatres, open to the sky, with pit (*patio*) and galleries. Doors, windows, and balconies were not dissimilar to those of the Elizabethan stage. Changes of place were as numerous, and if painted scenery was used, it was only in the form of simple drops that made no pretense at complete pictorial illusion. The Spanish stage was thoroughly symbolic, thoroughly plastic. The intimacy between actors and audience is attested by many circumstances, — notably the fact that spectators sat on the stage. Spectacular machinery was used, and by 1622 was carried to lengths of "inexplicable dumb show" which the judicious thought grievous. The preface of the sixteenth volume of the plays of Lope de Vega energetically satirizes "the Spanish comedia, where figures rise and

descend so crudely, and animals and birds appear in like manner." In every essential the two theatres were identical.

The Greek stage in its final form, under Sophocles and Euripides, observed the unity of time, and, roughly speaking, the unity of place; but in other essentials it was all but identical with the theatres of England, though the analogy has not, so far as I know, been pointed out. The space in which the actors stood was the centre of an amphitheatre. There were properties, but, as the latest authorities agree, virtually no illusive decorations. The representation was thus in the highest degree plastic. The *proskênion* corresponded to the wall behind the Elizabethan stage, and the roof of it was used like the Elizabethan gallery. A loft was of course impossible; but a crane was manipulated from the roof of the *skênê* in full view of the audience, on which gods and goddesses were made to float and soar. In place of the Elizabethan alcove, the Greeks used that astonishing mechanical device, the *ekkyklema*, which swung tableaux out into view of the spectators — thus effecting what was virtually a change of scene, by blending one locality with another. There were traps, and devices for imitating thunder.

Before Sophocles even the unity of place and time were not observed. Æschylus, in his earlier plays, changes locality at will, and in a manner suggestive of the multiple stage of the Middle Ages — or rather of a stage from which all sense of definite locality is absent. In the comic drama, even as late as Aristophanes, there was evidently no pretense of realizing definite localities. Thus in *The Peace* Trygæus begins by feeding his beetle in a pig-sty, mounts it, and, by means of the crane, flies up to heaven to the palace of Zeus, and thence descends to earth. Throughout, as it seems, there has been no illusion of place. The stage has been simply the stage. When Trygæus dismisses the chorus, he tells them to guard the stage properties from the thieves that lurk about the tiring-house.

There was thus the closest similarity between the form and methods, if not the size, of the early Greek and the Elizabethan playhouses. Judged by its fruits, the plastic stage is the most perfect instrument of the poetic drama the world has yet produced.

The unities of time and place seem to have resulted from the fact that Sophocles used the *proskênion* to stand for a definite locality—a temple or a palace. That they were an improvement, even in the sculptural Greek drama, may be questioned. As imposed upon the later drama of Europe, there can be little doubt that they were a misfortune. Corneille was at first enamoured of Spanish dramaturgy. He submitted to pseudo-classic rules only after a struggle—and, as it seems, much to the injury of his great powers. For centuries after him, pseudo-classicism sat like an incubus on the Continental drama.

In one important respect the Greek theatre, considered as an instrument of dramatic expression, was pretty plainly inferior to the Spanish and the Elizabethan. The huge expanse of the amphitheatre—at the smallest estimate, it seated seventeen thousand as against two thousand or more in Shakespeare's theatre—made hearing and even sight so difficult that only the broadest and most conventional effects were possible. The voices of the actors were reinforced by means of "sound-basins," and perhaps megaphone attachments in the masks—to the manifest destruction of all the finer shades of vocal coloring. The rigid mask sacrificed to a single salient grimace all the infinite variety of expression possible in the human face. The costumes were conventional, too, and quite unlike anything seen in real life. Not only the stature of the actor, but his strides and gestures, aimed at an effect of the heroic, even of the superhuman. In one way, of course, this conventionalization of speech and mimetics threw emphasis on the poetic element; but it may be doubted whether there was a gain in the

total effect. The Elizabethan drama, as lofty as Æschylus at its loftiest, as in *Lear*, has a whole gamut of delicate and intimate effects impossible in the Greek amphitheatre. As the plastic stage is the most nearly perfect instrument of the poetic drama, the playhouses of the sixteenth century represent it in its aptest development.

VI

When Goethe discovered the artistic superiority of the Elizabethan theatre, the work of his life was all but ended, both as a dramatist and as a producer of Shakespeare. It is interesting to speculate as to what would have been the result if he had made the discovery in his student days, when Shakespeare swam into his ken. *Goetz von Berlichingen*, which was the first result of this overmastering influence (sketched out in 1771, when Goethe was twenty-two), has, in its completed form, no less than fifty-five scenes, many of them mere snippets of half a dozen lines, yet calling for the interposition of the curtain and the scene-shifter. Schiller followed in Goethe's wake; and though subsequent experience with the actual stage somewhat retrenched the recklessness of both in shifting scenery, it is none the less true that they formed the German poetic drama on a conception of Shakespeare's stage and stagecraft which is false both to fact and to art. By their overmastering genius they galvanized the pseudo-Shakespearean tradition into life. But they have had no successors. If Goethe in his youth had had any knowledge of Shakespeare's stagecraft, we might have gained a *Faust* that would be playable, if not altogether intelligible. Wagner's ponderous and undramatic music-dramas are also perhaps in part a result of the pseudo-Shakespearean tradition. Certainly the critics who object to Siegfried's dragon of wriggling pasteboard and his mechanically flapping bird might emphasize their objection by the analogy of Quince's Moonshine and Wall. If anything "mends" those animated

properties, it is the spectator's "imagination," not Wagner's dramaturgy.

In England the course of events has been as bad, and worse. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson, have all attempted to carry on the national tradition in the drama. That their gifts were equal to the task, there can be no doubt. But one and all they failed. Other causes no doubt contributed to the death of the poetic drama on the English stage, but none more serious than the prevailing contempt and neglect of the æsthetics of the playhouse, which has led our poets to practice a dramaturgy founded on a study of the plastic drama when writing for a pictorial stage.

VII

Thanks to the liberality of a few citizens of New York, we are soon to have a repertory theatre devoted to dramatic art. The great Shakespearean masterpieces will doubtless continue to be embellished with realistic pictorial scenery, and in the process cut, transposed, and dragged out in the long-familiar manner. The public cannot be weaned at a stroke from its love of easy and obvious splendor. But

there is a strong and growing minority of intelligent people who prefer their Shakespeare harmoniously produced on a stage that, instead of destroying the effect Shakespeare intended, realizes it to the utmost. And not the least powerful argument for restoring the true Elizabethan tradition is that it avoids expenses which have so often proved ruinous. Irving once called attention to the fact that every great English actor-manager has died poor; and he himself proved no exception. No money should be spared in providing costumes, hangings, and the few requisite properties of the richest and most harmonious fashion. But less than the cost of a single spectacular production would equip a stage for the presentation of the entire Elizabethan drama. Certainly it should be the privilege of every child at school to make the acquaintance of the classics of our language in their habits as they lived. Nor is it certain that even the public will not in the end learn to prefer that the greatest of all poetic dramas be permitted to run their proper course, full of passion and unhindered, on the most perfect of all poetic stages.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KNIGHT

BY ARTHUR COLTON

SHEPHERD

SIR KNIGHT with stalwart spear and shield,
Where ridest thou to-day?
The sunlight lies across the field,
Thou art weary in the way;
Dismount and stay.

KNIGHT

Peace to thine house and folds and stalls;
I ride upon my quest,
I travel until evening falls
Whither my Lord deems best.
By me unguessed.

SHEPHERD

Who is the lord, that sends thee forth,
Good knight, from thine own land?
He needs must be of royal worth
To whom such warriors stand
At his command.

KNIGHT

We have not seen His face, we hear
A voice that bids us be
The servants of an unborn year,
Knights of a day that we
Shall never see.

SHEPHERD

Reason enough ye go astray,
Sir Knight. I fain would learn —
So many warriors wend this way —
What wages they may earn.
For none return.

KNIGHT

They go before me in the night.
They follow after me,
They earn the triumph of the right,
Their wages are to be
Faithful as He.

SHEPHERD

Look you, Sir Knight, I take mine ease,
Fat are my sheep and kine,
I have mine own philosophies,
My way of life —

KNIGHT

Is thine,
And mine is mine.

SHEPHERD

Why, now! The man is gone! Pardie,
A silly wage! I trow
His lord that pays him mad as he.
Fools are a crop will grow
Though no man sow.

PREPARING OUR MOROS FOR GOVERNMENT¹

BY R. L. BULLARD

A CURIOUS and interesting process has been going on in Mindanao of the Philippines; the West is being grafted upon the East; American government and ways are passing to Oriental savages.

The most troublesome and inaccessible tribe were the Lanao Moros, living about the fine lake of that name, high in the mountains and forests of the interior of Mindanao. From thence in the past they had sallied forth when they pleased, in piratical and slave-taking expeditions that made the name of Moro the terror of the Philippines. Returning thither, their ways had seemed to close behind them. It was for the Americans to open these ways: for here, as perhaps over all the earth, road-making was to be the first step, and to merge with government-making and civilization.

For the Malanaos, as these Moros called themselves, the two began together.

¹ Compare Major Bullard's article on "Road-Building among the Moros," in the *Atlantic* for December, 1903.

United States troops began laboriously to open a road from the north shores of Mindanao to the borders of Lake Lanao. The work fell to the soldier; for, with the coming of civil government to the other Philippines, the Moros, because of their long tradition of piracy, lawlessness, and savagery, had been left to the care of the army. From this work, from his part and charge thereof, and from his subsequent experience as first governor of Lanao, the writer speaks.

Having heard only fearful rumors of the military prowess and dire fanaticism of the Moros, we came to find a numerous people in a native state of political chaos, to the civilized mind incomprehensible, for reasonable beings incredible. Nothing, not even pandemonium, could be said to reign in such disorder. An infinity of chiefs called dattos, with pompous titles — sultan and rajah — suggesting power and authority, yet having none, divided a fine country into many minute sovereign and independent followings, of uncertain

jurisdiction as to persons, places, and things. There were five tribes, which, however, differed only in name, — not in condition or characteristics. These tribes had their traditional, hereditary sultans, doubled and trebled perhaps, but always largely nominal, and, except for their immediate personal following, with but little real authority. Over their “sons” — the general people and the countless lesser dattos and sultans of the tribe — they had influence, hardly control. The latter governed themselves, that is, lived as they pleased, as they could, or as they were allowed by their neighbors. More, probably, than any other man on earth the Moro did as he pleased; his only restraint was his fear of others.

With perhaps a dozen separate datto groups within a radius of a mile, with no common superior to adjust differences, followers of different dattos wrangled, lay in wait for one another, made war, or watched one another in a state of armed peace that was worse than war. With no other means of squaring accounts than by war and aggression, these were continual. Rivalry and jealousy were the predominant tones. Fear on the datto's part that, if he were severe with his followers, they would leave him and, by joining some neighbors, disturb the local balance of power, prevented the punishment of any but domestic offenses; and so Moros everywhere were thieves, robbers, pirates, and slave-takers, in a state of continual violence and wrong-doing toward one another and all men, so far as they dared.

They loved markets, trade, and intercourse, but for these there was no protection except individual prowess. If wives or children went out without guard but a little way from home, they were likely to be nabbed and run off into slavery by prowling man-hunters, shifted about, sold quickly from hand to hand, and lost beyond all power of tracing. They showed signs of industry, but for this virtue savagery offers no encouragement. Trained in the use of the dagger, *kris*, two-handed sword and spear, all Moros were soldiers,

proud, quick-tempered, quarrelsome, ever on the lookout for opportunity to try their skill in arms, without which, waking or sleeping, they were never caught.

Such were the Moros. There was no government. The only suggestion of it was found in the datto. Manifestly here not only had the foundations of government and order yet to be laid, but the very places for them were to be made and prepared.

From a few fights that had preceded our coming, it had been made plain to the American authorities that with our superior intelligence, arms, and organization we could, whenever desired, absolutely wipe the Moros off the earth. There was, however, in such proceeding neither purpose nor glory, and the policy was to grant opportunity to the Moros, if they would take it, for better things in peace. Thence, logically, my first steps were to try to demonstrate to them our good intentions, to place on exhibition before them the advantages, the benefits, of peace, order, and government, — things which they had not.

Beginning then, the labor of soldiers slowly and painfully for four months worked a road through jungle, forest, and mountain toward the heart of the Moro country. In this time, though often invited and always treated with great consideration, but a few straggling Moros came to visit me. With these, however, I spent time patiently, squatting or sitting about camp, sometimes talking, often in silence, all day to the very night, so long as they would stay, to allow them to look and learn, to observe us for themselves, and satisfy their curiosity; then, as they went away, I invited them to come again to-morrow.

They came in little bunches, and the dattos talked. They rarely spoke directly upon the subject which nevertheless I could see was uppermost in their thoughts, — our coming. They either disdained any show of interest in it that might imply concern or fear about our presence, — for a Moro is nothing if not proud, — or

else preferred to draw their own conclusions from time and observation.

In the outset of trying to establish friendly relations, ill luck befell. Simultaneously with the Americans there appeared amongst the Moros the most fearful of all diseases, the Asiatic cholera, and straightway it was charged upon us. The white men were in league with the Cholera Man, and had brought his devils to destroy the Moros. My few friends dropped away out of sight, whence they had come. Prowling bands, even lone Moros, beset the trails and camp, lying in wait and attacking with fury and bitterness lone sentinels and small parties. A single old datto, Alandug, stayed. From his seacoast village he had looked wider upon the world, and was wiser than his fellows. I did not need to tell him, for he easily saw for himself, our mortal terror of the cholera, whose cause we called germs, he, devils. He did not, however, understand why we were not dying like the Moros. I showed him the soldiers boiling their water, and told him that before drinking we thus drove the cholera forth from the water in which it lived. To my surprise he never flinched at the statement, he swallowed it whole; this truth, so hard of acceptance among wiser men, found ready belief with this savage. Long afterward I knew why. It agreed with the Moro religious theory that all diseases are but devils that have slipped from the outside into the body. Our theory and theirs, so different, yet the same, proved a first bond, something common between white man and brown. Alandug told the other Moros what a just theory the Americans had of the cholera, and how the awful disease had killed but few Americans. In a short time my friends began to come back with him, bringing all the ills of human flesh for cure by advice of the white man, in whose medical theories they had quickly acquired confidence. Thenceforward medicine, and especially quinine, became my ally, esteemed above right, reason, principle, and, upon occasions, even above force.

The labor of building a great road through mountain and tropical forest was slow. We were still, after months, far from the Moro country, not among the people we had come to reach. A weekly market at a coast settlement, and the season of salt-boiling, were, however, bringing parties of Moros from the far interior past us to the coast. Curiosity induced them to squat, talk, and smoke with me, while they "sized up" the Americans and admired their beautiful arms.

Thus daily I spent hours with them. The first thing ever in their eyes and thoughts was arms,—firearms,—but on this subject I would not talk. They were greatly impressed with the quantity and variety of the things we had. Here I was ready for them. The Moros were very poor, they said; they relied upon arms and the religion of the Prophet; their sultans and dattos were mighty, and were not subject to or ruled over by one another, or by any man, because they were brave, feared not death, and their mountains covered them. I told them of the might, but assured them of the friendly intentions, of the Americans; that we had not come to fight, but to open roads, so that the Moros could come to buy, sell, trade, work with the Americans and grow rich; that we had come to bring the Moros all the valuable and useful things which they saw we had. I ended with an offer to hire and pay them for working on the road. Thereat they professed much pleasure. In this, my thoughts were on work for peace, theirs on arms for war, firearms, which in the Moro eye shut out sight and consideration of all things else. Moved by the hope of getting these, some smaller dattos near, after much talk, declared themselves ready to accept the offer of work. Old Alandug came first, with a handful of ugly-looking followers, whom we treated like kings, and handled like infernal machines ready to go off at any time. When at the end of the day they received their pay, their thoughts turned upon the coin, the money in hand, in a sort of charmed, pleased surprise. The

next day saw their numbers grow; succeeding days new groups were added, with growing confidence, but armed, always armed, stuck all over with daggers and krises. A few days' work, however, and my old friend, Alandug, fell from me for a while on the arms question. A stray Moro, a low-bred, common fellow, taking advantage of the datto's absence at work with me, had eloped at one fell swoop with two of the datto's young wives. The datto must have revenge, and, to obtain it, rifles from me, his brother, who had come to do the Moros good. Disappointed at my refusal, he went away sulking; but, as I had expected, his people in a day or two sneaked back to work without him, to get from the Americans the sure pay and regular food which made them forget their datto's anger. It was an augury of good which, as time passed, I was to see more and more realized.

The market-goers and salt-makers carried the news of the money-getting to the interior, and other strangers appeared, strengthening the number of our laborers and friends, and weakening the ranks of the hesitating or hostile. Pay for work was sure, and the burning desire for arms began to be forgotten in an awakened love of gain. A new force was at work among Moros, and what, in civilized men, we rail at as low and vile, became in these savages a saving virtue, making for peace and progress. The followers of the datto Alag and the men of Pugaan, who, on account of a damsel bought and paid for but never delivered, had for years been attacking one another on sight, and dared not now, as they loved their lives, meet on market or trail, wiped the score from memory to come and earn money together on the American road. The sultan of Balet and the sultan of Momungan, next-door neighbors who, in a way to rack the nerve and wreck the best men ever built, had long been either at war or in a state of continual guard night and day against each other's raids, forgot the old cannon that had been the cause of the trouble, and came to work on the road without friction.

Men to whom it had been discredit, if not dishonor, to be found without arms, gradually came to lay them aside at the white man's insistence, for a short time at least, while they labored. Harder still for a Moro, — whose law is an eye for an eye, conduct for conduct to all generations, — a datto, a favorite of mine, under the same influence, came after six months to look, if not with forgiveness, at least without excitement and feverish desire to kill, upon a Moro road laborer of mine, some of whose people in long-gone times had fought and wounded the datto's grandfather.

A boyhood spent among simple, ignorant plantation negroes, later experience as officer over them and over others like them, the Filipinos, had strongly impressed upon me the distrust which such people always feel toward middlemen of all kinds, especially interpreters. Direct speech alone satisfies them. With the Moros the constant effort and practice of our all-day séances had in a few months obviated alike the need of interpreter and the possibility of distrust: I had learned their own tongue. They could talk with me directly, and they soon were coming oftener and farther to do it.

From the beginning, among these visitors had appeared many *panditas*, scribes and priests, men of solemn dignity and preoccupied mien. They made a great show of silence; but, notwithstanding this, I could see that in reality, by look, gesture, and occasional word, they generally directed the speech of the datto whom they accompanied. They touched so often upon religious matters and customs that I had quickly felt the need of being informed on the subject of Mohammedan teaching, especially concerning conduct and foreign relations. I accordingly "primed" myself at once, and was soon astonishing the *panditas*, who were themselves really ignorant of their religion, with my learned talk crammed for the occasion from Sales's translation of the Koran. With the Moros in Spanish times, religion had been the greatest

stumbling-block. In their view the Koran was the whole law, established long ago in the days of the Prophet, so that change and innovation in anything that it governed (and it governed all things) were not only unnecessary, but wrong. Now we, the Americans, had not, like the Spaniards, come talking a new religion. We had the correct Moro theory of disease. Moreover, we had, as it were, slipped up on their weak human side by appealing to their love of gain, and by keeping them employed had even kept their thoughts from the usual fanatical channels into which they were wont to turn on meeting new things. In short, before the Moros knew it, they had been surprised, juggled out of their usual position, and on this one point of religion, where we had expected the greatest difficulty, we were, on account of a little study and pains (I almost said trick), not only to have none, but were to meet with real assistance in getting control of the bulk of the Moros. Religion is the one thing, if there is any, that faintly holds together the incoherent groups of the race. After many visits from less important priests, came the chief and most reverend one in all Lanao, an old and very shrewd man. I received and treated him with great dignity and show of respect, and talked the Koran with him as long as he pleased. Delighted with his first reception, he came again and often. In a few months he was my staunch friend, and was sending letters and messages to his people, many of whom were now either preparing for war or had already been committing acts of war against the Americans. He told them that he spoke the will of Allah-'ta-Allah (God); it was that they live in peace and accept the Americans. He assured them that the Americans also, like the Moros, knew the will of Allah-'ta-Allah and the words of the Prophet. With this old man I advised on many subjects, and one of his last acts with me was to rise, to my great surprise, in a grand assembly of his people a year after our first meeting, and solemnly announce it

as the will of God, made known to him, that the Americans rule over the Moro people and tax them to the fifth of all their goods! He could have given no greater proof of loyalty, for the rock on which his people split was taxes.

For nearly a year the presence of the Americans, contact with them, observation, the example they offered of order, obedience, and government, the practice which in working with the Americans the Moros themselves received in obedience, order, industry, and responsibility, were lessons to the Moros preparatory to government, which was to follow. On many these lessons were unmistakably having the desired effect; on others, not. The latter committed against the Americans every aggression that treachery and stealth could devise. Sentinels were stabbed in the dark, lone soldiers ambushed, cut up, and killed, small parties attacked, tents, tools, and arms stolen and carried away. Our patience long left these things unpunished, hoping that with time and a better comprehension of us the Moros would of themselves see the folly of continuing such acts. On the contrary, as the road went deeper and deeper into the Moro country, these aggressions became worse and more frequent. Our enemies, and even our friends, began to think we were afraid. Unpunished, enjoying to the full at our expense the gratification of their Moro love of lawlessness, our enemies taunted our friends with a foolish self-denial in abstaining from the sport. The friends felt and protested that we were making no difference between good and bad, between friend and foe. They demanded, and indeed it was right, that a distinction should be made.

There was, therefore, better feeling when one morning all learned that we had surprised in his mountains, captured the arms, destroyed the rendezvous and scattered the band of Datto Matuan, whose followers, as all Moros knew, had beset and robbed the American camps. This was emphasized when, a few days later,

after wandering all night through the forest and mountains and wading lake and marshes, we had captured the fort and had utterly wiped out the band of the sultan of Birimbangan. His people under pretense of selling fruit had treacherously approached, cut up, and disabled for life an American soldier. Jeeringly referring to the American slowness to act against their enemies, he had answered my demand for redress by saying that he would take my message under consideration for some months, and then let me know whether he would talk about the matter at all. But respect grew when the news spread of a score dead in the town of Bacayauan, whose people had killed a soldier for the purpose of robbery, and who, when called upon for justice, had first ignored, and then, fortifying the town, had defied the Americans.

Nothing that happened between Americans and Moros was hidden. For the sake of instruction and effect Moros were made to know or hear all, and in these expeditions the effect was increased in Moro eyes by the fact that the Americans had distinguished well, and no friendly Moro had suffered at their hands. There was in consequence a wider call for American flags as a symbol of friendship. It was enough. Punitive measures were thereupon stopped. They were stopped out of policy also, with a view to the future pacification of even the bad Moros, on the knowledge that with them it is revenge, an eye for an eye, to the end of time, without regard to how justly he who first lost an eye deserved to lose it. For this reason a "kill and burn" policy can never succeed with Moros, can do nothing more than destroy them.

These object-lessons had gradually, with the passage of time, brought many villages and settlements to a peaceful recognition of the American commander as their common superior. As this process went on it brought to light the miserable conditions under which these savages had always lived, — willing, yet of themselves helpless, to throw them off. I was

overwhelmed with a flood of complaints, requests to adjudicate claims, settle disputes and differences between different dattos and villages, punish countless robberies, burnings, murders, and woundings, for which there had never in Moro history been any other tribunal than war and counter-aggression. The story led back as far as tradition goes, and opened a broad field of work, too broad for one man.

It was plain that here, at least, near the road, the preparations for government had outrun the provision of machinery for its operation. However, something had to be done. I therefore quietly assumed the functions of lawmaker, ruler, and judge, ruled and settled disputes and differences on my own judgment and knowledge of conditions. The law was scarcely of record, — neither was the old English Common Law, — and the government was somewhat informal; but, like all simple folk, Moros seemed to prefer personality to form in government. Fortunately, too, with my clients exact justice according to civilized ideas was not necessary, nor in demand. Moro ideas of justice were, from their history, tradition, and lives, naturally hazy and faint, not to say *nil*. It was more important here that there be some law than that it be perfect, some decision and end of controversy than that they be just.

My dictum was therefore accepted in general by the Moros near. Soon, however, the rumor of these things spreading, acts in intentional contempt and defiance of them as representing the growing American authority began to be committed by remoter dattos. Military men stationed among them need never seek occasions of quarrels with Moros. Moro ignorance, folly, and perversity can be relied upon to furnish plenty of occasions, and such occasions as cannot be ignored or pardoned. Two such were now forced upon me. The sultan of Detse-en, amongst the most powerful Moros, under threat of war to the bitter end, was required to make full apology, and to cut

off his son from the succession to the sultanate, for public and boastful abuse of the American flag. It was a fit and effective though severe punishment. The second was even worse. One morning I surprised and captured, and soon had tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, two dattos who, to show their disregard and contempt of what the Americans had enjoined, had made, against Filipinos, a successful slave-taking expedition by sea, under the American flag, which they had somehow managed to get hold of! With the Moros restraint of personal liberty is the most grievous of all things; it is inflicted for no crime, however great, and is allowed for but one cause, — insanity. The punishment of the two dattos, therefore, spoke straight to the Moro heart, and all were made to hear it. Death were far preferable. The abused flag came into my hands along with the dattos. That was the latest, no doubt it will be the last, time that the American flag will cover a slave-taking expedition.

The road had now been finished. In its concluding stages the competition among the Moros for the work, for the opportunity to earn money, had become so sharp as to be troublesome. Dattos were quarreling with one another about it, and, once started at work at a given point, they were so self-willed and determined that they could hardly be stopped to be directed elsewhere.

The road work ended, the danger of idleness arose, for it had now become evident to me that Moros could be managed in two ways only, — by putting them at work and keeping them at work, or by putting them in fear and keeping them in fear. There is no possibility of living in quiet with unoccupied or uncowed Moros. I preferred the method of work.

On my offer to hire them now to fetch supplies from the seacoast, there were repeated all the doubt, hesitation, and delay of the time when they first began work upon the road, complicated this time by fear that the Americans might

try to make them carry bacon or something that contained some product of the hog, to the Mohammedan the lowest and vilest of things, accursed of God and the Prophet. After repeated reassurances on this point, they began. At first, to make sure, they would carry only flour, but the work proved profitable and became most popular. Then they took boxed stuff, then canned stuff, then ceased to question what, — every man wisely curbing his curiosity, holding his tongue, carrying all things that came, and bacon at last among the rest!

Assuredly the haven of new ideas was working. Gradually, in the past few months, the Moros had accepted much; and this demonstrated their readiness to accept more, of what was American. The time seemed opportune to give more form to this beginning of control. Accordingly the writer was duly appointed governor of the Lanao Moros, with a small staff, and a scheme of government somewhat like that obtaining over the rest of the Philippines. Its defects were manifest at the very first effort to put it in operation. It failed to turn to account, to place itself at the head of, the weak but only organization in all Moro-land, the datto group, and to lay hold of the only power known to Moros, the authority of the datto.

On a small scale and imperfectly I had already had a government in operation in the only way that government can for years be operated among the Moros, — one-man power without formality, backed by force and a knowledge of the conditions, and exercised upon the people through their dattos. As the law for the new government did not contain these essential provisions, it would not work; but the little machinery of government which had previously been set up went on working quietly, until the new law by amendment adapted itself to the requirements of conditions, and the governor became *de jure* what he had already long been *de facto*, — father, adviser, judge, sheriff, ruler, lawmaker, with the dattos as his subalterns and assistants.

Formal acceptance of government was naturally regarded by the Moros as a serious step, even where they had already in effect been living under that same government for some months. Reasons were demanded. I therefore held meetings to explain and satisfy all. Argument was made as varied and as different as the dattos themselves. Here came in profitably the knowledge which I had gradually been acquiring of each and every one's circumstances and history. For one, it was sufficient to point out that Americans had not bothered his religion or his women; for another, that he had suffered no injustice from us as he had from other Moros, Filipinos, or Spaniards; for this one, that tribal wars in which his people had almost been wiped out had been stopped by the Americans; for that one, that we had suppressed the thieves who had been robbing him of his women and goods. It was enough to remind the sultan of Sungud how he and his people had prospered by the Americans, and the datto of Punud that he was wearing rich clothes since we came. It satisfied some that we had not come and tried to place over them the Filipinos, upon whom the Moros look with contempt as the immemorial source of their slave supply, and with hatred as their traditional enemies; and others, that we had already adjusted and would go on adjusting—it was the purpose of the government to adjust—differences, and punishing wrongs between the different groups of the Moros, and so wipe out the sudden deadly attacks by one another from which all had suffered, and of which all stood in constant dread before the Americans came among them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin shirt, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I to warm your body and protect your feet? Or have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered. "Do you know how to make them?" He was silent and the great crowd listened. "We do, and have come to show you. That is why."

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

It pleased and convinced many when I pointed out and emphasized, what they already knew, that now, with a security hitherto unknown to them, they were able to travel through all Lanao.

Such were the reasons given, and they were pointed out and patiently repeated as the direct good which had already come, and of which more was to be expected, from the power and authority of the Americans. They won over gradually, without war, half of all the Malanaos, and government went on taking on more form; but the most numerous, warlike, and inaccessible tribe, under the most influential hereditary sultan of all, remained stubbornly hostile and aggressive. In twos and threes, his people prowled about, and by cunning, stealth, and lying in wait, lost no opportunity to rob, assault, stab, kill. They would accept nothing the Americans said, for while with most men it is credulity, with Moros it seems to be incredulity, that goes with ignorance of the world. To them, accustomed to see men governed only by desires and passions, it was inconceivable that the Americans bore these aggressions from any other cause than fear or weakness. Tradition and experience were all against such an idea. To them, whose largest example of power had been a datto who could muster a few hundred men, it was wholly incredible, and they ridiculed the idea, that the United States could bring against them any more men or arms than they had already brought. To them it was inconceivable that any man who could would not without more ado destroy his enemy. That the Americans

had not done this meant therefore that the Americans could not do it. To talk to them of power without exercising it, or of punishment without executing it, was taken as mere vaporing. To my persuasion, demands, and threats alike, therefore, their dattos sent jeering replies or answered me with worse aggressions. The last straw was the murder of four soldiers by stealth, to secure their arms. Then followed a deadly punitive expedition. It carried surprise and astonishment, a fearful lesson to foolish, boastful savages whose ideas of war were one thousand, and of power three thousand years behind their age. This was the last argument, and to my next invitation not only those who had been punished, but the few others who had stood aloof, declared their readiness, and in a short time came under the new government.

In organizing them, wherever they could be won over and had made full submission, those dattos who had led in hostility were appointed to authority over their people under the United States; for history shows that such men, under the conqueror, and whether the conqueror wills it or no, remain the strong spirits and real rulers of their country. Violent changes were thus avoided.

All had now come under American authority, and the work of inducing them to accept government was practically finished. There was, however, one thing that still stuck in the throats of all, choking and gagging even those who willingly and peacefully had long been living under the new order. This was the question of taxation, a delicate subject, a last test with Moros, because it is a matter of religion. There had been much talk and murmur of this through all the tribes and groups. Therefore I again held a meeting, at which were assembled all the sultans, dattos, and men of consequence, for question and discussion. I laid before them all the reasons. It appealed to the dattos who had been appointed to offices over their people, to say that we must have money to pay them, but these were

very few. Again, for the common good, I said, — to punish criminals and catch thieves; but the common good had little meaning for men who had known no government, no *res publica*, nothing common; let every man care for himself, was their idea. In all their experience taxes stood for what had been wrung for selfish purposes by the strong from the weak, by conqueror from conquered, by master from his bondman; and money paid for any other cause than direct barter and sale meant tribute, a horrible thing of subjection, dishonor, and slavery. That good should be alleged of taxation was incomprehensible; that it was intended for the good of those who paid it was past belief. All their experience and tradition were contrary to such a thing. Public spirit could not be appealed to, for long habit of life in minute communities had effectually throttled the budding of such a feeling, and left only selfishness.

Yet I felt no uncertainty as to the ultimate outcome of the matter; for by experience I had learned that in all things whatsoever, to the last, the white man outclasses, and can always find some intellectual way to go around, a Moro. In this matter it came thus: —

The Moros, like all other natives of the Philippines, are possessed of a consuming desire to carry a "pass," — some sort of an official certificate as to character, home, business, and the like, of the bearer, — and they are willing to pay any amount therefor, and never think of it as taxation. On this weak point the Moros showed the first signs of yielding. Then the plan of indirect taxation caught, pleased, and overcame them, as it catches wiser men than they. Imported cotton cloth paying duty at the custom house had long been reaching the Moros through a few coast traders, and was now in large use among all Moros. Touching the jacket of the nearest datto, "You are a lot of foolish and ignorant children," I said. "You are haggling about paying taxes when you have already been doing it for years, and have actually been giving the Ameri-

cans money to pay me, to pay the interpreter and all my soldiers." This at once caught their attention. The explanation followed. They understood it remarkably quickly. They saw the humor and the truth of the thing, and, wondering at the *finesse* that had been able to make them contribute to their own subjugation, yielded in a sort of nonplussed way, feeling, no doubt, that it was useless to hope to escape a people who could devise such

a smart system of getting money from other people without the latter's even knowing it. To my help also at this juncture came my old friend, the priest Noskalim, the Metropolitan, as it were, of Lanao, with, if not a revelation, something better — wisdom — to his people: "It is the will of Allah-'ta-Allah, The Merciful, who has many names."

In these ways government and civilization have gained upon them.

ANATOLE FRANCE

BY BRADFORD TORREY

M. ANATOLE FRANCE is a writer who is continually saying something. His thought is always breaking into bloom. He is not one of those who, on the ground of weightiness of matter, or other supposed excellence, have taken out a license to be dull. All his pages have light in them. His readers not only know in which direction they are going, — a great comfort, not always vouchsafed to such travelers, — but are made to enjoy the journey, having a thousand sights to look at by the way. It is an author's business, he considers, to make his truth beautiful; and nothing is beautiful but what is easy. An artist who knows his trade will "not so much exact attention as surprise it."

It sounds like a good creed; and the style of his writing answers to it. Its qualities are the classical French qualities, — neatness, precision, ease, moderation, lightness of touch, lucidity. In sum, it is such a style as comes of good breeding. He is clever without being smart, and pointed without emphasis. As for that dreadful something which goes by the name of rhetoric, you may search his twenty-odd volumes through without finding trace of it. His method is old-fashioned, his masters are the old masters. Brilliancy, surprise, felicities, originali-

ties, — yes, indeed, he has all these and more, but he knows how to wear them. They are all natural to him. "Elegant, facile, rapid," he says; "there you have the perfect politeness of a writer." Obscurity, difficulty, is to his way of thinking but a kind of bad manners.

He was born to enjoy beautiful things, one would say; elected before the cradle to a life of scholastic quietness and leisure; a dilettante and a saunterer, loving old streets, old shops, old books, the old literatures, fond of out-of-the-way and useless learning, the very type and pattern of an aimless reader and dreamer. And so, to take his word for it, he appears to have begun. Those were his best days. Then he was most himself. So, in certain moods, at least, it seems to him now. Of that time he is thinking when he says, "I lived happy years without writing. I led a contemplative and solitary life, the memory of which is still infinitely sweet to me. Then, as I studied nothing, I learned much. In fact, it is in strolling that one makes beautiful intellectual and moral discoveries."

The old book-stalls on the Paris quays, — one wonders how many scores of times he has an affectionate word to say for them in his various books. Even in one

of the earlier essays of *La Vie Littéraire* he apologizes for what is already becoming a frequent reference. "Let me tell you," he breaks out, "that I can never pass over these quays without experiencing a trouble full of joy and sadness, because I was born here, because I spent my childhood here, and because the familiar faces that I saw here formerly are now forever vanished. I say this in spite of myself, from a habit of saying simply what I think, about that of which I think. One is never quite sincere without being a little wearisome. But I have a hope that, if I speak of myself, those who listen to me will think only of themselves; so that I shall please them while pleasing myself. I was brought up on this quay in the midst of books, by humble and simple people, of whose memory I am the only guardian. When I am gone they will be as if they had never been. My soul is all full of their relics."

He runs a risk of being wearisome, he says. But that is merely one of those bits of French politeness to which the only polite and truthful reply is a contradiction. Indeed, he knows better. It was he who said of Renan that his most charming book was his little volume of youthful reminiscence, because he had put most of himself into it. And of M. Anatole France it is equally true that although he has an abundance of ideas, and loves not only his own past but the past of the world, — especially of all mystics, heretics, skeptics, enthusiasts, and saints, — yet he never comes quite so close to his reader as when his talk grows most intimate. It is what we who read are always after, the man behind the pen. If he will really tell us about himself, about his inner, true self, which we blindly feel must be somehow very like another self, more interesting still, with which we seldom succeed in coming face to face, although according to the accepted theory of things it is, or ought to be, our nearest neighbor, — if he will really tell us something, little matter what, that is actually true about himself,

we will sit up till morning to listen to him. It seems an easy way to be interesting, does it not? And so indeed it is, for the right man; for the really fine things are always easy, — if one can do them at all.

There intrudes the doubt; for if success in personal reminiscence is easy, failure is ten times easier. Of course a man must have taste, an innate or well-bred sense of the fitness of things; and so a brook must have banks, to save it from degeneration and waste. But what if the stream itself be muddy, if it have no movement, no sparkle, no variety, if it do not by turns ripple over sunny shallows, loiter in comfortable eddies, and deepen and darken in dream-inviting pools? Or what if the banks be straight-cut and formal, till what should have been a brook is little better than a ditch? What if taste has become propriety, and propriety is hardened into primness, and the writing or the talk is without the breath of life? Yes, success is easy, and it is also impossible. As the art of man never made a mountain brook, so instruction never by itself made a writer. The rain must fall from heaven, and readability (and *hearability* likewise, since writing and talking are but two forms of the one thing) must come from the same source, or, as Emerson said, by nature.

If a man is to disclose himself he must first have known something about himself, a pitch of intelligence by no means to be taken for granted; he must be one of the relatively few who are affectionately cognizant of their own feelings, who delight in their own view of things, who have felt, loved, suffered, and enjoyed, to whom life and the world have been inwardly real and interesting, for whom their own past especially is like a fair landscape, here in full sunshine, there flecked with shadows, but all a picture of loveliness and a thing to dream over.

In reminiscence, as in painting, the subject must be somewhat removed, loss of detail yielding a gain in beauty, since in the one case, as in the other, what we seek is not an inventory, but a picture.

This, or something like this, is what Renan had in mind when in beginning his *Souvenirs* he remarked that what a man says of himself is always poetry. For his own part, he declares, he has no thought of furnishing matter for *post-mortem* biographical sketches. He is going to tell the truth (mostly), but not the kind of truth of which biography is made. Biography and personal reminiscence are two things, and can never be written in the same tone. Many things, he tells us, have been put into his book on purpose to provoke a smile. If custom had permitted, he would more than once have written on the margin of the page: *cum grano salis*.

One thinks of Charles Lamb, though in general he and Renan had wonderfully little in common. How dearly he loved to talk of himself, hiding the while behind some modestly transparent veil of mystification! And how dearly we love to play the innocent game with him, seeing perfectly what is going on, but, as children do, making pretense of being deceived. Better than almost any one else he had the winsome gift of half-serious, tenderly humorous self-disclosure. As Renan said, it is all poetry, and always with something to smile at.

All this because of one of M. Anatole France's many stray bits of gossip reminiscence concerning the old quays of Paris and his boyish adventures among them! Such trifles are characteristic; they connote other qualities, and of themselves show us one side of the man and the writer. He loves his own life, especially his real life, the happy years that lie behind him. The power to see them is to him a matter of wonderment, a kind of miracle, a true fairy's gift. If he could see the future with the same distinctness the fact would be hardly more astonishing, and probably it would be much less beneficent. So he tells himself in one of those rare and precious moods when the soul seems preternaturally awake, and the commonest everyday objects wear a look of newness and mystery till we are

taken with a kind of inward shivering as if we had been seeing ghosts.

For the more connected story of his youthful memories one must turn, of course, to the two volumes expressly devoted to them, *Le Livre de Mon Ami* and *Pierre Nozière*. That he should have written *two* such books is significant of the hold that his childhood still has upon him. But the two are none too many. How delicious they are! — full of tenderness and humor, every sentence true to the pitch, and the writing perfect. And how many pictures they leave with us! The woman in white and her lover with the black whiskers. The ragged street urchin, Alphonse, whom the well-fed, well-dressed house boy envied and pitied by turns, till one day he (the good boy) pilfered a bunch of grapes from the side-board, lowered them out of the window by a string, and called upon little Alphonse to take them; which the suspicious Alphonse proceeded to do with a sudden twitch at the cord (such rudeness!), after which, turning up his face to the window, he thrust out his tongue, put his thumb to his nose, and ran off with the dainty. "My little friends had not accustomed me to such fashions," the good boy confides to us. And then, to heighten his sense of disappointment (how commonly grown-up human benevolence is similarly disrewarded!), he bethought himself that he must tell his mother of his pious theft. She would chide him, he feared. And like a good mother she did, but with laughter in her eyes.

"We ought to give away our own good things, not those of another," she said; 'and we must know how to give.'

"That is the secret of happiness," added my father, 'and few know it.'

"He knew it, my father."

The books are full of such pictures, seen first by the child, and now seen again, losing nothing of their color, through the eyes of the man of forty; full, too, of a boy's dreams and ambitions. Now he will be a famous saint (like every boy he is bound to be famous somehow), and

instantly he sets about it with fastings, an improvised hair shirt, and even an attempt, ingloriously brought to nought by the strong arms of the housemaid, to play the rôle of Simeon Stylites in the kitchen. What with this muscular, unsympathetic maid, — who also tore his hair shirt from him, — and his father, equally unsympathetic, who pronounced him “stupid,” the boy had a bad day of it, and by nightfall, as he says, “recognized that it is very difficult to be a saint while living with one’s family. I understood why St. Antony and St. Jerome went into the desert to dwell among lions and satyrs; and I resolved to retire the next day to a hermitage.” And so he did, choosing a labyrinth in the neighboring Jardin des Plantes.

A few years later, wiser now and more worldly-minded, he is determined to set up catalogues like his old friend Father Le Beau; and soon (joy on the top of joy, and audacity almost past confession) he determines that he will some day print them, and *read the proofs!* Beyond that he can conceive of no higher felicity (though he has since learned, through the confidences of a blasé literary acquaintance, that “one wearies of everything in this world, even of correcting proofs!”).

Needless to say, he did not become a cataloguer, more than he had become a saint; but good Father Le Beau, for all that, determined his boyish admirer’s vocation, inspiring him with “a love for the things of the mind and with a weakness for writing;” inspiring him, also, with a passion for the past and with “ingenious curiosities,” and, by the example of intellectual labor regularly performed without fatigue and without worry, filling him from childhood with a desire to work and instruct himself. “It is thanks to him,” he concludes, “that I have become in my own way a great reader, a zealous annotator of ancient texts, and a scribbler of memoirs that will never see the light.”

Good Father Le Beau! How plainly we can see him at his pleasant task, and

the small boy beside him taking his lesson! And if any be ready to smile at the childish story, as if it were nothing *but* a childish story, — well, there is difference in readers. To some, let us hope, the simple adventures of a boy’s mind, dreaming on things to come, will seem quite as entertaining, and even quite as instructive and morally profitable, as some more highly seasoned adventures of a man who covets his neighbor’s wife, or of a woman who covets her neighbor’s husband. Of books recounting the pleasures and miseries of illicit passion modern literature surely suffers no lack; and truth to tell, M. Anatole France himself (the more’s the pity) has contributed to an already full stock two or three examples not easily to be outdone in piquancy of situation or freedom of speech. Concerning these no account is to be taken here. Enough to say that they are unspeakable, — in English, — though, not to do them injustice, it should be added that neither *Le Lys Rouge*, nor even *Histoire Comique*, for all its misleading, pleasant-sounding title, makes the path to the everlasting bonfire look in the remotest degree alluring. The old truth, old as man, that “to be carnally minded is death,” is nowhere more convincingly set forth than in the modern French novel, whether it be Balzac’s, Flaubert’s, Maupassant’s, Bourget’s, or Anatole France’s. It is unfortunate, we must think, for our author’s reputation and vogue outside of his own country, that not only the two of his books just now named, but at least three others, though in a less degree, are unfitted for full translation into English, or even to be left in their original tongue upon the open shelves of public libraries or on the family table. But what then? They were not written *virginibus puerisque*, their author would say, and even their freest parts treat of nothing worse than every newspaper is obliged somehow to chronicle, however it may veil its language, and nothing worse, perhaps, than is readily allowed in the English classics, especially in the books of the Bible and the writings

of Shakespeare. Wonderful is the effect of time and distance! We gaze upon nude statues of the old Greeks and Romans without a shiver, but the representation of an American president bare only to the waist — as one may see, in all kinds of weather, poor unhappy-looking George Washington sitting in front of the national capitol — affects us with a painful sense of discomfort, not to say of positive indecency.

M. Anatole France, as has been said, seems by birth and early predilection to have been devoted to a career of studious leisure. He would always be contented, one would have thought, to be a looker-on at the game of life, sitting by the wayside, book in hand, and watching the world go past; taking it all as a show; never so much as considering the possibility of entering for any of the prizes that more ambitious men run for, nor concerned very much as to who should win or who lose; hardly so much as an observer; a spectator rather, as he said himself; "in love," as he said again, "with the eternal illusion that wraps us round," but only as an illusion; cultivating his own garden, — like M. Bergeret, who delighted to cut the leaves of books, esteeming it wise to make for one's self pleasures appropriate to one's profession; at the most a collector of old books, and a teller of old tales; a lover of Virgil, a disciple of Epicurus, a friend of quietness, and a worshiper of the graces.

Such we imagine M. Anatole France to have been when he wrote his earlier volumes, including the one which the majority of readers would probably name as the most beautiful of them all, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. The dear old savant tells his own story, talking now to his cat, now to his friendly despot of a housekeeper, now to good Madame de Gabry, now, best of all, to himself. The whole story is, as it were, overheard by the reader, and surely there never was, nor ever will be, a prettier revelation of an old man's soul.

Like Renan, and like M. Anatole

France, Sylvestre Bonnard, Member of the Institute, had a natural sense of humor, and if he does not put into his narrative things on purpose to make us smile it is only because he is in no way thinking of us. He smiles often enough himself, his own oddities and blunders as an absent-minded scholar — since, like Cowper's Mr. Bull, he "has too much genius to have a good memory" — providing him with abundant occasion; and we smile with him. We love him for his goodness, and we listen delighted to all his philosophy. If he is not a saint, he is something better, — or if not better, more interesting and lovable, — a man so humanly sweet, so simple-hearted, so pure-minded, so bright in his talk, so admirable in his kindness, so adorable a confessor of his own foibles, that there is no resisting him. Dear old celibate! — who had loved a pair of blue eyes in his youth, and had been true to their memory ever since! Verily, he had his reward. Never man awaited the sunset with a better grace.

The man who drew this character was surely at peace with the world and with himself. Life had so far been to him mostly a fair-weather stroll in a pleasant country. And the same may be said, with some grains of qualification, of the man who wrote the weekly articles that went to the making of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire*. These are not things to last, it may be, like *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, which, if one may be so simple as to prophesy, can hardly fail to become a classic; but for the present they must afford to many readers, if not a keener, yet a more various, delight. They are books of extraordinary interest, in whatever light one may view them. As we turn them over, remarking here and there the pages that at different times have especially pleased us, we find ourselves saying again and again, Oh, that we had such books in English, and on English subjects! If there were in Great Britain or in the United States a writer who could week by week furnish one of our newspapers with pieces of literary criticism or

bookish causerie of this enchanting quality; so light, so graceful, so original, so suggestive, so full of happy surprises, so bright with humor and philosophy, so perfect in form and temper, and so satisfying in substance! Yes, if there were! How quickly we would all subscribe for that newspaper! The articles might deal, as M. Anatole France's often do, with books that we have never read and have no thought of reading; it would not greatly matter. If the subject in hand were nothing but a text-book or an encyclopædia, a letter from an inquisitive correspondent or a play of marionettes, the talk about it would be literature. And real literature, served to us first every Sunday morning! The very thought is an exhilaration. We are not to be understood as implying that excellent literary criticism is not more or less often written in English, and on both sides of the water. The question is not of moderately sound, workmanlike articles, proper enough to be read and forgotten, but of essays full of charm, full of genius, full of poetry, — essays in which, to adapt a saying of Thoreau, we do *not* miss the hue of the mind, essays that of themselves are in the truest sense little masterpieces of the literary art.

He had never thought of doing such things. His old publisher, Calmann Lévy, "rather friend than publisher," who had welcomed him in his obscurity, and smiled at his first humble successes, had for years been chiding his indolence and dunning him for another book. But he was in love with his idle ways and distrustful of his capacity. He was then living those "happy years without writing," of which we have seen him cherishing so fond a remembrance. But now came the manager of *Le Temps*, a man accustomed to have his way, and behold, the dreamer's pen is again covering paper. "I believe you have a talisman," the new critic says to the editor, in dedicating to him the first of the four resulting volumes. "You do whatever you will. You have made of me a periodical and regular

writer. You have triumphed over my indolence. You have utilized my reveries and coined my wits into gold. I hold you for an incomparable economist."

Such are the services of journalism to literature! A man never writes better, or more easily, than when regular work — not too pressing — keeps his hand in play. So Sir Walter Scott, hag-ridden by debt, if he finished a novel in the morning began another in the afternoon, because, as he explained, it was less difficult to keep the machine running than to start it again after a rest.

In this same dedicatory epistle to M. Hébrard are to be found some of the brightest and most characteristic things that M. Anatole France has ever written about his own nature and habits, as well as about his ideas of critics and criticism. For talking about himself, as we have before said, and as the reader must have discovered even from our few quotations, he has the prettiest kind of talent. "You are very easy to live with," he tells M. Hébrard. "You never find fault with me. But I do not flatter myself. You saw at once that nothing great was to be expected, and that it was best not to torment me. For that reason you left me to say what I pleased. One day you remarked of me to a common friend,—

"'He is a mocking Benedictine.'

"We understand ourselves very imperfectly, but I think your definition is a good one. I seem to myself to be a philosophical monk. At heart I belong to an *abbaye de Thélème*, where the rule is comfortable and obedience easy, where one has no great degree of faith, perhaps, but is sure to be very pious."

There is nobody like a skeptic, he continues (he is echoing Montaigne), for always observing the moralities and being a good citizen. "A skeptic never rebels against existing laws, because he has no expectation that any power will be able to make good ones. He knows that much must be pardoned to the Republic;" that rulers at the best count for little; that, as Montaigne said, most things in

this world do themselves, the Fates finding the way. Still he advises his manager never to confide his political columns to any Thelemite. The gentle spirit of melancholy that he would spread over everything would be a discouragement to honest readers. Ministers are not to be sustained by philosophy. "As for myself," he adds, "I maintain a suitable modesty and restrict myself to criticism."

And then, in two sentences, one of which has attained almost to the rank of a familiar quotation, he defines criticism and the critic.

"As I understand it, and as you allow me to practice it, criticism, like philosophy and history, is a sort of romance, and all romance, rightly taken, is an autobiography. The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his own mind in its intercourse with masterpieces."

To be quite frank, he declares, the critic should begin his discourse by saying: "Gentlemen, I am going to speak about myself apropos of Shakespeare, apropos of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is a fine occasion."

And here, of course, the battle is joined between the two schools of critics: the subjective, or impressionistic, so called, on one side, and the objective, or scientific, so called, on the other.

Into this controversy (which, like many another, may yet turn out to be concerned with words rather than with things) we feel no call to enter. Like our author himself, we desire to maintain the modesty that is fitting to us. We content ourselves, therefore, with some random comments upon *La Vie Littéraire*, which to our taste is one of the most delightfully readable books of recent times. Having read it and reread it, we are (somewhat ignorantly, to be sure, having nothing like an exhaustive acquaintance with universal current literature) very much of Mr. Edmund Gosse's opinion when he says of M. Anatole France that he is perhaps "the most interesting intelligence at this moment working in the field of letters." The word "perhaps,"

it will be noticed, is outside the double commas. A genuinely modest man likes to make a show of his modesty even in his use of quotations.

Whether criticism in general, as critics in general write it, ought to be of one school or another, subject to personal impression or subject to rule, one thing is beyond dispute: the singular charm, one feels almost like saying the incomparable charm, of *La Vie Littéraire* lies in its intimate, individual quality. It is not a set of formulas, nor even a thesaurus of literary opinions and estimates. It is the voice of a man, speaking as a man. As you listen you see his mind at work; you know what he thinks about, and how he thinks about it; what he enjoys best and oftenest, what trains his reveries naturally fall into; how the world looks to him, past, present, and future. He does not set himself to reveal himself; when men do that they mostly fail; his mind *plays* before you. Above all things he is an ironist. There is nothing, least of all anything in himself or concerning himself, that he cannot smile at, though there may be tears in his eyes at the same moment. He admires, and can perfectly express his admiration; and when he despises, he is no more at a loss. The more he knows, the more he is ignorant, — and the more he wonders. He is full of modern knowledge, and he loves of all things a fairy tale. Shakespeare delights him, and he cannot say well enough nor times enough how greatly he enjoys the marionettes.

It can hardly have been an accident (and yet, for aught we know, it may have been, since accident often seems to be no more foolish than the rest of us) that his first *Temps* essay was concerned with a representation of *Hamlet*, and the second with the latest story of M. Jules Lemaitre. Both the Danish prince and the martyr Sérénus were men oppressed and finally overcome by a sense of the mystery of things, having ideas, almost in excess, and being so skillful in debate that they could never come to a conclusion. Like

horses and politicians they needed blinders, and for lack of them could not keep a straight course.

Both make a lively appeal to our critic's sympathy. He is sufficiently like them himself. And so what ought, on one theory, to have been a dissertation upon Shakespeare's conception of Hamlet's character, runs of its own will into an address to the Dane himself. He is so real to the Frenchman that the two go home together, as it were, after the play, and the Frenchman, having sat silent so long, finds his heart full and his tongue suddenly unloosed.

First he must apologize to Hamlet for the audience, some part of which, as he may have noticed, seemed a trifle inattentive and light. Hamlet must not lay this to heart. "It was an audience of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen," he should understand. "You were not in evening dress, you had no amorous intrigue in the world of high finance, and you wore no flower in your buttonhole. For that reason the ladies coughed a little in their boxes while eating iced fruits. Your adventures could not interest them. They were not worldly adventures; they were only human adventures. Besides, you force people to think, and that is an offense which will never be pardoned to you here."

Still there were a few among the spectators who were profoundly moved, a few by whom the melancholy Dane is preferred before all other beings ever created by the breath of genius. The critic himself, by a happy chance, sat near one such, M. Auguste Dorchain. "He understands you, my prince, as he understands Racine, because he is a poet."

And then, after a little, he concludes by confiding to Hamlet what a mystery and contradiction the world has found him, though he is the universal man, the man of all times and all countries, though he is exactly like the rest of us, "a man living in the midst of universal evil." It is just because he is like the rest of us, indeed, that we find his character a thing

so impossible to grasp. It is because we do not understand ourselves that we cannot understand him. His very inconsistencies and contradictions are the sign of his profound humanity. "You are prompt and slow, audacious and timid, benevolent and cruel; you believe and you doubt; you are wise, and above everything else you are insane. In a word, you live. Who of us does not resemble you in something? Who of us thinks without contradiction, and acts without inconsistency? Who of us is not insane? Who of us but says to you with a mixture of pity, of sympathy, of admiration, and of horror, 'Good-night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!'"

This may not be great Shakespearean criticism; certainly it bears no very striking resemblance to the ordinary German article that walks abroad under that name; but at least it is good reading, and so far as may be possible in a few sentences, it may be thought to go somewhat near to the heart of the matter.

As for the Sérénus of M. Jules Lemaitre, he, too, is a thinker and dreamer set to live in difficult conditions. He, too, is caught in contradictory currents, and finds it impossible to make the shore. For him, as for Hamlet, death is the only way out. His creator, of whom M. Anatole France loves to talk, is himself a born skeptic, always asking, under one ingenious form and another, the question of the old Roman functionary, "What is truth?" and never getting an answer. Like his friend and critic, "he loves believers and believes not." It may have been he of whom it is remarked, somewhere, that he had "a mind full of ironic curiosity." We have been turning the volumes over in search of the phrase. We did not find it, but we found ourselves repeating the word with which we began: "M. Anatole France is a writer who is always saying something." It seems to us truer than ever; and it seems a considerable merit.

In the course of our search we fell anew upon the essay dealing with that

amazing book, the *Journal* of the Goncourt brothers. It is no very enlivening subject, one would say, but the essay is of the brightest, sparkling from end to end with those "good things" concerning which the scientific critic may say what he will, so long as the impressionistic critic will be kind enough to furnish them for our delectation. As plain untheoretical readers we are thankful to be interested.

Of all books, as we know already, M. Anatole France believes in personal memoirs. In his opinion writers are seldom so likely to be well inspired as when they speak of themselves. La Fontaine's pigeon had good reason to say: —

Mon voyage dépeint

Vous sera d'un plaisir extrême.

Je dirai : "J'étais là; telle chose m'advint: "

Vous y croirez être vous-même.

Even a cold writer like Marmontel gets a hold upon us "as soon as he begins to tell about a little Limousin who read the *Georgics* in a garden where the bees were murmuring," — because he was the boy, and the bees were those whose honey he ate, the same which he saw his aunt warming in the hollow of her hand, and refreshing with a drop of wine, when the cold had benumbed them. As for St. Augustine's *Confessions*, so called, our essayist has no very exalted opinion of them. The great doctor, he thinks, hardly confesses enough. Worse yet, he hates his sins; and, in the way of literature, "nothing spoils a confession like repentance."

But Rousseau, "poor great Jean-Jacques," "whose soul held so many miseries and grandeurs," — he surely made no half-hearted confession. "He acknowledged his own faults and those of other people with marvelous facility. It cost him nothing to tell the truth. However vile and ignoble it might be, he knew that he could render it touching and beautiful. He had secrets for that, the secrets of genius, which, like fire, purifies everything."

But we must be done with quotation,

though the matter that offers itself is fairly without end. Especially one would be glad to cite some of the essayist's reminiscences of men he has known; some of them famous, like Flaubert, "a pessimist full of enthusiasm," who "had the good part of the things of this world, in that he could admire;" Jules Sandeau, whom the critic, when a child, used to meet on the quays of Paris, which are "the adopted country of all men of thought and taste;" and dear old Barbey d'Aurevilly, so queerly dressed, so profane a believer, "so frightfully Satanic and so adorably childish;" — and others, and these among the best, — two or three priests, especially, — never heard of except in our author's pages.

One would like, also, to speak of his favorite heterodox theory touching the fallible nature of posterity as a judge of works of art; of the fun that he pokes so effectively at the new school of symbolists and decadents (small wonder that they do not love him); of his ideas upon language, upon history, upon the grossness of Zola, — with which he as an artist has no patience, — upon the exalted rank of the critical essay, upon the educational value of the humanities. These and many other things have their place in the four volumes, and every one is touched with grace and something of originality. Everywhere the personal note makes itself heard. It is a voice, not the scratching of a pen, that we listen to, the voice of a man who never forgets that he was once a child. He has lived in Eden. We all begin, he tells himself, where Adam began. "In those blessed hours," he says, "I have seen thistles springing up amid heaps of stones in little sunny streets where birds were singing, and I tell you the truth, it was Paradise."

The two or three years during which he was contributing weekly articles to *Le Temps* were not quite of this heavenly quality, we may safely presume; in the inevitable course of things the gates of Eden must for some time have been al-

ready closed against him; but if one is to judge by his books of the period, meaning to include among them *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, *Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard*, and *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, — three of the best and most characteristic, though the two first named are not for readers afflicted with what a French critic calls *pudeur livresque*, — they were still years of quietness and a reasonably full content. He was writing and studying more than formerly, to be sure, and of course, by his own showing, was learning so much less; but, taking everything into the account, he and the world, for all its badness, were pulling pretty well together.

Since then, somehow, we cannot profess to know exactly how or why, a change appears to have come over him; a change not altogether for the worse, nor altogether for the better. Life, in his eyes, is no longer so bright as it was. He is more serious, more satirical, less disposed to mind his rhyme and let the river run under the bridge; a little out of conceit with his old rôle of saunterer and looker-on. He seems to have heard a drum-beat, and if there is to be a fight, he will, after a rather independent fashion of his own, bear a hand in it. Perhaps this is the manlier part. At all events there is no quarreling with it, and the evil days on which Anatole France has fallen ("*le perfide Anatole France*," as we are told that his political enemies — a strange word for use in connection with the author of *Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Le Jardin d'Epicure* — are accustomed to call him) have borne their full share of fruit.

His second manner, to call it so, is like his first in this regard, that its most successful creation is an old scholar. M. Bergeret is Sylvestre Bonnard with a difference, as the present Anatole France is the old Anatole France with a difference. It strikes us as almost a pleasantry of Fate that these two leading characters should stand thus as representatives of their creator's two selves, or, if one prefers to express it so, of their creator's

one self in his two periods of calm and storm.

Sylvestre Bonnard's life ran an even course. Its incidents were no more than the windings and falls of a quiet brook, — just enough to keep it wholesomely alive and give it a desirable diversity and picturesqueness. The world was good to him; and he thanked it. If he did not marry the girl with the pair of blue eyes, — the *eyes de pervenche*, — he was happier in his bachelorhood than most men are in their married condition, and doubly happy toward the last, when time and chance (with more or less of human assistance) brought him his heart's desire in the opportunity to care for his lost Clementine's grandchild. His professional successes were according to his taste: he was a member of the Institute, an authority upon ancient texts, and in his old age the happy author of a book upon a new hobby.

Such was the life of a savant as M. Anatole France conceived it before the world was too much with him, before "Nationalists" and "Royalists" had begun to look askance upon him, and call him traitor.

M. Bergeret, like M. Bonnard, is a man of kindly nature, a scholar, and a lover of peace, but life to him, as to Shelley, has been "dealt in another measure;" a disloyal wife, uncongenial daughters, squalor in his house, disappointment in his calling, lack of favor with his colleagues and superiors, and, to fill his cup, the Dreyfus controversy, which makes him a target for stoning.

And in the midst of it all, notwithstanding it all, what a dear old soul, and what an interesting talker! — so amiably philosophical, so keen in his thrusts, so sly in his humor, so fond of good company, his own and his dog's included, and, in spite of his weaknesses, so equal to the occasion! If he was irreligious, according to his neighbors' standards, it was at least "with decency and good taste."

The four volumes in which he figures

(*Histoire Contemporaine*, they are jointly called), like all the works of their author, are crammed with clever sayings. There is no great story, of course, though some of the incidents are many shades too lively to be set in modest English type; but the characterization and the dialogue are of the best, — in the good Yankee sense of the word, “complete.”

For its full appreciation the book — it is really one, in spite of its four titles — demands a more familiar acquaintance with the ins and outs of current French politics than the average American reader is likely to bring to it. There are so many wheels within wheels, and the intrigues are made, of set purpose on the author's part, to turn upon desires and considerations so almost incredibly sordid and petty! It is a comedy; we are bound to laugh; but it is also a horror, and is meant to be. Satire was never more biting. The game of provincial politics, bishop-making and all, is played with merciless particularity before the reader's eyes; and if he fails to follow some of the moves with perfect intelligence, he sees only too well the smallness and baseness and cruelty of the whole; a game in which a matron's honor is no more than a pawn upon the chessboard, to be given and taken without so much as an extra pulsebeat, even an extra pulsebeat of her own. If it be true, or within a thousand miles of true, — well, as was said by one of old, a critic accounted wise in his day, “man hath no preëminence above a beast.”

Poor M. Bergeret! He ought to have been so happy! Like his human creator, he was born for life in a cloister, some Abbaye de Thélème, where he should have had nothing to do but to read his books, say his prayers, mind a few cabbages, perhaps, and be quiet; and instead of that, here he is passing his days in such a turmoil that he experiences a kind of joy on finding himself in the street, the one place where he gets a taste of “that sweetest of good things, philosophical liberty.” And with all the rest of his

tribulations there falls upon him that dreadful nightmare of the Dreyfus case. Neither he nor his neighbors can let it alone. It is like the bitterness of aloes in all their conversation.

One resource he still has; one neighbor, better still, one housemate, with whom he can discuss anything, even the “Affaire,” with no fear of being stoned or misunderstood. His dog Riquet, though he “does not understand irony” (a congenital deficiency, it must have been, with such opportunities), is to our *Maître de Conférences à la Faculté des Lettres* a true friend in need. For that matter, indeed, M. Bergeret is probably not the only man who has found it one of the best points in a dog's favor that you can say to him anything you please. If your human neighbor stands in perishing need of wholesome truth, or if you stand in sore need of expressing it to him, and if there happens to be some not unnatural unwillingness on his part, or some momentary lack of courage on yours, why, you have only to deliver your message to him vicariously, as it were, to the sensible relief of your own mind, if not to the edification of his.

“Riquet,” said M. Bergeret, after a vain endeavor to make one of his brother provincials submit himself to reason, “Riquet, your velvety ears hear not him who speaks best, but him who speaks loudest.” And Riquet, well used to his master's conversational peculiarities, took the compliment in good part; in much better part, at all events, than any human interlocutor would have been likely to take it. For really, unless one actually lost one's temper, one could not say just that to a neighbor and equal, especially if it happened to be true.

For a heretic living among the orthodox there is nothing like keeping a dog. So we were ready to say and leave it; but we bethink ourselves in season that there is a more excellent way. Keep a dog, if you will, but also keep the pen of a novelist. Then all your beliefs and half beliefs and unbeliefs, all your bene-

volently contemptuous opinions of men and of men's institutions, all your treasures of irony and satire, dear as these ever are to the man who possesses them, instead of being wasted upon a pair of velvety ears, may be trumpeted to the world at large through the lips of a third party, a "character," so called, some M. Bergeret, if you can invent him, or an Abbé Coignard.

It is one of the best reasons for reading fiction, by the way, provided it is written by a man of insight and force, that he is so much more likely to tell us what he thinks when he is not compelled to speak in his own person.

A happy lot is the novelist's. Such a more than angelic liberty as he enjoys, so comfortably irresponsible and blameless as he is, whatever happens! One thinks again of Jérôme Coignard, concerning whom too little is finding its way into this paper. That grand old Christian and reprobate, as we know, could live pretty much as he listed and hold pretty much such "opinions" as pleased him, at ease all the while in the assurance that somewhere in a deep inner closet, fast under lock and key, he preserved a faith in the Christian mysteries so perfect and unsoiled — never having been subjected to any earthly contact — that the good St. Peter, when the inevitable time should come, would be sure to pass its possessor into the good place without a question.

Yet it will never do for us to intimate that M. Anatole France has sought to save either comfort or reputation by talking through a mask. His theological, political, and socialistic heresies, if you call them such, this being matter of opinion, have been too openly expounded, and have brought him, as has already been told, too many enemies and reproaches. The most that we started to say under this head was that the storms into which the currents of the world have drifted him are reflected in his *Histoire Contemporaine*, especially in the difference between his M. Bergeret and his M. Bonnard.

Of the two, M. Bergeret has the greater philosophic interest for us, as well as the greater number of rememberable things to say to us. If the reader wishes to see him in two highly contrasted situations, let him turn to the wonderful chapter describing his sensations and behavior immediately after detecting his wife's infidelity, and the beautiful one in which he and his more practical sister visit together the old Paris mansion in which they had passed some portion of their childhood. They were house-hunting at the time, and the Master, falling into one of his far-away, philosophical moods, remarked, apropos of something or nothing: "Time is a pure idea, and space is no more real than time." "That may be so," answered his matter-of-fact, executive-minded sister, "but it costs more, in Paris."

Doctor Johnson called himself "an old struggler," and the words come unbidden into our minds as we review M. Bergeret's story. To us, we must confess, the old Latin professor seems almost as real a personage as the Great Cham of literature himself. We hope he is happy in his new post of honor at the Sorbonne. It was time, surely, that some of the good things of life should begin to come his way.

And now it is pleasant to add, by way of ending, that the latest book of M. Anatole France seems to indicate that he also, as well as the man of his creation, has come out into a larger place. His mood is quieter and less satirical, though he is still many degrees more serious than in the old days of *Thaïs* and *Sylvestre Bonnard*. *Sur la Pierre Blanche* is a work of the rarest distinction; not a book for the casual reader to hurry over in pursuit of a story (in a loose way of speaking it may be characterized as a volume of imaginary conversations), but one to be cherished and dwelt upon by such as love the perfection of art and are not averse to knowing what kind of thoughts visit a free-thinking, humanity-loving man, of a philosophical, half conservative, half

radical turn of mind, in these days of social and political unrest, as he looks back upon the origins of Christianity and forward into those new and presumably brighter eras which we who live now may dream of, but never see.

The motto of the book explains the significance of its title: "You seem to have slept upon the white stone amongst the people of dreams." Toleration, the spread of peace, imperialism, the socialistic evolution (following hard upon the capitalistic evolution, now at its height, or passing), the yellow peril, so called, the white peril, the future of Africa, — these are some of the larger and timelier questions considered. In general the thoughts of the book are those of a scholar whose face is turned toward practical issues. The author is not concerned with any Utopia, — absolute justice, by his theory, being not a thing to be so much as hoped for, — but with some quite possible amelioration of the existing order, and some gradual, natural, irresistible approaches (irresistible because they are the work of Nature herself) toward a

state of society less unequal, not to say less unendurable, than the present.

Let those scoff who will; for ourselves we rejoice to see the man, like the boy, "dreaming on things to come."

At the same time, we should not be sorry to believe that, in the heat of writing, and out of the love, natural to all of us, of making facts conform to theory, we may have laid a thought too much of emphasis upon the alterations through which his mind has passed. His days, we suspect, have, after all, been pretty closely bound each to each by natural piety. We recall his fine saying about Renan, brought up in the Roman Church and dying an unbeliever, that he changed little. "He was like his native land, where clouds float across the sky, but the soil is of granite, and oaks are deeply rooted."

Changed or unchanged, in his first manner or his second, Republican or Nationalist, socialist, anti-imperialist, "intellectual," or what not, who will refuse to read a writer who can express himself after such a fashion?

THE PRODIGY

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

HE dangled his legs over the stone coping which formed a neat quadrangle about his father's private portion of the college grounds. Before him curved a dazzling gravel walk along which pretty girls sauntered with young men who wore the most remarkable ties, and whose hat-bands would have seemed conspicuous elsewhere. They always smiled at him with some curiosity in their regard, and after they had passed odd remarks occasionally floated back to the Prodigy. Although perfectly familiar with preparatory Greek and Latin, he did not always comprehend these fragments of conversational English. This evening, for instance, a girl in white had said, "What a shame, — a child like that!" She caught herself from looking back as she said it, so he knew at once that he was the child; but he could not imagine what the "shame" could be.

He gazed meditatively far across the Campus to the public school ball ground, where lads of his own age, or younger, danced about with ball and bat. A certain wistfulness crept into his expression. A yearning stirred in his heart. It was merely a rudimentary yearning. It did not know how to express itself in action so as to be of any use to the little boy. It only made him conscious that, while he was not really interested in the game, it would probably be a pleasant thing to feel enough like other little boys to be interested.

As he sat there, troubled with rudimentary yearnings and with preparatory Greek and Latin, he caught sight of his father escorting Miss Lizzy along the white walk in his most deferential manner. Miss Lizzy wore her loveliest raiment, and her openest air of disapproval. The Prodigy, who loved her, ran to join

them, and clasped her soft hand all the way up her petunia-bordered path to her spacious porch, where woven grass chairs opened wide arms to them all. Miss Lizzy seconded the invitation; but the Professor did not feel as if she really wished him to stay, so he said, "Thank you, but it's time for our row, hey, Win?"

The Prodigy removed his hand from Miss Lizzy's and placed it in his father's; but the Professor, coloring slightly, his eyes fastened on the lady's face, released it gently.

"Well, run along and get into your flannels," he suggested.

When the Prodigy had trotted off, the Professor, coloring more pronouncedly, said, "Lizzy, have you ever told me why you will not marry me?"

"No," replied Miss Lizzy composedly.

"That's unfair," he accused her, with not a little bitterness. "I have loved you a long time. You," he read her with his look, "you do care for me, — then why?"

Miss Lizzy stepped up another step. She now considered him from the vantage ground of the porch. Once she glanced across the hedge between their lawns, catching a glimpse of the Prodigy's fair little cropped head vanishing in a side door, but she looked back immediately. She was not rosy now, but pale, and in her lovely, gentle eyes a deep, still anger revealed itself to him for the first time.

"Why?" urged the Professor.

"I, too, might have a child," she said in a low voice. She turned, as she said it, into the house, not stopping until she gained her own big, cool room, where the long, white curtains flung cobwebbed shadows on the dark floor. For almost the first time in her life she failed to

look around her with homecoming, loving eyes. Her heart beat violently. Her color came back deeper than usual. She let the anger burn openly in her face. "I am glad it is said at last," she thought; "I am glad. I am glad. It has lain unsaid in my heart for four years."

She sat down at her writing table, slowly removing her gloves and hat, and thinking of the little boy. Poor Alice's poor baby he was — Alice, her cousin, her schoolmate, who had died in her married girlhood, leaving her child to the mercy of men, leaving his babyhood to be sacrificed to the Professor's vanity. Because he was a brilliant child, an unusual child, Jim had experimented, tempted him on, made of him a thing unnatural, monstrous, set the eyes of a stooping student in the soft curves of a pallid baby face. It was a crime not named, not punished by the law, but murder seemed to her less.

The Professor took it in presently, but when he got so far as opening his lips the steps in the upper hall had died away. There was nothing left him save to follow Winston, which he did, slowly turning a deep and angry red. For it naturally put him in a temper to be told he was too big a brute to be a father, — or was it fool?

"Ready, Win?" he called up the stairs. The Prodigy shrilled back, and presently the two were to be seen, decked out in white flannels, flashing by beneath the willows of the opposite river bank. The Prodigy looked very little at that distance, but he was pulling bravely to his father's carefully adjusted stroke. The low sun brought out a glint of gold in his close-cropped fair hair, and in the Professor's darker locks.

"Then," thought Miss Lizzy, watching them from her window, "he'll have a dip and a rub, and Jim will run him up the bank, and he'll eat a shredded wheat biscuit, and go to bed, and Jim will come over here feeling perfectly virtuous, and say, 'Well, we've had our exercise.'"

She gave a little start. "No," she said, "he won't come to-night."

On the river the Prodigy dropped his oar.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the Professor. He reached for it deftly.

"I'm tired," said the Prodigy.

"Oh, we get our second wind," encouraged the Professor gayly.

"My head aches," said the Prodigy after a few more strokes. "It's been troubling me a good deal lately," he added with dignity.

"Eyes," suggested the Professor.

"Perhaps it is," assented the Prodigy politely. "It's a round spot here, — about as big as a quarter. It burns." He placed a finger to the left of his pink parting, and looked at his father interrogatively.

"We'll see an oculist to-morrow. Glasses will set you right."

The Prodigy's face expressed a vague distaste. "I don't think I'll like glasses," he objected unexpectedly.

"Why, you soon get used to them, Win." He bent a smiling, dark-eyed look down into the large, shortsighted, black-fringed, blue eyes. "I would n't be without mine."

"Miss Lizzy thinks they're ugly," observed the Prodigy after a pause.

The Professor flushed with annoyance. "A mere prejudice," he commented, carefully impersonal in tone. "One's comfort comes first," he concluded sensibly.

"I think they are ugly, too," said the boy, "though, of course, that is n't the point." He sighed after his sensible conclusion. "I'm tired again," he added. "Please take my oar, father."

He sat down in the boat between his father's knees, very much in the way, and laid his head on one of them, and went to sleep. So it happened that the dip, and the rub, and the run up the bank were omitted from the regular routine. Instead, the Professor carried the Prodigy to the house in his arms, and put him on a couch in the first bookridden room he came to, and telephoned for Miss Lizzy and a doctor.

"I think it must be the heat, Lizzy,"

he said, meeting her with oblivious anxiety.

Involuntarily she gave him a look which reduced him to a mere sensation of heartsickness; then, with swiftly averted eyes, gathered the Prodigy to her heart and carried him to his spacious, hygienic bedroom with its shower bath, its miniature gymnasium, and its big low, study table. He looked very babyish lying in a peaceful stupor in the large, old-fashioned walnut bed. While she waited for the doctor she regarded the physical culture apparatus with the expression of one who finds herself in the neighborhood of a torpedo. "As if a *boy* could n't get exercise enough if he were let alone!" She went on taking in all the carefully chosen, carefully adapted articles in the room, to keep from looking at the Prodigy. He was so small, so piteous, and she did not know what to do for him.

She gave an exclamation of relief at the sound of a man's foot on the stairs.

"What kept you so long, Frank?" she cried, — they were all her childhood's friends, boys to be scolded by her if she were vexed.

He did not reply until he had made a rapid examination.

"I was three miles down the road," he answered at length. He sat on the side of the bed looking up at her. "It's pretty bad. I'll 'phone for a nurse."

"I" — she began.

"No, I like my nurses better — reliable machines. You are too anxious. Besides, he won't know who nurses him. If he gets better — why then" —

"If?" she cried. "Ah!"

"Oh, he may pull through and not be an idiot. Some fools have luck."

She turned pale. "You are very cruel," she said to the doctor, who had once wished to marry her, — who perhaps still wished to.

"You know that you think as I do about this, Lizzy?"

"He never dreamed he was harming Winny," she said, defending the Professor.

"No," — Preston glanced around the room, — "plenty of exercise to offset the brain work, — how could it possibly hurt him? Plenty of precedent, — Pope, De Quincey, Macaulay," — he stopped abruptly, and glanced toward the door. "Oh, there you are, Jim! Come here, will you."

Miss Lizzy fled past the Professor to the dark porch and crouched in his big chair beneath the Virginia creeper. She buried her head in her arms against its back. She felt as a mother feels when her boy is being beaten. He deserves it, but how can she stand waiting for it to be over? Through the open window Preston's voice, low, professional, floated down to her, but indistinctly. When it ceased it was answered by a sound, a cry, she knew not what. She stopped her ears to it.

Ten minutes later a nurse from the hospital went past her into the house. A light streamed from the window. She heard both men descend the steps, but only Preston came out.

"Lizzy," he called softly.

"Here I am."

"I will take you home."

She hesitated.

"No, come," he said.

At the door he answered her look at last.

"Lizzy," he said, "I was sorry for the beggar, too. I did n't hurt him any more than I had to. No, I can't come in. Good-night."

He took a few steps away from her and then came back. "Don't fret until you have to. Sometimes these cases turn out all right. The little chap has a good constitution. As for Jim, it won't harm his soul to find out that he's fallible, but it's tough on him to-night. Still, who can help? Not even you, Lizzy. The nearest one can get is a universe away, and you can hardly bear that, — a man can't, anyway, not when he's been to blame."

She flashed a rebellious look at him.

"Mere vanity in you to think so," — and he was gone.

Long after his steps died away she stood watching the light from the Prodigy's window. None came from the library, where the Professor had thrown himself down in the darkness.

For days, weeks, the Prodigy explored the borderlands of Life. Sometimes he went very far; but his father's hand always drew him groping back to the big white room. Every day Miss Lizzy came in and sat in the low wicker chair near the bed, sharing the Professor's silence for a strange half hour. Often he did not notice her, and she loved him the better for it.

It was not self-absorption, but a self-ignoring, — a loss of his own identity in an agonizing realization of the child's. The Prodigy did not know when his father was there, — he only knew when he was not there; so he stayed nearly all the time. One day the fever did not return. The doctor, the nurse, and the father stood by the bed waiting to know if the Prodigy would live, and if he might not better have died.

Over in the town a clock was striking six as he opened his eyes.

"Father," he said vaguely.

The Professor dropped to his knees by the bed, answering with touch and smile.

"Hold my hand," said the Prodigy, going to sleep again peacefully.

The Professor looked up, asking his first question since the night it happened, — not that he spoke now.

"Luck's your way this time, Jim," said Preston, in the tone of a lenient judge.

Into the Professor's heavy eyes leaped the marveling of the miracle-beholder. He put his head on the Prodigy's pillow, and Preston went out, signing the nurse to follow.

In the hall stood Miss Lizzy.

"Eavesdropping?" queried the doctor light-heartedly.

"Oh, Frank, I was afraid to go in."

"Go on. He will need you now — that he does n't need you. The little chap knew him," he added softly.

She too offered that tribute of wonder-

ment. But from her it irritated him. He turned quickly. "Let me speak to you in the library, Miss Wood," he said to the nurse, who had been effacing herself in a magical way, much as if she carried Siegfried's cloak handily over her arm.

Smiling happily and absent-mindedly after them, Miss Lizzy opened the door and went in. Not till she gained the bedside did she see that the Professor had fallen asleep, his hand clasping the Prodigy's, his dark head close to the child's white cheek. All the loveliness of his face, seen so, impressed itself on her heart. The pallor of long sleeplessness, the defacement of long pain, had given it the appeal to win her at last. She had not thought before that they resembled each other greatly; but looking down now she saw that the boy was but a fair little image of his father. "My poor little boys," she said beneath her breath. She felt as if she were a guardian angel hovering over them with outspread plumage. She smiled at herself. "I have been as perfectly useless as one, anyway," she candidly admitted as she slipped away.

Slowly the Prodigy journeyed back to his tiny place in the world of men. Instead of being older than his years, his eyes were now younger. The pondering intelligence was gone. In its place flowered a soft wonder, a babyish questioning, an insatiable demanding of affection from surrounding slaves.

One afternoon the Professor carried him to a big chair on an upper porch. Preston followed. The Prodigy lay back among some blue-ruffled couch pillows. A little blue dressing-gown wrapped him. A gay, blue-striped steamer rug covered his knees. All this blue deepened in his eyes to an azure, heavenly and intense. Preston, who had halted by a table strewn with illustrated weeklies, offered the Prodigy one.

"I'll let you look at some pictures to-day," he said carelessly.

The Prodigy, having been long debarred such things, turned the pages with childish interest. Presently he

looked up, keeping a page open with one thin little claw.

"What ships are these, father?"

"Are n't the names there, Win?" said Preston. His eyes caught the Professor's.

"I don't know," said the Prodigy. A puzzlement troubled the pure blue of his eyes. His little head with its newly grown toss of loose, light curls turned from one to the other. "I—I can't read them," he stammered gropingly.

"Of course not," said the doctor easily; "I forgot."

Taking the paper, he explained the battleships with that vivid wealth of detail dear to a boy's heart. The Prodigy listened, the faint trouble vanishing. At last Preston laid the paper aside. "I'd better be off," he cried, "if I'm to be seven miles out in the country by five."

The Professor followed him into the hall, catching his arm in a grip that pinched. "Well," said Preston, in a low voice, "you've read of such things, have n't you, Jim?"

"But it's happened to my boy," said the Professor, "to my boy!" He repeated it like a fool.

"Good thing, too," said Preston. "Now he knows as little as he ought to know. Buy him a primer, Jim."

He went away, looking back at the Professor, who still stared foolishly at the blankness of this inconceivable thing. He felt like a brute; but consider. It was plain enough to all their world these days that Miss Lizzy meant to marry the Professor.

The Professor went back and took the Prodigy up in his arms. "Father's baby," he crooned, folding him against his breast. His mind grew clearer. So it had been that near,—not death, though death had been breathlessly near, but that dreadfuller than death, that horror he balked at naming. The last shred of his selfish, vain, little ambition was torn painfully away. A healing peace descended on him. The Prodigy could have entered college that fall, so far as being prepared

went. Now the father's heart thrilled with the thought that the child would soon be well enough to learn to read.

It was an Indian summer afternoon,—a golden, mellow caress in its coolness, a dim, sweet sounding of earth's music in its stillness. Suddenly the Prodigy lifted himself, and looked eagerly across the campus to where the public school boys were spreading over their ball ground. An upflung bat glinted in the sun. Distant shouts disturbed the silence. The Prodigy's eyes darkened, brightened.

"Like it, old fellow?" asked the Professor.

The Prodigy ignored this. "Father," he said, "I remember now. I remember that I have forgotten — things I used to know."

"Yes," replied the Professor, matter-of-fact in manner, "you would, you know. You were pretty sick, Win."

"And I don't know any more than other boys now?"

His tone was hopeful — yet fearful, too.

"Not as much, Win," said the Professor. He was able to say it without a pang.

The Prodigy straightened up, sparkled. New tides of life pulsed through his thin little body. "When I get well," he said, "I'm going over there to school." His words unfurled like a gay banner in the golden October air.

"Sure," said the Professor, with creditable promptness for a man whose breath had been taken away.

The Prodigy sank back. His soft curls cuddled in the crook of his father's arm. The sudden sleepiness of weakness mastered him. "Sing something," he ordered; "sing 'The minstrel boy to the war has gone.'" He listened with infinite satisfaction, gazing up into the pale zenith, falling asleep at last to the mingling strains of distant boyish shouts, and the song of an ancient, beautiful, boyish bravado:—

"But the harp he loved ne'er spake again,
For he tore its chords asunder."

There sounded a quiet step in the hall, a faint stir in the doorway.

"Who can write them now?" said a vision in white, with a tea rose tucked in her low, falling dark hair, so straight, so soft, so clearly parted on her pretty brow. She echoed the gallant refrain. "But I suppose we are very archaic to sing Moore to-day."

"As long as the boys like him," said the Professor, "his songs will be new-fashioned enough for us. But look at my boy. What do you think of him to-day?" He added slowly, "Do you know?"

"That he is n't a Prodigy any longer?"

"Yes."

"I have known for a week. I am so happy that — I am sorry for you."

"So you think I regret it?"

She looked at him.

He shook his head; "I am glad, too," he said.

She dropped her eyes to the boy. "Bless his heart," she murmured, leaning over to see. "He looks like a precious baby, asleep that way. I had n't an idea his hair was so pretty."

It tempted her fingers. She could not help brushing it with a butterfly wing of a touch.

"Oh, Lizzy!" exclaimed the Professor just above his breath. She met his eyes, bewildered. Did he not know? He alone of all her world?

"How right you were," he cried, at the end of that long look. "I have never deserved you, Lizzy, — unless it's now — when I know what a fool I've been, — and how dare I ask you to marry a fool?" He brooded a moment. "You'd better take Preston," he broke out bitterly, jealously.

"Jim," said Miss Lizzy, beautiful, crimson, longing to laugh, "I've managed my own affairs for thirty-two years. I need no advice from you. Frank Preston, indeed!"

Their eyes met in mutual, ungrateful disdain.

"I can't move," whispered the Professor.

He glanced down tenderly at the small, clinging hands. The boy stirred, clung closer.

Miss Lizzy's blush increased. She no longer felt like laughing. She leaned over a little more. Just then the child half roused, half opened his sleepy eyes, put up a drowsy arm about her neck. "Kiss me," he said.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

THEY are all in furtherance of expansion. Some, indeed, would expand religion to the point of vaporization; but this is an inevitable accompaniment of freedom. It belongs to that perfect liberty which carries with it the privilege of error and of folly. It means that truth is discovered by experiment, after a good many of the experiments have failed.

There is, of course, in the contemporary literature of religion a proper amount of cautious conservatism. There are brethren who are both scandalized and scared. But the scared and scandalized theologians, for the most part, get their books printed in rather small quantities, and by publishers who have little more than a denominational constituency. They do not come to the table of the reviewer. The books of religion which are being widely read at present are of the liberal sort.

The difference between this situation and the attitude of our recent ancestors appears in Dr. Greene's admirable monograph on *The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut*.¹ The Cambridge Platform of 1648, dealing with the duties of the Civil Magistrate "in matters Ecclesiastical," declared that the foremost duty of the state is to put down blasphemy, idolatry, and heresy. The magistrates were to advise with the elders in the trial of heretics, and in cases of condemnation were to remember that such offenders were "moral lepers for whose evil influence the community was responsible to God."

This repressive legislation made no end of trouble not only for dissenters, but for the orthodox as well. The Estab-

lished Order found itself in the position of a schoolmaster who has made a rule which contradicts human nature. He cannot enforce it. Human nature finds various ways whereby to evade him, or, failing that, defies him openly. Thus at Yale the New Lights persisted in disturbing the academic peace. The authorities expelled David Brainerd — now remembered as a missionary and a saint — for criticising the college prayers. They dismissed the Cleveland boys because in the vacation of 1744 they went to church with their parents, who were Separatists. They suppressed Locke's essay *Concerning Toleration*, which the senior class had secretly printed at their own expense. But the New Lights were no more discouraged than the rising sun.

With much learning and insight into the meaning of events, with a lucid style and without prejudice, Dr. Greene has written a valuable religious history of Connecticut. The lesson — which she does not draw, but which is plain enough — is that repression of private opinion, even when such opinion is in error, is not for the advantage of religious truth. It makes faction and controversy, divides churches, embitters differences, destroys brotherly love, and, after all, does not gain its purpose. The argument of truth is not assisted by the courts. These troubles were ended for the moment by the Great Awakening. That religious revival changed the subject.

How religion prospers in the sunshine of such a spirit is shown by Professor Harnack in his *Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*.² He finds, indeed, that the organization of the Chris-

¹ *The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut*. By M. LOUISE GREENE, Ph. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*. By ADOLF HARNACK. Translated by JAMES MOFFAT. Two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

tian community had a great deal to do with it. It combined the two principles of individualism and association. Thus, in regard to every Christian, he was expected to save his soul, — the very formula of individualism, — while at the same time he was forbidden to forsake the assembly of his brethren. And in regard to the community, there was on the one hand the local parish with its presbyter, and on the other hand the territorial district with its bishop, each having its own independent prerogative. It was this combination, according to Dr. Harnack, which made the primitive Church such a power in the Empire. The primitive Church was at the same time Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal.

Professor Harnack deals also with the doctrine of the early Christians. He discovers the "sad passion for heresy-hunting" as early as the second century. "These people," said Celsus, "utter all sorts of blasphemy, mentionable and unmentionable, against one another, nor will they give way in the smallest point for the sake of concord, hating each other with a perfect hatred." At the same time, together with an endeavor after doctrinal uniformity, there was maintained a singular complexity of opposites. Some were for humbling the human understanding under the word of ecclesiastical authority; some held that Christianity was a system of philosophy, reasonable and lucid and eminently provable; some were mystics, for whom religion was a sacramental mystery whereby they entered into the immediate perception of God.

But the chief characteristic of the Christian religion in the time of its early expansion was its good, honest, helpful living. This was the convincing apologetic of the primitive Christians. They held the religion of the Spirit and of power, of moral earnestness and holiness; they preached and practiced the gospel of love and charity; they offered to save men both from sin and from sickness; they went about, like Christian Scientists, with gifts of healing. Professor Harnack

does not mention Christian Science by name, but he has it in his mind when he remarks that the Founder of Christianity did not explain that sickness is health. There was nothing artificial or sentimental, he says, about Him. Nevertheless, he finds that the Christians made a great point of curing disease, and that they did it without medicine. He shows how Christianity supplanted the cult of Æsculapius. It would have been a fair thing at this point to acknowledge that the Christian Scientists, whatever their errors, have returned to the primitive practice of Christianity, and that the extraordinary expansion of their sect in our time is an illustration of Dr. Harnack's subject.

Some of the obstacles which lay in the way of the expansion of Christianity in the first three centuries are shown in Dr. Wright's *Cities of Paul*,¹ in Dr. Healy's *Valerian Persecution*,² and in Dr. Crapsey's *Religion and Politics*.³ The old world, as Dr. Wright displays it in his interesting chapters, was very like the new. Even Ancyra, though it is most unlikely that St. Paul visited it, is abundantly illustrative of the fickle and superficial spirit of the times. The reader suspects that the dramatic properties of the place inclined the writer to look with favor on the North-Galatian theory, which is no longer in good standing among scholars. Tarsus, however, comes rightly enough into the book, and there Dr. Wright finds a colossal image of Sardanapalus snapping his stone fingers in the face of the world, saying, "Eat, drink, and be merry. Nothing else is worth that." This common sensuality was the most serious hindrance in the way of the true religion.

¹ *Cities of Paul*. By WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *The Valerian Persecution*. By PATRICK J. HEALY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *Religion and Politics*. By ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1905.

The persecutions were a lesser evil. How the Christians bore themselves under these tremendous onslaughts, how they successfully defied the Roman Empire, Dr. Crapsey and Dr. Healy make very plain. It is pleasant to read the two books side by side, and find them in substantial agreement in spite of the different positions of their authors. Dr. Healy's book bears the imprimatur of a Catholic archbishop; Dr. Crapsey's exposed him to the investigation of a diocesan committee appointed to examine his orthodoxy. The reader looks over Dr. Crapsey's pages with a certain quickening of interest in consequence of being told that various sentences therein have a shocking sound in the ears of elderly persons; but these sentences are so incidental that they will not be discovered except by reading the book attentively. The cardinal difference between the professor in the Catholic university and the rector of the Rochester parish is that one confines himself entirely to the past, while the other brings the past into immediate relation with the present. Professor Healy is writing history, one of the most innocuous of occupations; but Rector Crapsey is writing sermons, taking his texts from history, — a perilous adventure.

Dr. Crapsey finds true religion in philosophy, and saints among men of science. He prefers Darwin to Dominic. The Church, he says, is discredited as a religious teacher because it persists in using a method which is now discarded in every other department of life. It insists that theological statements which are pronounced by ecclesiastical authority must be received without further question. The Church, he says, is our hopelessly old-fashioned great-grandmother, to be affectionately revered, but not to be seriously consulted as to our contemporary problems. It depends, however, on what Dr. Crapsey means when he speaks of "the Church." That is a large name, and includes a great many different people, Dr. Crapsey himself being one of them. It is true that

Tertullian said in the second century, "What has Athens to do with Jerusalem, or the Academy with the Church? Now that Jesus Christ has come, no longer need we curiously inquire or even investigate, since the Gospel is preached. To be ignorant of everything outside the rule of faith is to possess all knowledge." But Tertullian became a heretic, while men who proved all things died in the odor of sanctity. In the opinion of some very respectable scholars of old time, Athens was a suburb of Jerusalem, and the Academy was next door to the Church, and to be ignorant of everything outside the rule of faith was to be so ignorant as to misunderstand the rule of faith itself.

A great part of this philosophy, in which ancient fathers found divine inspiration, is presented by Dr. Gomperz, in his three volumes entitled *Greek Thinkers*.⁴ He begins with the earliest recorded reflections upon the universe, in the primitive cosmogonies, and passes in review the procession of intellectual discoverers and pioneers to the death of Plato. He finds in Hecataeus the first of the historical critics. This philosopher visited Thebes, carrying with him, perhaps by way of passport or introduction, his genealogical tree, which traced his family back some fifteen generations to a divine ancestor. The Thebans took him into the hall which contained the statues of the high priests of their city. There were three hundred and forty-five of them, in hereditary order, father and son, each done from life, not one of whom had been either a god or a demigod. "He must have felt," says Dr. Gomperz, "as if the roof of the hall in which he stood had been lifted high above his head, and had narrowed the dome of heaven. The region of human history stretched before him in infinite, and the field of divine intervention was diminished in proportion. Gods and heroes,

⁴ *Greek Thinkers: a History of Ancient Philosophy*. By THEODOR GOMPERZ, Translated by LAURIE MAGNUS and G. G. BERRY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

he perceived, could not possibly have taken part in such events as the Trojan War or the expedition of the Argonauts, to which indisputable history assigned a comparatively recent date. Things must have occurred in these circumstances much as they occur at present. The canons of the possible, the natural, and therefore of the credible, had to be applied to the events of an age which had formerly been the playground of supernaturalism and miracles." Thereupon, Hecataeus put his family tree in the fire, and went home to rewrite history. Geryon, he said, with whom Hercules fought, was a plain king in the northwest of Hellas, having only the conventional number of heads. Cerberus was a large snake which once inhabited the Laconian promontory of Tænarum. And so forth. Thus the higher criticism began.

Professor Gomperz gives a volume and a half to Plato, and deals in technical detail with the earlier philosophers, but it is all made abundantly interesting to the ordinary reader. There is a constant human touch, a personal concern for the men who published their deep thoughts, and for the places and circumstances in which they lived, and for their relation to our present life, which is both edifying and delightful.

The temple roof is high-pitched in Mr. Santayana's *Reason in Religion*, but the reader soon finds, like old Hecataeus, that it has taken the place of the sky. Dr. Adler tells how St. Sebald, being summoned to minister to a poor family in the dead of winter, found them starving and freezing; whereupon he broke off an armful of stout icicles from the eaves, put them in the grate, blew a warm breath upon them, set them to blazing, and upon the fire thus kindled cooked a supper. But Mr. Santayana's cold facts do not burn. There is no heat. He shows, indeed, a momentary glimmer of flame when he remarks that any one who entertains the idea that religion contains a literal representation of truth and life has not come within the region of

profitable philosophizing on the subject. "His certitudes and his arguments," he says, "are no more pertinent to the religious question than would be the insults, blows, and murders to which, if he could, he would appeal in the next instance." But this warms neither the hands nor the heart.

This book is one of a series of five volumes on *The Life of Reason*.¹ They are very cleverly written. The reader, however much he may dissent, goes on reading. Every page is suggestive, though often the suggestion moves to an inquiry rather than to an affirmation. Is it true, for instance, that the Hebrew mind makes use of metaphor, but that the Greek mind, perplexed by metaphor, translates it into metamorphosis? and is this the source of the doctrine of transubstantiation? So long as Mr. Santayana is concerned with matters with which he is sympathetically acquainted, his philosophizing is profitable. The volumes on Art and Society are excellent. But his discussion of Religion calls to mind the theory that no heretic has ever been condemned for heresy; the men who have been condemned have always been thus sentenced, not in form, but in fact, for being disagreeable.

It is likely that Mr. Dickinson, who writes on *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*,² would find himself in general agreement with Mr. Santayana. Both of them define religion in terms of imagination, and make it a poetic interpretation of experience. Both assert that the truths which it maintains are symbolically rather than literally true. But Mr. Dickinson is in earnest. He is desirous of claiming for himself and his fellow thinkers a place in the household of faith. This and that, and a good deal,

¹ *The Life of Reason*: I. Reason in Common Sense; II. Reason in Society; III. Reason in Religion; IV. Reason in Art; V. Reason in Science. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

he cannot believe; but faith, he holds, is not a creed, but a certain attitude toward life, — “the attitude of a man who, while candidly recognizing that he does not know, and faithfully pursuing or awaiting knowledge, and ready to accept it when it comes, yet centres meanwhile his emotional and therefore his practical life about a possibility which he selects because of its value, its desirability.” This, he says, “keeps the horizon open.” “Faith is the sense and the call of the open horizon.”

The heart, even of the orthodox, goes out to such a man as this, desiring to know the way of God more perfectly. So it is with the anonymous author of *The Creed of Christ*.¹ He is a religious man dealing with religion. He believes that Christ has been grievously misinterpreted, so that Christianity has come to stand in large part for the very things which Christ, when he was here, contradicted. Pharisaism, for example, the idea of an external obedience as man's part in a covenant with God, to be maintained for the sake of a reward, — this, he says, was what Christ hated. “The idea of a covenant between God and Man, when kept (as poetry keeps it) in the region of natural law, is sternly grand and fundamentally true; but when the vitalizing influence of poetry ceases to be felt, and the letter of the Law which God is supposed to have given to Man comes to be regarded as divine, the idea degenerates into the most soulless of all conceptions, that of a commercial bargain.” This, he says, in the days of the scribes, had killed freedom, conscience, and imagination. And all this, against which Christ had so protested that the system crucified him in self-defense, came back into the Christian Church. “By the time the Church had been fully organized, the whole diameter of thought separated Christianity from the mind of Christ. Everything that Christ hated most had been accepted, systematized,

and authoritatively taught. The central idea of Israel's creed, that of salvation by machinery, had won a complete and apparently final triumph over the central idea of Christ's creed, that of salvation by spiritual growth. The false dualism of the Old Testament — its total separation of the supernatural from Nature, of Heaven from earth, of God from Man — had become the basis of the philosophy of Christendom.” The book ends with a prophecy of “final triumph,” in which the supernatural world, as distinguished from the natural, shall fade “like the cloud-mountains of a summer day.” Then Christ “will have entered into the possession of his kingdom; the idea of the Incarnation will have fully disclosed its inner meaning; and the restoration of God to Nature will be complete.”

This is somewhat alarming to the quiet reader, and seems to portend a general and unpleasant overturning of foundations, but a second reading shows that there is a great amount of salutary truth in it. The actual difference between the Jewish expectation of the Messiah and the realization of it in the person of Jesus Christ is set forth soberly in Professor Shailer Mathew's admirable study of *The Messianic Hope in the New Testament*.² The Pharisees did look for very much the sort of Messiah that is reprobated in the *Creed of Christ*, but the Messianic Idea was not arbitrarily attached to Jesus; he laid claim to it with all plainness. At the same time, as Professor Mathews shows, he dealt with it as he dealt with the law and the prophets, taking part and leaving part, and bringing in new meanings. The connection of Christ with the Old Testament, which some modern thinkers would sever as with a knife, is here considered with all critical freedom, and yet with insight and appreciation.

As for that fading away of the supernatural for which the *Creed of Christ*

¹ *The Creed of Christ*. London and New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head. 1905.
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² *The Messianic Hope in the New Testament*. By SHAILER MATHEWS. University of Chicago Press. 1905.

looks with eagerness, the meaning of it is contained in Professor Bowne's essay on *The Immanence of God*.¹ There it is admirably stated by a Christian scholar. The book contains no new contribution to thought on this subject, but that is not its purpose. It puts the whole matter in a clear, popular way on the level of the general understanding. This is a praiseworthy service, for in this theme is the heart of all the present controversies. The change of thought about the miraculous in nature and in Scripture is in the doctrine of the immanence of God. "By this we mean that God is the omnipresent ground of all finite existence and activity." The old idea was that there are two forces at work in the world, one represented by the word Nature, the other by the word God. These two were quite distinct, so much so that wherever an event was adequately accounted for by natural causes, it was thereby removed from the activity of God. The regular course of life was natural, the irregular, the mysterious, the unknown, was divine. Only by such interference with nature, only by breaking through nature, did God manifest himself to man.

Such a belief made all discussion of the miraculous a nervous business. For every event which was taken out of the range of the unexplainable over into the range of the natural law was taken away from God. God was being gradually exiled from the world. This belief, however, was the result of a wholly needless and entirely irrational distinction between God and nature. There is no such distinction. The natural routine of the world is the expression of the will of God. It is all an act of the constant purpose of God. What is going on, therefore, at this moment, in religion, is a taking over of nature into the supernatural, that is, into the divine order. This is the supreme extension of religion.

"The source of all religion in the hu-

man heart," said Professor Max Müller, "is the perception of the Infinite, the yearning of the soul after God." And "this sense of the *infinite*," says Dr. Hall, in his Barrows Lectures, is from the Infinite. Our yearning for God is from God. This is the ground on which he would base all the science of religion. The title of Dr. Hall's book, *Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience*,² represents the difference between his position and that of a detached philosophy. The initial requisite for an understanding of religion is a religious experience. Dr. Hall was asked to interpret Christianity to the Oriental mind. He traveled about among the universities of the East giving these lectures. Such an audience demanded great simplicity, because the course was brief, but at the same time great frankness, sincere respect for differences of opinion, and an appeal to reason. The lecturer showed these qualities in a clear style, an unflinching courtesy and consideration, and a purpose to set forth Christianity in its profound agreement with the desires and interests of our best nature. This young religion, he says, stands amidst the ancient faith of India and China as the child Jesus stood in the temple among the doctors. The lecturer, too, comes from the youngest of the nations. This, at once, dismisses all idea of controversy. What he asks is not philosophical surrender, but "philosophical adjustment." Thus he proceeds to discuss the Christian idea of God, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Supreme Manifestation of God, and the ideas of holiness and immortality. These he commends to attention because they have been proved by experience. Have you not been taught them by your fathers? Does not your own nature respond to them with instinctive agreement?

This appeal to instinct and experience is clear and convincing in such books of practical ethics as Dr. Adler's *Religion*

¹ *The Immanence of God*. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

² *Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience*. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL. University of Chicago Press. 1905.

of Duty,¹ Dr. Van Dyke's *Essays in Application*,² President King's *Rational Living*,³ Dr. Henderson's *Children of Good Fortune*,⁴ and Professor Peabody's *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*.⁵ These are all wholesome and helpful. Most of them illuminate the path of duty by the light of religion.

Accordingly, Dr. Adler begins with a chapter on "Changes in the Conception of God." "What rivers of joy," he says, "sometimes wild and turbid, but often deep and pure and serene, have flowed from the well of religion! There must be some proportion between cause and effect; the cause is apparently a purely imaginary conception, a fancy, mistaken for a fact: and the effects are these magnificent manifestations of beauty and art, of comfort and joy to man, and, above all, the conviction that this falsehood is truer than any other truth." Is the cause a fancy, then? May it not be the supreme truth? The writer is sure of it. He holds that there is "a moral certainty, based, not on truth verifiable in experience, but on truth necessarily inferred from moral experience."

"Christianity," says Dr. Van Dyke, taking this for granted, "needs not only a sacred scripture for guidance, warning, instruction, inspiration, but also a continuous literature to express its life from age to age, to embody the ever-new experiences of religion in forms of beauty and power, to illuminate and interpret the problems of existence in the light of faith and hope and love." To this literature, Dr. Van Dyke's last book, like all

his books, is a contribution. These recent writers in ethics are all of a hopeful mind, and find the contemporary situation eminently encouraging. The first *Essay in Application* maintains that the world is better than ever it was before.

Dr. Henderson holds that we are all of us children of good fortune. Most of us are much too busy, he says; and if we are engaged in occupations in which profit is the major end, our business is not only irrelevant to the best life, but is positively immoral. The second best, also, with which we are apt to be contented, is a form of immorality. Every smallest act involves some measure of moral responsibility. But this is nevertheless a beautiful and stimulating world in which to live; "the moral outlook is full of promise;" we are always "in touch with a godlike possibility." The strong, cool winds blow through the leaves of the book. Dr. Henderson would not describe them as Pentecostal, but they come from the high mountains which are near the sky.

The same good sense shines in President King's treatise. This is the practical advice which used to be given to young people in homiletical form, as in the works of Mr. Smiles. Now it appears as psychology. It is profitable in any shape.

But the best book of ethics is that of Professor Peabody. Here is learning and wisdom and perception of human need, and the word spoken in season, made attractive and convincing and vital by association with the Supreme Person. Precept is enforced by example. The whole matter is uplifted by being put upon his plane. "The root of Christian ethics is in the command: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness;' the flower of this righteousness is a rational and serviceable love: but when this growth from root to flower is surveyed as a whole, the moral process is found to be nothing else than the process of life itself." A man's life consists "in the capacity to use his possessions, in the discipline of the body as the instrument of the will, in wealth of righteousness and love." "The

¹ *The Religion of Duty*. By FELIX ADLER. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

² *Essays in Application*. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

³ *Rational Living*. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

⁴ *The Children of Good Fortune*. By C. HANFORD HENDERSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

⁵ *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Christian character is not a fragmentary collection of detached virtues. It is a normal, healthy, gradual growth." "The perfecting of the saints is like the development of the body. We are 'henceforth no more children,' but are come unto a 'perfect man,' unto 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'" This is effected by what Dr. Peabody calls the

"descent of faith," — faith coming down to transform the world, faith revealed in works. "Up the ladder of life mounts duty, until the pure in heart see God, and down its stairs descends the wisdom from above to interpret the life below; and along both ascent and descent stand the angels of God to guard and cheer the sons of men."

MAN AND BEAST

BY SAMUEL H. DRURY

"I ALWAYS had a reverence for the cruelty-to-animals people," one was saying, "until the other day, when I heard of some humane old women who caught a frog and reset its hind leg. Since then my reverence has been quenched by mirth."

This extreme case, showing how in our time humaneness has become a distinct emotion, will serve as a text for the following notes on the relations between man and beast. Nowadays we are prone to treat all animals as melancholy Jaques treated the stricken deer, or as the boarding-house spinster treats the leashed poodle. It is a high and legitimate love, we are told, — this love for animals. Nay, more, from the brute's point of view it is a love *of* animals. You and your dog are exchangers of affection; a man's saddle horse, as well as his mother, is his best friend. Now, in order to prove the fallacy of believing in friendship between man and other creatures in the order vertebrata, we must first point out certain limitations of the brute creation, and then note the limitlessness of that special creation known as friendship. If it is possible to show that friendship requires what animals cannot give, because they have it not, then all this sentimentalism about our loving animals must go by the board. The so-called love-bird, bereft of

its mate, pines away, we shall contend because its left side has lost a warm, feathery support. We shall see that the miracle of St. Francis having converted to Christianity the very fierce wolf of Gubbio was the most impossible of feats. Possibly, then, we shall be persuaded to redirect our misplaced affections, and save them for the genus man.

It is doubtless true that a man's preferences and loves have in the last ten years shifted their ground. In the old days, when one found himself possessed of a benevolence larger than the demands made by his wife and children, if he thus had a residuum of love, he became a philanthropist. Other human beings less closely allied to him seemed the legitimate repositories for his overflow of affection, — it was in all cases a giving or a swapping of love between individuals of one genus. But we must coin another word from the Greek, antithetical to philanthropy, to show the new channel for our loving. It is no longer a philanthropy, but a philtherisy; we have changed from lovers of men to lovers of beasts. The last decade has been signalized by a propaganda in favor of beasts. We have been persuaded to refine our constant notion of humaneness into one of love. We have felt the cogency of Coleridge's conclusion, that "he prayeth well who lov-

eth well both man and bird and beast."

In truth, the animal world, that vast realm of struggle and sacrifice, needs no apologies. It is hardly the sensible thing for a man, himself included in that animal order, to pick flaws therein, or to limit the scope of a circle in which he is but a segment. The includer rightly may have a serene contempt for the peevishness of its parts. But in the face of this truth, though not in opposition to it, we contend that, however great is the similarity between the human and the brute order, they can never develop anything higher than interdependence and interest. Your human being and the animal are forever separated from mutual friendship and love by two great gulfs which presently we shall note.

To deny that the lion and the lamb, the ichthiosaur and the chipmunk, the hornet and the bee and the beaver, all show marked intelligence, would be both vain and uncharitable. Oftentimes the human being must blush to compare his inventiveness and dexterity with that of those lives over which Scripture gives him dominion. The intelligence of animals is a threadbare topic; the books of natural history which have submerged the public have conclusively proved that there are more things in wood and field than are dreamed of in our technologies. Facing nature, man's attitude has come to be one of permanent reverent surprise, so prodigally has Omniscience spent itself on the world minus man. And other faculties besides the purely inventive are at hand. There is hardly a phase of the civilization we prize not directly exhibited by bird or beast. Most of man's splendid abstractions become concrete in the woods. Shall we not witness courage sacrifice, clannishness, affection, beauty, self-defense, utility, simplicity? The simple life! Go to the sheep, thou epicure; consider her ways, and be — simple. For utility see the rosy rafters of the mol-lusk's shell; for affection note the cuddling love-bird or the jealous snarl of the she-wolf; for a true commonwealth, visit

the Carolina forests draped in sable by congresses of crows; for courage, hear the intrepid roar of the lion, or watch the trapped and beclubbed mink spring at the trapper's throat; for sacrifice, learn the tender lesson of the pelican; for beauty — any random glance supplies it.

Impressed by the resources of the animal world, I am about to concede that a gospel of Philtherisy is timely, and that the world minus man would show a merely numerical and physical change. But just here I note that, in all the austere and high gamut of accomplishments that the brute contributes, we have failed to find two important buttresses in life's building. If, then, this is not a careless oversight, and if man is their sole possessor, the world minus man would be so much the poorer.

The lonely, humming seamstress in the sunny window claims that her canary is a real companion. Novelists never fail to tell how the lovesick hero, before leaving home in the dead of night, has a heart-to-heart talk with his terrier. And the shipwrecked mariner gets on comfortably, the only man on the island. But tell me, then, why it is that the most throbbing chapter is where Crusoe meets Friday; or where Mowgli sees the Hindoo maid; — and tell me why, if the proud lady capitulated, the above-mentioned hero might kick the terrier; or if callers arrived, the seamstress would silence the canary to hear the human voice? It is because the world minus man has in it no ingredients of real friendship, — and what those ingredients are is becoming obvious.

Friendship is a fine frenzy composed of extremes. Like a lofty mountain, it is green-based and snow-capped. We can best define friendship by parting it from what is often given its name, — acquaintanceship. Now, acquaintanceship is the impersonal relation between persons. Brown and I are acquaintances. We have met three times, — once at a tea, once on the street car, and now at dinner. Brown is a nice, clean-cut, moral man; his uncle is a bishop and his father owns a bank.

He is a college man, — so am I. Of course we are expected to have many things in common (*yea, verily, in common!*). We set about the pleasant, harmless task of exchanging facts. He tells me about Stevenson's prose, and I tell him how the Japanese paint birds: he explains the mechanism of an engine, and I narrate a story about my grandmother. We meet; we part. But I know nothing about Brown. He has contributed no coin stamped with *his* superscription to my alms-box; he has dropped in buttons. That his contribution is valueless is sure, for I own a set of Stevenson, and the engine is diagrammed in my dictionary. And contrariwise, what does Brown care about my grandmother? Presumably, poor lady, nothing. As acquaintances, Brown and I have been neither helped nor hurt; we have both taken pains to be as little persons as possible. Acquaintances are always on their mediocre dignity. I would not for the world make a fool of myself before Brown, any more than he would tell me about himself at his best. It is the barren intercourse of buried lives.

But between friends, how different it all is! — this middle ground of information and twaddle and anecdote is by tacit consent debarred. Folly and philosophy are the two flowers of friendship. Thus we see that the receipt for turning an acquaintanceship into a friendship would vary. If the time were long, continual intercourse might breed knowledge of the soul and its darker musings. For an immediate change, some catastrophe, some hideous, staring crisis, confronting the two acquaintances, might weld them into being friends. They would have touched bottom together. The two distinguishingly human gifts are the capacities for the ridiculous and the religious emotions; they are also our most prized ranges of thought. They are the universal accomplishments of the genus homo. And friendship concerns itself with these universals. With my friend I shall be, if the mood takes me, an abandoned ass, I

shall ape and gambol. And as often, when the contrary mood takes me, we shall delve into earth's secrets, and mourn and weep. We shall take upon ourselves the mysteries of things as though we were God's spies; or haply the room will burst with the pressure of our absurdities. The rarity of this complete uncovering of our true naïveté, this noble conquest of self-consciousness, is the reason that each person has but few friends, it may be no more than one. Friendship requires a total eclipse of commonplaces, of subterfuges. And it is worth noting here, as by-products of our main idea, how impossible it is to prearrange or to predict a friendship. There is no reason in heaven or earth why my brother and I should be friends; heredity does not extend to the transmission of the point of view. And again, it is interesting to see how limited is man's choice of activities, should he care to touch masses of people. To link himself with the universal human thought, he must have for his business the promulgation of a universal human preference, — he must be either a priest or a joke-monger. The finest man I know touches both poles, — now he is Yorick, now Hamlet. His is that violin-like power to move to tears or mirth. And the best of women are those whose eyes are deepened, not dimmed, by pain; who, as only women can, crush from all experience the wine of a fermenting joy.

Since love is merely an intensified and specialized form of friendship, therefore equally dependent on the swapping of the sublime and the ridiculous, we cannot speak of the "love of nature" or the "love of progress." You might worship the wild tulip (as it "blows out its great red bell like a thin clear bubble of blood"); you might rave over the mechanism of its construction; but it has no voice, it cannot answer you, you cannot love it. And who ever had a heart-throbbing at the thought of the spinning jenny or of the printing press? Who ever thanked God for the invention of the cotton gin? The only thing that ever sent a man sky-

ward with pleasure or kneeward with gratitude is the fact that there are human voices and human hearts. It is evident in the whole range of natural history that there is no real sense of humor, or no real religious emotion, save in our own kind. Did you ever see a zebra laugh, or a flamingo pray? The talk, then, about mutual friendship with our brute brothers is like suggesting a one-battery circuit, — there is no answering spark.

Analyze the verdant world, this cageless zoo, as closely as you please, — you will find no mirth, you will find no gravity. Ridiculousness and religion live not in the woods. The monkey's grin is a facial contraction; the crocodile's tears are but optical sweat. The ingredients of friendship were not breathed in till creation's last day, and into her last achievement, — for it we are forced back on one another.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COMPLAINT OF TRAVELERS' TALES

I AM — or rather was — an inveterate reader of travelers' tales. But for a slip of fortune I should myself have been a mighty prowler over the earth. As it is, I take cheap, second-hand voyages over a dry sea of printer's ink; and being thus hardly circumstanced, I am something particular in the matter of pilots.

Fortune, alas! is not so nice; she picks out her travelers with a blundering hand. Curiosity they have, and mettlesome spirit, else they would never set forth; and stoutness of will, else they would never arrive. But why, pray, should they not be dowered further with eyes to see things rich and rare, and grace to speak well of them when they come home again?

I dined last week with a distinguished traveler just back from Chinese Turkestan. "Here," I said to myself, "will be the real thing!" and whetted my palate for pungent Eastern flavors. The traveler turned out a silent little man, who dined with his eyes on the cloth, and could not be got to speak of his adventures beyond saying, with a hasty upward glance, "Yes, yes, certainly. It was very interesting." Might not such a man as well live "dully sluggardized at home"?

Now your traveler, I make bold to maintain, should be a man with a tang to him, an agreeable vagabond, a racy talker. And if there be in his veins a drop or two of the blood of old John Maundeville, so much to the good. But by what right does a fellow of juiceless personality and unready tongue take upon himself the high title of Traveler?

Yet this peripatetic sphinx, who buries in his inscrutable bosom the rich secrets of the East, is by no means the most culpable of voyagers. Better he who holds his tongue than he who will not hold his pen. I am not ungrateful to those rare spirits who have blessed us with tales of real travel. But I have not always the wit to stick to these springs of perpetual pleasure. I find myself trapped into trying new tales of "sondry londes." Publishers' announcements make my mouth water. Such an one has forced his way into the mystic capital of Tibet, or interviewed the Ethiopian King of Kings, or camped with the Berbers of Morocco.

Being a hopeful soul, and a forgetful, I am all agog for the new book of wonders. So I betake myself to a frugal pipe, dropping my cigar-money in a box, until, having amassed the price, I can go out and bring in proudly two volumes of Concentrated Fascination.

And what do I get? Out of his rich

experience my traveler relates how on the eve of setting out he had a painful but salutary séance with a dentist. The very night before the start he went to bed! His trunks miscarried and he had no end of bother hunting them up. On March 9, at 8.45 precisely, he took ship. By May 23, he was nursing a blistered heel. The 25th found him sleepless in Abyssinia. On the 26th he was "off his feed." On the 29th the gray mule died, and next day was buried.

Ye gods! was it for this I squandered my unsuperfluous coin?

If the man must publish the inanities of his private journal why not advertise the fact? But no! the unconscionable imposter calls it a *book*, a book of travel, and then he opens his paragraphs with such phrases as these: "Next day we resumed our journey," "Next morning I woke," "The following day was Thursday," "The day after that it rained!"

This sort of man enriches his book with portraits of "the author in native dress." Bald and bearded, he appears in Chinese gown and baggy boots, a parasol balanced over his foolish head; or swathed in the red-and-white toga of Ethiopia, or the bulging bath-robe of Tibet. This view is commonly the first of a series, — a sort of House-that-Jack-built. "This is the gentleman who went to Abyssinia. This is the jackal that bit the gentleman who went to Abyssinia. This is the servant that slew the jackal that bit the gentleman that went to Abyssinia." And so on.

I cannot, more's the pity, sue the author for obtaining money on false pretenses. Does not his preface explain that the book was an accident? He never meant to write it. He just happened to keep careful notes and to collect striking photographs of himself, and he has but yielded to the importunities of his many friends in giving the facts to the world.

How humble he is! He passionately disavows all pretension to authority. His feeble effort lays no claim to literary or scientific merit, being but a plain tale,

plainly told. Can I be wroth with such a shrinking soul?

Again, how conscientious the man! How scrupulous for the truth! Says he, "All I have written has happened, and" — oh Jupiter! — "*all that has happened I have written!*" I believe him; he has left nothing out!

However, I'd forgive him his Pre-Raphaelite non-selection of detail, if he did not fail me at a pinch. I turn his pages hopefully, looking for a tasty bit, and run upon this heading: "A Night in the Monastery of Tashilumpo." "Hah!" say I, "here is the real thing at last!" Page 1 is occupied with details of the journey to Tashilumpo. Page 2 records the fact of arrival, the reception, and the consumption by the author of the inevitable bowl of buttered tea, and his retirement for the night. "On the morrow," say I, as I turn the page, "he will arise and look about the place." The page turned, I find these words: "I shall make no attempt to describe the monastery, which abler pens than mine have already made familiar to readers of books of travel." And I throw the book out of the window.

It must be admitted I afterwards sneak out and pick it up. After all, a book is a book; I despise nothing which wears covers. But I quarantine carefully in a place apart the books which are not what they seem.

Here, for instance, is a booklet calling itself *A Visit to Vergil's Farm*. I found that in an old bookstore sailing under the name of a distinguished Latin scholar, and took it home. I opened it, flattering myself I was about to break into the noble Roman's cabbage-patch. After a lengthy preamble, which I skipped, the author led me up a long hill from which he promised a clear view. When I arrived, out of breath, at the first turn, this was what he showed me: "You cannot imagine how delightful was the sight!" Being but a dull-minded mortal, I could n't. Something dashed, I followed him up yet another steep, to yet another point

of vantage. This time he was more explicit. "From this point," said he in a burst of enthusiasm, "the view is unsurpassed!"

I know him now, the traveler with the extensive views. I run my fingers through a book and if my eye lights on the words "the former," "the latter," and "few persons realize," I feel confident his view will be unsurpassed; and I leave him without covetousness in the custody of the bookseller.

Here is a whole shelf full of books bearing the sacred name of travel, — books innocent of egotism and as full of matter as a nut of meat. Yet I do not love these books. Here is one, *The Land of the Lamas*. Run over the chapter heads: "Kushlai to Begumbi; Shaskun to Nikopol; Kara Sai to Yepal Ungur." Curiously enough I have never progressed beyond "Kushlai to Begumbi," and whether that be in Tibet or not, is more than I can tell.

Should I ever really thirst for facts about Tibet, I know I could get them out of that book by giving my mind to it; for it has an index. That is more than can be said of that row over there. Those are the works of British noblemen and officers of His Majesty's Indian army, and I go to them when in the mood for gambling. They were written, I gather, while their authors were unpacking in London, and facts were jotted down as mementos in the travelers' boxes suggested them. When, as aforesaid, the grab-bag impulse comes over me, I go and take one down, shut my eyes, and dip in. It is sufficiently exciting. And yet this scarcely appeals to me as the way to make travel.

Now I am not unreasonable. I do not demand that every book which comes off the presses shall have literary charm. Neither do I expect that escaped noblemen and soldiers on leave will prove expert literary craftsmen. But I cannot see why a carpenter should make a box and call it a reliquary, or an explorer a geographical treatise, or an egotist his con-

fessions, and call it a book of travel. Nor can I see why, when the parts are assigned, the right man should not now and then be chosen to go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

MY SUPERSTITIONS

I was interested in a recent contribution to the Club on pet economies. Mine is not collar buttons. They may roll under the bureau and stay there for all of me. But elastic bands — there you have me. I would not deliberately throw away an elastic band for any temporal consideration. When one comes my way in the course of life, and my title seems fairly clear to it (one must be conscientious in these matters), I carefully hoard it in my purse or twist it about my finger until I can get home and store it where it belongs, in a green box on my desk. From thence it never issues until some very important package seems fully to justify the use of the priceless treasure.

It is not, however, concerning economies that I would interview the Club to-day, but concerning another whimsical departure of the human spirit, namely, pet superstitions. How many contributors plead guilty here?

Of course I know there is no sane person who would turn his left shoulder to the new moon or allow the figure thirteen any place in important enterprises. These precautions are so universal that they lie in the highroad of convention. We shake our heads at the poor daredevil who recklessly runs athwart them, as we shake our heads at a playing with fire, at a leap from a precipice. But the real charm of superstition lies, not in the highroad traveled by all, but in the lanes which, each for himself, we mark out for individual adventure, experiment with Fate. Of these there are perhaps as many as there are questing souls.

My binding superstition is one which I think I must have invented for myself. Not deliberately, of course, for then it

would lose effect. But I have never yet met anybody who has the same belief, so that it is beginning to seem to me my special revelation. I believe, with entire confidence, that my calendar must come true. Such a calendar I have in mind as every one is pretty sure to receive for a Christmas present, with a quotation for each day, or, better, for a month at a time. It is these quotations on which I rest; they are oracles to me. Better a month at a time, I said, because I prefer a leisurely progress, with time for complete developments, to any amount of variety furnished by swiftly changing days.

But such as my calendar is, I accept it, questioning not its nature, and soberly there by the Christmas tree I sit down to inquire the outline of a twelve-month's destiny. It is not only lawful to anticipate thus the workings of the future, it is an incumbent duty. For what other purpose comes the Sibylline leaf, sent forth so inscrutably by Dutton, if not to warn and advise?

My calendar this year is one quite after my heart. A merry Shakespearean affair, with a quotation for each month and a jolly picture illustrating brightly, if none too reverently, the familiar text. With its crude colors and naïve figures, it fills a cheerful, incongruous place on the wall beside the Beata Beatrix. But cheer is not the chief attribute of this calendar. It is an august creature, a seer and a prophet. For seven months it has foretold and then followed the destiny of its owner with such entire accuracy that I stand in awe of it.

The Club is nothing if not confidential. I know that, and I would reveal if I could the inner workings of the year. But the Club is also possessed of a subtle delicacy of apprehension, — particularly in cases like mine, — and when I inform it that the Muse and I had come to straits, and then proceed to quote to it some of the phrases of the first half of the year, I know it will forbear probing. Most excellent fellowship!

"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." That was February, and the Muse departed in the guise of a merry old gentleman riding furiously on a brown nag with streaming tail. His hat flew off, but he did not care. Would he not even come back to pick it up? I wondered sadly. The promptly succeeding answers were, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;" "The course of true love never did run smooth;" "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." What a doleful outlook! I forged ahead desperately enough through the mocking months; was there no hope anywhere? Then, with a long breath, I alighted on June. "In maiden meditation, fancy free." So, I was going to assert myself, was I, at last; give care to the winds, and march off, a pail of milk in either hand (symbol of life's abiding comfort), while five geese waddled in between me and — my editors? One of the geese was cackling at me, but four were cackling at the editors. That picture did more to restore my self-respect than any amount of philosophy. I used to run and look at it in crises of discouragement. I had such a happy, indifferent air under my gray sunbonnet, and the editors, left on the fence, were so rueful. It was a beautiful conception. I cannot, in all honesty, say that this pleasing prophecy was fulfilled, so far as the editors were concerned, but my part came perfectly true. It was too good just to be alive in the glad, sweet June days to bother about anything in the world. I dropped my pen, laughed at myself, and marched out into the open country. What a happy month!

"Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?" There, you see. That was July's demand. And, duly, an editor followed me up to ask for an article. (*Ask for it, fellow Contributors!*) I wrote it, of course, but I did not care much. No, truly. I was spending the month on Lake George, and I had just learned to swim.

It is August now, great August, to

which I have been looking forward from the year's beginning. For it promises mighty things.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
What could be better than that? I have been listening for the murmur of this tide ever since I woke up, expectant, on the morning after July thirty-first. I am bound to admit that it still delays, but Fate works slowly; my faith is strong. It shall not find me unready, at least. I stand, as it were, mentally clad in a bathing-suit, on tiptoe for the plunge. I learned to swim last month, you see. How all things work together! Surely it cannot fail me, my tide; it has been promised me; it is my right; I have put my trust in it. If the last days of August draw near unfulfilling, I shall do something about it, I know. I will have my tide. *I will play moon.*

September daunts me, I must confess. "I am he, that unfortunate he." Now what does it mean by that? What business has that word "unfortunate" on the heels, on the ebb-tide, rather, of my splendid August? Alas! good readers, I should prefer to leave the leaf unturned. But it does no good to juggle with Fate. I shall turn the leaf, grimly determined. Perhaps I shall send the poorest manuscript I have to the *Atlantic*, and get it back again, and then the thing will be over. Perhaps—the thought gives me sudden pause—perhaps this very intercourse which I am so trustfully holding with the members of the Club is going to be denied me. This paper may be returned. That is a chilling notion. But swiftly another thought succeeds. One or the other of the prophecies of my calendar must be fulfilled in the destiny of this paper. Either the *Atlantic* will send a tide up to receive it, or else it will be left high and dry in the hands of its author, "unfortunate." In the latter case, good reader, of course you will never know the difference.

As I am, presumably, not the only person in the world who received this cal-

endar last Christmas, I like to please myself with the thought of a subtle fellowship linking unknown lives to mine. Perhaps some reader may even now feel the thrill of the common progress of our Fate. Have you this calendar? Has it told truth? Some woman, I know, has a whole love-story following out these accepted lines. I think of her often, with interest. He played with her in the winter and spring, the scoundrel! But in June she sent him about his business, treated him to a fine disdain. Good! He came after her quickly enough. Now this month they are happy—bless their young hearts!—it is their high tide. I wonder on which day they promised each other. I wish so much I could see them. She is going to coquette a little next month, I am sorry to observe, thinking to punish him, no doubt, for the bad spring he gave her. But all will come right in October, for then—

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

November sees them married, I think; and in December they close the year happily by their fire.

Sit by my side,
And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be
younger.

The calendar does exceedingly well by them. I send them each day my good wishes.

But as for us, reader, shall we meet as the lovers meet? I know not. Good will to you, at any rate, and a prosperous calendar this next year.

THE AMALGAMATED BOOK INSURANCE CO.

WHEN I get my just dues and become a millionaire, I am going to establish the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. I believe it will be a huge success. It will cover a field that has too long been neglected; and I wonder why no such company has been created.

I have the prospectus, fully written, in

my desk at this moment, and I have read it to Claudia; and she thinks, as I do, that it is one of the best things I have ever written.

Sometimes when Claudia and I are seated on our porch, — we call it veranda when we have company to tea, — Claudia jumps up with a startled expression and gazes with intensity toward the railway station. Then, suddenly, she turns to me, and says breathlessly: —

"There come Maude Jones and Walter Ferris! Run in and get that photograph of Maude, and set it on the mantel. It's in the bottom drawer of the side-board. Be sure to put it right side up. And as you pass the bookcase, take out that book you borrowed of Walter, and dust it, and put it on the centre table. Open it somewhere, and put it face down."

We always do this with borrowed books now. Once I borrowed the first volume of Hume's *England* from a friend, and after I had kept it six or seven years he came out to dinner. While I was down cellar grinding the ice-cream freezer, he got to nosing around, and just as I came up he was poking into the bookshelves.

"Say," he said in a mean, sarcastic tone, "get me a shovel, will you? I want to shovel a ton or two of dust off this book. It looks like the missing volume from my set of Hume. I've been trying for three years to think who borrowed it."

"Is that your book!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Morris, I've been trying to find the owner of that book for years! Actually! I've asked and asked, and I have written and written. I don't know anything I have worried about as I have over that book. Seemed as if I *could n't* find the owner!"

Morris opened the book, and showed me one of those nasty, suspicious-like book plates, with his name on it.

But you may be sure he got no more invitations to dinner from Claudia and me.

When, however, I look along my own bookshelves, and see my set of Balzac

grinning at me with one of its front teeth knocked out (*César Birotteau* is the volume, and Ferguson has it; he's in California now), and see my dear, dear (it was dear in two ways, for I bought it on the three-dollars-down-and-three-dollars-due-every-time-you-are-hard-up plan) Daudet, with a mental vacuum just where *Tartarin de Tarascon* should be, I feel that the man who borrows a book and does not return it is as bad as a burglar. He breaks into the bookshelves with his enthusiastic chatter of books; and just when he has the owner slobbering with glee over a mutual admiration, he says gently, —

"I'd like to read that. You make me want to read it. It must be great if you talk that way about it."

Out comes the volume, and off with it goes the wretch, — and you don't see him again for eight years. There is a burglar insurance against ordinary burglars; my plan is to have book-borrowers' insurance, — or, at least, that was my first idea.

The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. will insure every book owner who takes out a policy against the loss of books by borrowing. It will replace all books that are "borrowed for keeps." As soon as a policy-holder loans a book he drops a post card to the company, and at the end of six months a representative of the company takes a police officer, and a sheriff, and a constable, and goes to the borrower's house. The Company's representative is armed with a search warrant and a pair of bellows. He enters the borrower's house, finds the book, claims it, blows the dust off it with the bellows, and returns it to the lender. If the borrower cannot be found, the company pays the lender the full price of a new set of the books.

The moral effect of this would be mighty. The world would become better and kinder. Many a man of an otherwise Christian and generous spirit has become mean, stingy, and crabbed through losing books. He begins life poor but generous,

with no books but a second-hand copy of *David Harum* and a gift copy of Milton's Poems, given him by a loving grandmother. He tries to lend Milton's Poems, but he can't. Nobody was ever known to borrow Milton's Poems, except children and the weak-minded. But his friends borrow his *David Harum*. He lends it ten times, and glows with happiness to think he has given happiness to ten persons. The eleventh person keeps the book. The altruistic youth does not care. He imagines the book is still going through many hands, and still giving pleasure. It is not. A borrowed book is a talent wrapped in a napkin and laid under a stone. The borrower does not return it; he dares not lend it. In such a case, *David Harum* ceases to be a great educative force, teaching men how to eat eggs, and becomes a dusty, innocuous desuetude.

A little later the youth buys a set of Dickens, printed in gray ink on thin blotting paper, at \$2.98 for eighteen volumes. Each book is two inches thick and one ounce heavy. The bindings are green cheesecloth precariously stuck on with flour paste; but it is none the less a set of Dickens. When a youth owns his first set of books, he feels himself a literarian, but he is still generous. A friend takes *David Copperfield*. *David C.* remains where *David H.* went, — in the realm of stagnant books. And so, gradually but surely, the youth becomes suspicious of his fellow men. His generosity dries in his veins, and he becomes a book miser, the meanest of all human beings. The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would allow him to lend right and left. Human nature would broaden and glow.

The second class of policy issued by the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would be granted to borrowers. This idea came to me when I looked over my bookshelves one night and saw how many books I had that were owned by people who had insisted that I borrow them. You can't refuse to take a book home with you when your friend begs and insists, and says, —

"Oh! you must take it! You really must. You may not like Henry James. I don't blame you. I did n't until I read this one. But this is great. I think it is the greatest novel ever written. You just take it. Take it for my sake. *Please* take it."

Of course you take it; but, even if you read it, you do n't return it. I don't know why you don't return it, but you don't. You suffer pangs of shame. Your wife says from time to time, —

"You must return this book to Mr. Wallace; it is a shame."

But you don't return it.

The Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. returns the books for you. If you take out a borrower's policy, an inspector calls at your house once a week and goes over your bookshelves. All borrowed books he returns to their proper owners, and you can sleep at night without awakening with a qualm of conscience over that book you borrowed from Jones. This borrower's policy opens the whole vast field of literature to you. You can borrow any book of any man. *You* feel safe in borrowing, because you know the book will be returned. *He* has only to say, "Have you an Amalgamated Borrower's Policy?" and he knows the book will be back on his bookshelves in ten days. My Borrower's Policy scatters peace and good-will over the world of books.

But the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. does not end its usefulness there. I shall issue a Guarantee Policy to protect the policy-holder against dull, poor, and trashy books. Every morning a credit sheet will be sent to all holders of this policy, and on it will be listed all the books issued the day previous, including the magazines. Opposite each book will be found its rating, as "B," "BB," "Z," "B12," and so on, and each policy-holder will have a sheet giving the key to the ratings.

The ratings will be prepared by the most conscientious corps of critics available. As the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. will receive no advertising from

publishers, the ratings will be just and true.

If you read in the daily papers that "*Green Fire*, the new novel from the pen of Silas O. Gummy, is beyond all question the best book of the year, if not, indeed, of the past ten centuries," you can turn to the credit sheet.

"*Green Fire*, a novel, by Silas O. Gummy, PG47X," it says. You look at the key, and find that "PG47X" means "Dull, trashy, weakly sentimental, not worth reading," and you are saved \$1.50 and valuable time.

For magazines the quotations will designate whether the matter contained runs to "Exposures," "Ladies' Fashions," "Guff," or "Good Reading."

Claudia and I, in talking it over, have thought of several other policies we might issue, but we have not fully decided on them. We might insure authors against the attacks of critics, and magazine editors against being drowned in floods of unavailable manuscripts, and publishers against books that prove failures, and all writers against unconscious plagiarism; but we have no definite plans.

What we would like to do would be to insure the lives of the characters in romantic novels. If we could do that, the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. would be immensely popular. Think of the carnage and sudden death that strews the pages of the romantic novel, and suppose we could insure all the characters! How much more safe and sane they would feel! How much more reckless and blood-thirsty the bravoes would be; how more daring the duellists; how less guppy and teary the death-bed scenes!

But perhaps we cannot do that. I don't just see how we could manage it. But this we could do: we could insure authors against the pangs of seeing their books, the loved children of their brains, dying in grimy ignominy in that orphan asylum of the failures, the book-stall, where the cruellest words ever daubed with marking brush proclaim:—

"Any book on this stand 10 cents."

EPITAPH AND BIOGRAPHY

AFTER all, what is biography but extended epitaph? Between the two, the obituary may be regarded as a sort of connecting link. But take the epitaph, pure and simple, as the seed of biography. Here are the dates of birth and death. If there is no more, surely it is sometimes because there is little more to say. If there is a list of the distinctions to which the dead attained, here, forsooth, is the framework for the biographer's narrative. Append your text, "The memory of the just is blessed," or whatever sentiment your fancy may prefer, and you have given the biographer the starting-point for his eulogy, which nowadays he will possibly call an "appreciation."

These seeds of biographic narrative and eulogy are sown, I admit, more sparingly in our later day than of old. The fashion of reserve has grown. So, too, has that leveling force which moulds men into one familiar pattern. If there is less diversity and individuality in epitaphs, so there is in men — and in biographies.

The analogy need not be pressed too hard to show that the epitaphs which men have written for themselves have the full flavor of autobiography as distinguished from biography. The honest man throws all his individuality into his epitaph. There is the true whimsical humor of Franklin in the colophon which the glorified printer proposed for the closing of his book of life. The pathos of Keats, with a name "writ in water," rings clear in the phrase. Could anything be truer for Stevenson than his "This be the verse you grave for me"? Who more fitly than FitzGerald could have disclaimed every particle of responsibility, with his selection of "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"?

These observations spring not from graves and worms, the usual associates in talks of epitaphs, but from a singularly vital book about a man of rare vitality, the *Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee*, by John T. Morse, Jr. The book contains

many selections from Colonel Lee's writings, and more than half of these, in bulk, are the little obituaries with which he was wont to celebrate the deaths of his contemporary Bostonians. Midway between epitaphs and biographies, let them take the blame for much of what has been said. Colonel Lee paid his obituary tributes with such discrimination and felicity that one feels the justice of his having fallen into such hands as those of his kinsman, Mr. Morse. Any member of this Club of Contributors — or of any other club, for that matter — to whom Colonel Lee is merely a name, or something less, should seek his acquaintance. In Mr. Morse's book he will be found a person who would have been noticeable in any place at any time. Here he appears specifically for what he was, an essential product of the nineteenth-century Boston. The Boston which in his person survived nearly till the century's end was embodied perhaps no less distinctly in his uncle, Dr. James Jackson, whose memoir, by a grandson, Dr. James Jackson Putnam, has appeared almost simultaneously with the memoir of Colonel Lee. Dr. Jackson is the more serene, the less audacious figure, yet quite as truly typical of what the New England capital, albeit in an earlier generation, could produce. Each of these men could put his knowledge of his fellow-citizens to the best of practical uses, — Dr. Jackson by enriching the diagnosis of illness through his acquaintance with all the inheritances of a patient, Colonel Lee by telling Governor Andrew just what qualities of manhood and leadership might be expected from So-and-So's son, seeking a commission in a Massachusetts war regiment. When the local can be turned to account so palpably approaching the universal, it commands a new respect, and quickens every villager of us with new possibilities.

It is inevitable to join the name of Dr. Holmes with these two fellow townsmen and kinsmen of his. The same biographer has dealt with him and with Colonel

Lee. In his charmingly characteristic verses, "The Morning Visit," it was Dr. Jackson who stood, for the portrait of "the truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best" of physicians. Thus linked together, Colonel Lee, the man of affairs, the lover of good plays, good books, and good society, the devoted son of his college; Dr. Jackson, the beloved physician, who asked no more than to be the best physician and friend of his friends and patients; and Dr. Holmes, the physician who was, besides, the Autocrat, with all the personal meaning the word has acquired, — these three represent the happy little Boston of the prenatal and juvenile days of the *Atlantic*. Has it all departed, — the spirit which distinguished the town before unlovely business blocks took the place of pleasant dwellings surrounded by flower gardens and fruit trees? One cannot think so while this fledgeling century is producing and enjoying two such memorials of the older day as these two new biographies present.

The world does not outgrow its needs and desires. It wants just such epitaphs as the *Miscuit Utile Dulci* surmounting the tablet to the memory of Dr. Holmes in King's Chapel. It wants obituaries as good as those which came from Colonel Lee — and it wants the men to provoke them. Most of all, perhaps, it wants just such intimate biographies as Mr. Morse's *Holmes and Lee*, and Dr. Putnam's loving record of his grandfather and all the Essex County worthies from whom he sprang. It is not for every good and clever man to be a national figure. The country is too big for that. But when all the local figures are drawn with the faithfulness and skill of the best local biographies, we shall have at least the materials for a national summary of biography, in which the local elements, justly proportioned, will blend in a true picture of the national life.

BOOK PLATES

SOME people have an instinctive aversion to anything plated; I dislike plated

books. Can there be any apology for the person who is addicted to the substitution of a book plate for his genuine signature? No! His defects of character are revealed with tragic clearness by every fly-leaf in his library.

No man with any poetry in his soul will use a plate to record his ownership of a volume. To establish that immortal communication between author and reader, that sense of intimate personal relation, the reader must not refuse the author his *hand*, and try to meet him, as it were, by proxy. The name of the owner of a book on the prefatory page is a symbolic monument, since it marks the meeting of two spiritual forces; it is the reader's sign of surrender, his acknowledgment that he is ready to welcome the mysteries which the book may hold in store for him. Therefore the inscribing of his name is a solemn act, to be done, without intrusion of such an intermediary as a book plate, *pensively*.

I do not feel that a person who can willingly forego the pleasure of writing his name in a new purchase is really capable of loving a book. His is only *Platonic* affection, cool, dispassionate, remote.

A book plate indicates a certain love of ostentation. Is it fitting that an individual should suggest that his library is so voluminous that he cannot undertake the physical fatigue of writing his name in each book he possesses? Public libraries, large and abstract collections, may make use of this mechanical means of identi-

fying property, but the private library should be more modest, more personal.

To the critical observer a book plate seems to cast suspicion upon the owner's educational attainments. One wonders if, after all, he can really read and write, if his books are any more to him than Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was to Leonora, who treasured therein her party patches. May there not be reasonable doubt of his ability to read, who thus, in place of signing his name, resorts to the illiterate practice of making his mark?

It is an obvious and regrettable fact that this same man is a devotee of *platitudes*. Otherwise he would not permit the monotonous recurrence of the same "quaint device" in each volume. He loves, above all things, order, symmetry, convention, and prefers in a book nicely adjusted intellectual formalities; he cannot endure anything not stereotyped.

Finally, this defacer of books is cruel, for he strikes a mortal blow at one of the most innocent sources of pride in the lives of bibliophiles. No more will books command a high price because some great man had written his name there. No more will the imagination see in a volume the absolute proof of the famous ownership, and delight in dreaming of the days when hands that now are dust turned those very pages. What would have been the course of human letters if William Shakespeare had placed his book plate in that copy of Florio's *Montaigne*?